Everybody's

MAGAZINE

The All-round Magazine

APRIL

An interview with WINSTON CHURCHILL
on *What is a Christian?*
What Everybody's readers think about it

15 CTS

and OWEN JOHNSON

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APRIL 1915

Everybody's MAGAZINE

VOL. 32 NO. 4

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

RUSSIA'S RED ROAD *to Berlin*

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, W. T. BENDA, GEORGE WRIGHT, E. C. PEIXOTTO and GEORGE BELLOWS

FROM the Russian trenches in Poland—at the real front—in the midst of the grimmest and savagest fighting of the war, Mr. Gibbon sent this article over in answer to EVERYBODY'S cable question, "How are the Russians fighting?"

Mr. Gibbon became famous as a writer of powerful stories of sailormen fighting storms at sea. He has represented the *London Daily Chronicle* with the Russian troops in Poland ever since

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the war began. With all his skill as a writer of stirring fiction and with scenes before him more thrilling than any that fiction could furnish, he has here surpassed himself in the most vivid story yet written of the fighting on the great Eastern battle line. THE EDITOR.

Zyrardow, Poland.

SEVEN miles southwest from here the railway crosses a road running north and south through the tall woods that stand above the eastern bank of the little river Bsura, that insignificant stream which the events of the war have lifted to the tragic rank of another Beresina.

Here, a straggle of small houses following the road, is the Polish village of Bartniki, with its modern red-brick church at one end and the great plains of Poland, level as standing water, reaching forth behind it into the dimness of the winter mists. It is such a village as you may find by the score of hundreds in this richest and most thickly populated province of the Russian Empire, timber-built, one-story cottages, with thatched roofs and that quality of a picturesque amenity which Poles contrive so constantly to build into their dwellings and Russians never do.

Of those who built it, the villagers to whose lives it was the frame, not one now remains. The army, whose trenches are on the river bank just beyond the high trees, whose batteries, faked with green branches to look to the scouting aeroplanes like clumps of thicket, shout from the fields, has taken it over. There is no place left for any man whose business is not the killing of Germans.

At the corner of the churchyard wall, lying on his back, with his gray overcoat fallen open, was a man. His head lay over a little to one side, his hands were half-open at his side. He was in the uniform of a Russian infantryman, and his face, with its dirt and weather-scorch, its bush of beard, its simple peasant quality wherein simplicity and kindliness and a kind of brutality were joined together, was just such a face as one sees by battalions and brigades when a shift of troops blocks the road with slow, gray-coated columns. The eyelids, not quite closed, left visible a paring of white eyeball; so that as he lay he seemed to be peering at us in a counterfeit of sleep. Nothing about him hinted of tragedy.

My companion was Prince Wyazmesky, a Russian officer. He halted to look at the body. "This is a new one," he said. "Yesterday they were firing at the village, but they couldn't quite find it. To-day they are shelling the length of the road with shrapnel. A good many have been killed."

"They," of course, were the Germans on the other side of the river, whose guns for days past had sounded in the air unceasingly. They were sounding now, dull, heavy detonations in the distance, answered from close at hand by a Russian battery roaring behind a screen of trees. A bang, faintly resonant like a very sullen drum, tailing off into echoes; a fainter jarring roar like a train going over an iron bridge in the distance—the noise of the shell—then, among the woods a rending crash, possibly a spark of flame wan in the daylight, and a mounting spire of smoke over the tree-tops that showed where the shell had landed—every few seconds saw it repeated. In between came the shrapnel aimed at the road from the field-batteries nearer to the river—a crackling as of breaking wood in the air, a ragged ball of whitish smoke that appeared suddenly as though by some trick, and an invisible rain of shrapnel bullets and jagged fragments of the shell casing.

The little cottages showed to the road those blind and vacant fronts which houses have when they are unoccupied. Most of the windows were broken by the shock of the near-by firing. At one of them I stopped a moment to look within. There was a little room, dim with interior shadow as one saw it from the outer daylight—a comfortable peasant's parlor. A crude wall-paper clad its walls; a mirror in a frame of cheap gilt glorified it; a holy picture was yet in its place, looking down serenely upon dusty best furniture.

On the floor was a mess of mud and straw. It needed a moment to see clearly in the indoor dimness; then I was aware, suddenly, that from the floor pale, still eyes were returning my look. Like the man at the corner of the church, their owner lay on his back; his face was upturned; his eyes, too steady, too stagnant, too daunting for life, had in them the appearance of dreadful, incurious scrutiny.

"Killed this morning," explained my

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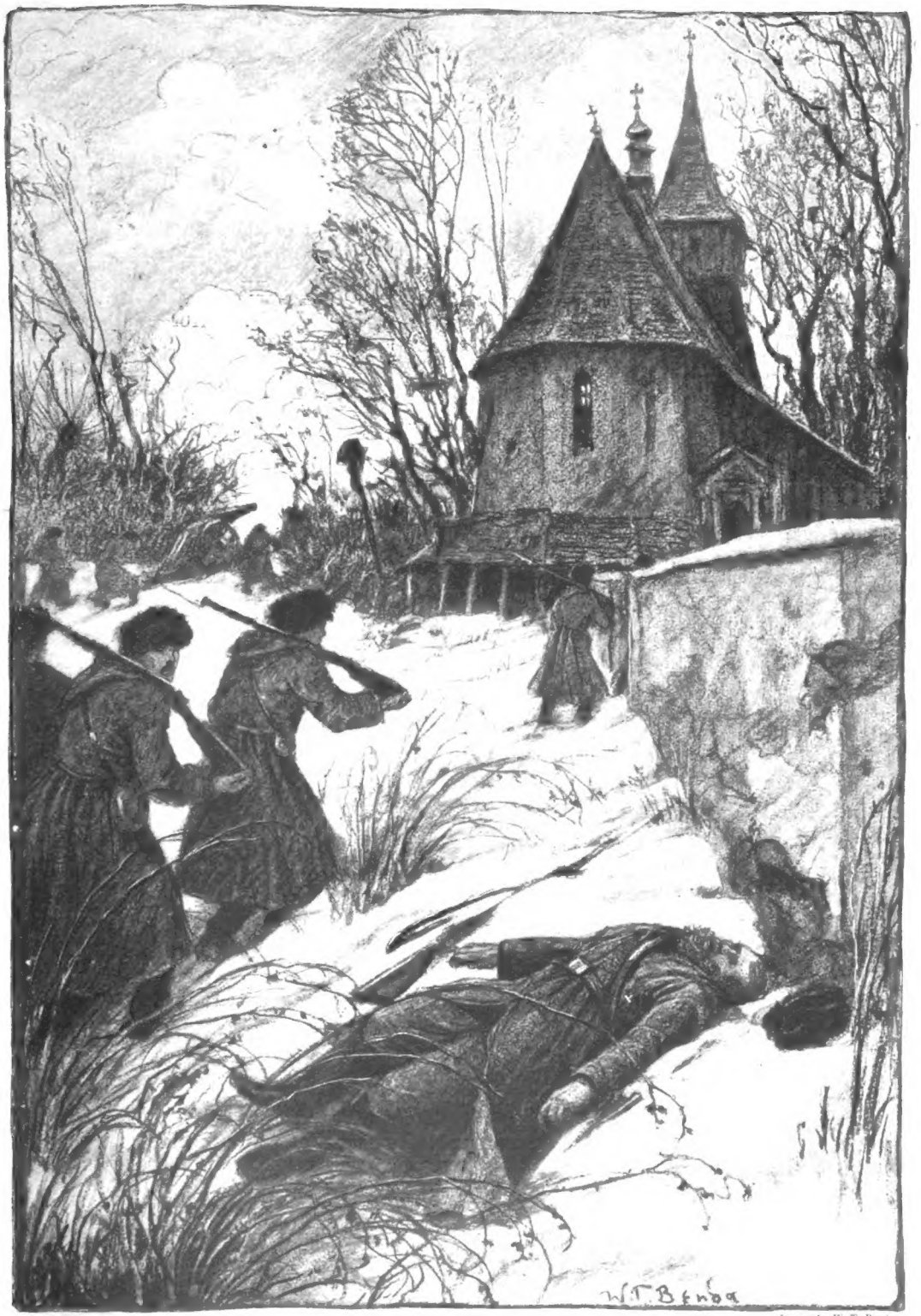

Drawn by W. T. Benda.

AT THE CORNER OF THE CHURCHYARD WALL, LYING ON HIS BACK, WAS A MAN—"A NEW ONE."

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companion. "There are some of them in most of these houses. They will be buried to-night."

The little decent houses, shelters of death-beds and marriage-beds, the ugly fine furniture and pretentious gilt that groped so simply and pathetically toward some foggy ideal of beauty and decency, and the stiff, ungainly dead lying among them, at home in their midst like ghastly householders! Dead men in the trenches, in the batteries, upon the open ground of war—yes! That one understands. But death in homes, death within the four walls of small rooms, death pressing on honest and commonplace life like a strong and impudent trespasser—that hurts!

But the man who sticks in my mind and rankles in my memory like a thorn was farther on. We came along the village street, walking to the accompaniment of the orchestra of guns, whose tremendous atmosphere of sound dulled itself upon the ear till one heard it only as an accustomed undertone to the moment. Behind the houses there were camped detachments of the transport, close bunches of horses and wagons, men and the smoking field-kitchens that are never far from Russian troops.

"War Is Insult to the Image of God"

Upon the road there were few people: the morning's shelling had warned them off it; but toward the end of the village a few soldiers came out of a garden and walked along perhaps fifty yards in front of us. Then, of a sudden, the air creaked and rattled with the bursting of a beautifully timed shrapnel, exploding, as it should, not more than twenty feet above the road. The noise of a fagot of sticks broken across a giant's knee, the sudden appearance, like a mean miracle, of the little balloon of bomb-smoke overhead, and the group of soldiers ahead of us burst asunder with queer, tiny cries, mere startled squeaks.

Two fell; one, as we ran toward them, rose to his feet, cursing in a slow, monotonous voice like a man who has recently cursed a good deal; he had merely tripped over his own feet in trying to run. But the other did not rise.

The shrapnel had taken him along the side of the face, plowing down through the cheek and descending into that nest of arteries and vital parts which is situate in the base of the neck; but he was not dead. A *sanitär*, with the Red Cross brassard on his left arm, came running from somewhere, and was already with him before we arrived. Do you know the color of blood—that startling red that not only looks red but smells red and feels red when you touch it? He was on one elbow, his head drooping, and around him the mud of the road was reddening with the very essence of his life that spouted from him, that dyed his shoulder to the hue of horror—the awful, copious blood of a man.

The *sanitär* was on his knees beside him, busy and deft; the others, his unhurt comrades, came crowding round; the Prince, my companion, shoved his way in to look and direct. The *sanitär*, knee and arm holding the wounded man up in a sitting position, made a face like a man who bites on something sour; he was no doctor, but a mere porter of the wounded, and the thing was outside his slender knowledge.

Round the Prince's shoulder I had a view of the wounded man's face, round like a baby's, and bearded, ruddy as copper—another laborious *moujik* whom events had transfigured into a soldier.

The Prince gave some direction in sibilant Russian; the wounded man lifted his slow eyes toward the voice, resigned, patient, and acquiescent as a beast's; he saw above him the tall, slender figure, the exquisitely fitting khaki, the slung and tasseled sword, and the broad gold epaulets—the embodiment of high authority.

God knows the Russian mind—not I, who am here for the sixth time in ten years and find the Russian yet a problem and a wonder. None can know now what he saw, unless it was the gilt of power and aristocracy, the badge of rank. His glazing eyes dwelt on it dully; comprehension came to him slowly; so that for some seconds he stared at the Prince, as though making sure of the presence he was in.

Then he perceived, and ancient instincts, old, ineradicable slave traditions were at work in the misty fever of his failing mind. He strained upon his elbow and the supporting knee of the *sanitär;* with awful and agonized effort, dying as he was, he made an attempt to stand; his body bent in the convulsion of his purpose and for a moment he was half up, on one knee and one hand. He could not quite achieve it; one saw, in his face, how he realized that;

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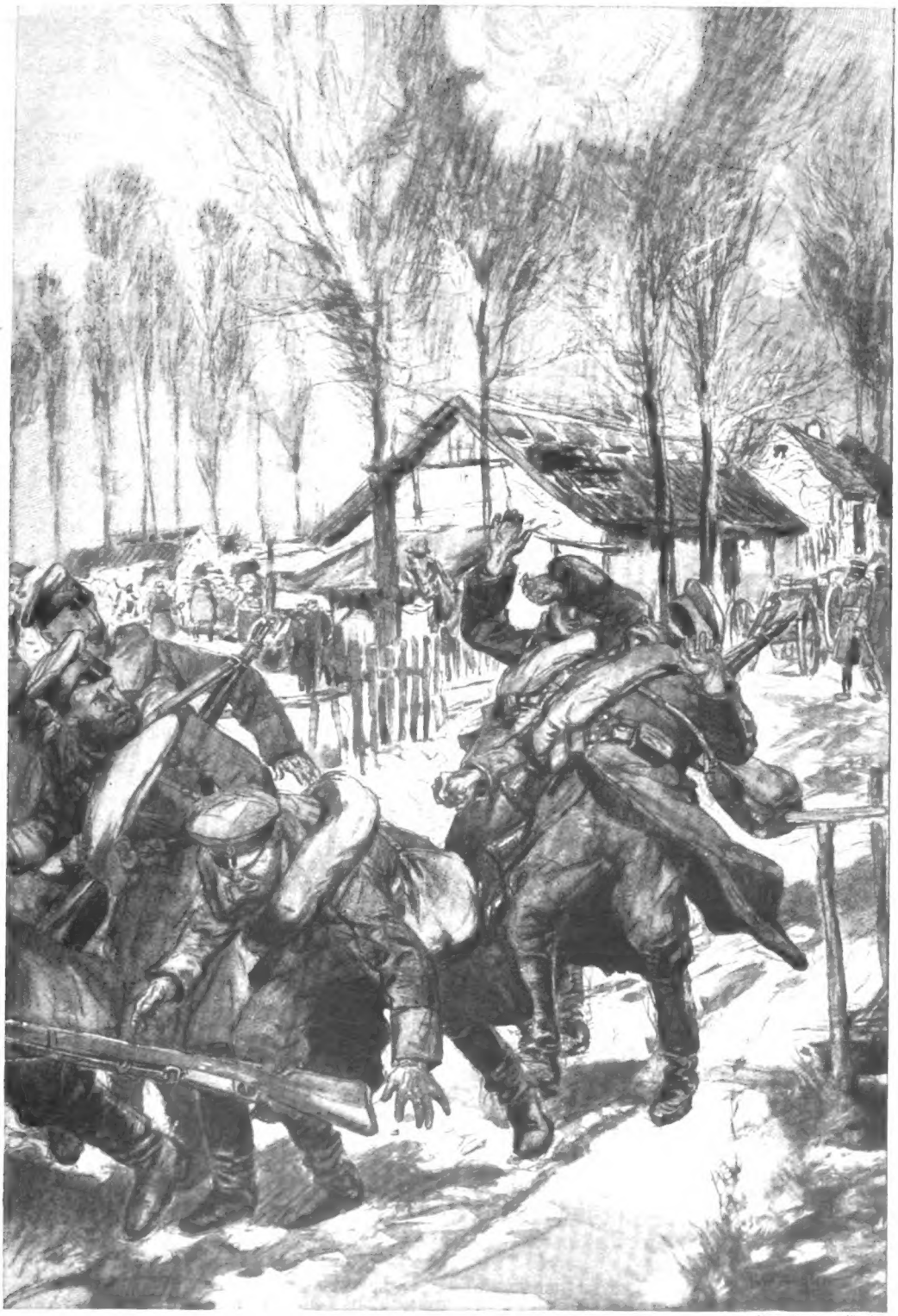

THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A LITTLE BALLOON OF BOMB-SMOKE OVERHEAD, AND THE GROUP OF SOLDIERS AHEAD OF US BURST ASUNDER WITH QUEER, TINY CRIES.

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but, none the less, his great hand, horny like a hoof, the hand of a field laborer, of a plowman, came up to the cap brim in a salute to the epaulets.

"*Nichevol*" The Prince, shocked and compassionate, deprecated the salute; but it was done. Even while, the last spasm of his strength failing him, he sank back on the knee of the *sanitär*, his bent and obedient hand was lifted; he died, under our eyes, Russian to the last, Russian to the bone, docile, pliable as a kind horse, yielding his life in a final impulse of faith in the power and virtue of those who ruled him.

Have you seen a man die? That queer hardening of the man into the corpse, that terrifying metamorphosis that with a gasp, a gurgle in the throat, and a slackening of the jaw, makes of a man dead flesh? No? Then you don't know war. War is death pervading humanity like an odor; it is the spirit of horrible burlesque working upon the dignity of mankind; it is abrupt catastrophe intruding like a robber upon the sanctity of life. War is hell—I know all that; but war is insult, too—insult to man, insult to the stuff man is made of, insult to the image of God.

The Line of Retreat

Here, upon the Bsura, we are in the positions to which the Russians have retreated from that advanced line which included the towns of Skiernievitche and Lowitch. A week ago I was lodged in the Palace of the Tsar at Skiernievitche, where in the autumn the Emperor of all the Russias comes to shoot his pheasants among his Polish subjects. White rooms with gilt cornices; wide double doors that opened from one room to another over a whole floor of the building, unfolding great gleaming spaces of parquet floor designed for stately groupings, that Majesties might appear with the due and august effect.

Here, in October, the generals of the German army that advanced upon Warsaw and were there beaten and driven back, accommodated themselves. They have left their traces. They burned the buildings of the station; they dug trenches across the roads; and—for a climax—they wrote their names in pencil on the white enamel of the beautifully proportioned double doors of the rooms which they occupied.

Thus, in that spacious white chamber where the Tsar is wont to sleep, General von Barth had his bed. To be detailed, he had a red counterpane, with the blanket and the sheet buttoned into it in the handy Russian fashion. His room had a great open fireplace in the English style, with a stand of valuable shotguns above the white marble mantelpiece—and, it is grievous to relate, ten of those shotguns are missing.

The cabinet adjoining the Empress's apartments was reserved for the Graf Einsiedeln; two golden crucifixes are charged to his account; and the Herr Rittmeister Roppkuthner, in the neighboring room, seems to have got away with a frame containing nine intimate photographs of members of the royal family. My room, which I shared with four officers of the Red Cross, was dignified by the scrawled inscription of the Ritter von Livonin. If I mistake not, he and I were at school together at Königsfeld in Baden; I make him my compliments—he seems to have stolen nothing at all.

It was from the Lowitch-Skiernievitche line that we fell back to the present line upon the Bsura and the Rawa. A retreat always needs explanation; there never was a retreat that did not look, at a distance, like a defeat. It is told of General Dankle, the Austrian, that he once reported: "The enemy is advancing with great loss and we are victoriously retreating." If he had been a Russian, that might have been true. Here, at Zyrardow, the retreat in which I have just taken part has come to a halt. We are standing by those positions which follow the little Bsura from its junction with the Vistula southward to where the yet smaller Rawa joins it. The two banks of the Bsura are about on the same level; both . . . .

[*At this point the censor eliminated an entire page of manuscript.*]

. . . . the sword and the large-scale map than the large-caliber gun; but Seychewsky has an old-fashioned belief in being on the spot. He came early in the morning, just as the day-reliefs went into the trenches and the men who had spent the night in them were coming up through the wood-ways toward their camps. In a space of grass that makes a bay in the high coast of the woods they were halted; the general was going to speak to them in person.

These dull days of overdue winter open with a false show of sunlight that fails before the morning is ripe; the sun slanted now from the east into the tree-embayed

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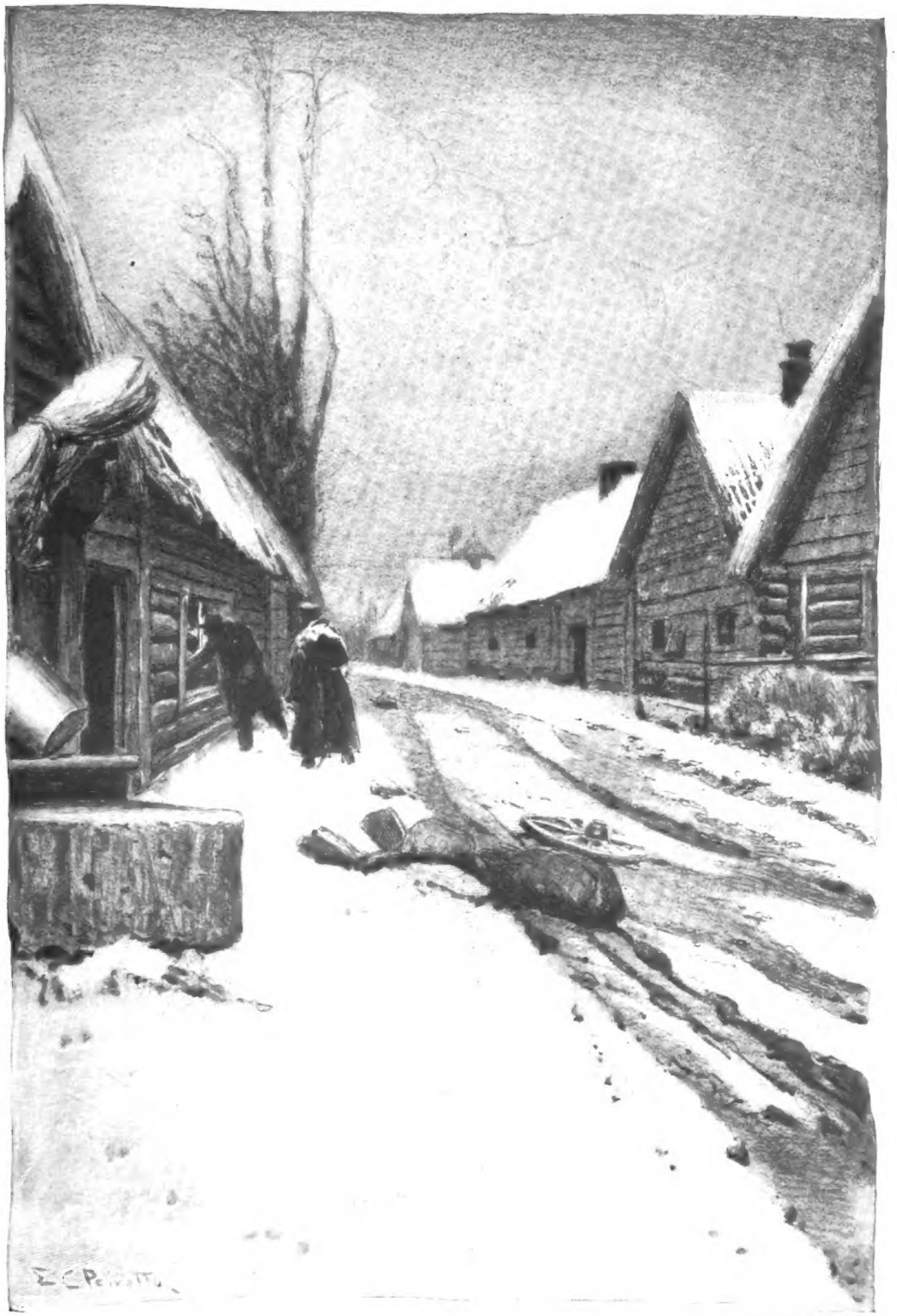

Drawn by E. C. Penotto.

"KILLED THIS MORNING," EXPLAINED MY COMPANION. "THERE ARE SOME OF THEM IN MOST OF THESE HOUSES."

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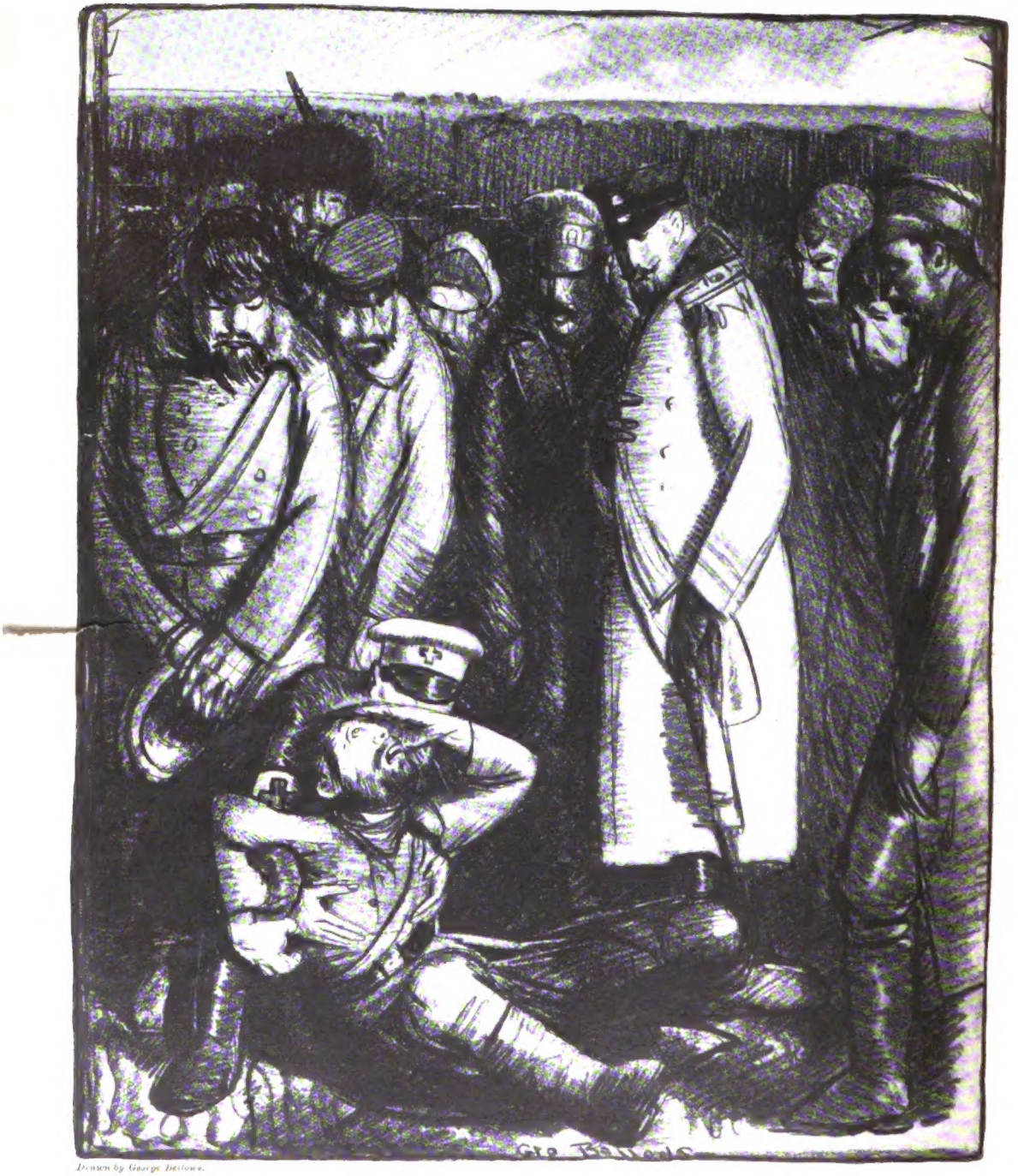

Drawn by George Bellows.

"*NICHEVO!*" THE PRINCE, SHOCKED AND COMPASSIONATE, DEPRECATED THE SALUTE; BUT IT WAS DONE.

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recess where the soldiers, fur-capped, stained with their night's work in the mud and cold, showed rank after rank of faces rough as tree bark, hairy and inexpressive, with the wary eyes moving in them.

On both sides the guns were at work strongly; a battery out of sight but close by thundered superbly. The general, on foot, with a group of staff officers and others behind him, walked forward to the middle of the empty space in the midst of the waiting troops. He spoke briefly . . . .

[*The censor again—quarter of a page.*]

Of the men to whom he spoke, many were of the Siberians, regiments whose fame is lasting. They were the men who carried Rennenkampf forward in East Prussia; who made of dismal, untenable Lodz a sort of Gibraltar of bayonets. Big men, these, great in the limb, plodding, shoving, enduring infantry from the swamps and forests of Asiatic Russia, native to seven months of winter and lives of which hardship is the commonplace condition.

They have been complaining, one hears, of the previous policy of retreating before the Germans; and now they began to cheer. One knows the ritual cheers of mere etiquette which round out loyal and patriotic platitudes and are specially due to the utterances of generals. But these were not such cheers. The men below in the trenches must have heard them and wondered what was going on—that roar that swelled against the shock of the guns, the spontaneous applause of fighting-men who would have to make good their cheers with the bayonets.

If there is a key to the Russian military situation, it is the secret of the soul of the Russian soldier. That, and nothing else, is the dominating factor in the plans of the General Staff, in the shape and trend of the various phases of the campaign and in the present position of the armies. It is the quality of that soul, which throws back to a still recent serfdom, that makes it possible to hold the present line of the Bsura in face of the mighty German attacks, and deliberately to forego the advantages to be gained by drawing back to the defenses of Warsaw and the rampart of the Vistula.

[*Here about ten lines were clipped out.*]

Upon a vital emergency, a crisis of real peril, there is cannon-fodder enough to choke the guns; men can be herded up into the zone of fire, line after shattered line of them, till the enemy's trenches are snowed under with their bodies.

Modern war, for all the elaboration of its mechanical side, still bases itself upon the prowess of the infantryman with the rifle and bayonet. Across the river from us the Germans have completed their rearrangement of the land for the purposes of battle, trenching mightily, planting it with barbed wire, cutting gun-pits, magazines, emplacements, and the rest. Their work is said to be wonderful, a monument to the science of military engineering; but it is with their infantry that they try in the nights to force their way across the river — citizens in spiked helmets, lawyers, merchants, clerks, workmen, struggling toward us through the shell-torn dark against the whistling gale of fire. The artilleryman seldom sees his target; he fires to orders which come by telephone from some distant observation-post; the cavalryman may never draw his sword or lower his lance-point; but the infantryman is the flesh upon the bones of war.

Through Ice and Fire

Think of it! It is a late and mild winter for Russia, where normally at this season the ice stands three feet thick upon all rivers. This year, upon the Bsura, the water has frozen only along the banks; sunrise sees only a film of ice covering the middle of the river, and in the morning, for an hour or two, there is a reticent, grudging sort of cordiality of sunlight. But the nights have the Russian flavor: they are acid, edged like a knife, fanged like a wolf with cruel cold. The wounded who are not found till next day die of it.

Yet these are the nights in which the Germans come down from behind their foremost trenches, backed by a tempest of rifle-fire and shelling, a couple of battalions at a time, and surge across the narrow strand between their defenses and the water, the lines of them swaying back and forth under the scourge of the Russian fire.

Down into the water they go, the water that bites like vitriol, stamping through the ice under the bank, bearing ever forward against the farther bank that is lighted like a festive street with the blaze of the rifles and mitrailleuses. Armpit deep, with their rifles upheld above their heads clear of the water, the searchlights that mock the night slashing across the sky and settling upon

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Painted by Henry Reuterdahl.

FOUR TIMES DOWN INTO THAT WATER IN THE FACE OF THE FIRE—FOUR TIMES SHATTERED AND BROKEN.

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them bewilderingly, pointing them out to the immediate finger of death, they come! I was in the positions when they attacked in force, four times between dark and sunrise. Four times down into that water in the face of the fire—four times blown off their feet by the rifles and the pretty little machine-guns that do their work so devilishly in such rough and unlikely hands, four times shattered and ground into a water-staining pulp of broken flesh—and next night they attacked again.

[*The censor here—three or four lines.*]

Eleven attacks—great lines that surged up into the eye of the search-lights, went roaring into the bitterness of the river, and came with gaped ranks, torn asunder but indomitable, flowing in lunatic gallantry up to the very lip of the trenches held by the Siberians, there to be blotted out, obliterated, slaughtered to the last man by the quiet, practised death-dealers behind the earthen breastworks.

"They held their fire till the enemy was within forty feet," said an official account; but I have better information: *they held it till the enemy was within twenty feet.* They waited in the shelled trench, peering across the breastwork, while the charge raced down upon them.

Dying men, slaughtered by shrapnel, were writhing at the trench bottom among their feet or shrieking in the insupportable agony of wounds; pain, deadly wrath, and murder were alight in men's minds like opposite fires in the frosty night; all is frantic, a nightmare of noisy horror—and the Siberians holding their fire! Holding it, waiting in the stoic calm of their half-Mongol minds till each bullet would drive through a file of Germans, and then, at the tactical moment, letting go the hurricane of bullets that mows down the charging men like a scythe shearing through grass.

The Bsura is a little river, but still it is fifty yards wide. Upon that night it was dammed by German dead—a barrage of bodies that held up the water for a while and then gave and let it through and floated with it, going down with the current to the Vistula — German husbands and fathers traveling back to Germany upon that river which has borne in its time so many dead down to Dantzig.

But for those whom the river does not take there is another end. A few evenings ago there arrived here a wet and chilly official of the Red Cross with the news that Radziwilow was being bombarded, and that a train was running down to fetch away the wounded who lay in the station there, and the doctors and nurses. I had just time to make it before it moved off, the armored engine pushing ahead of it an armored truck with a machine-gun and its crew.

Cautiously, with many halts and an inspection of each culvert before we crossed it, the train crawled down to Radziwilow with its background of those woods which hide the Bsura. Somewhere to the left, behind the trees, a house was burning, making a cave of ruddy glamour in the darkness. The guns sounded always, very loud and close, and shells were sailing in, screaming, landing on the flat fields about the station and there bursting with a crash and a vicious splash of flame.

In the station the business of shifting the wounded out of the buildings was going forward urgently. Polish volunteer *sanitärs* were hasting to and fro with stretchers, nurses with their faces bound up in their great white coifs were spectral in the flitting light of the lanterns. Mixed with the jar of voices came cries and groans from suffering men. From time to time a greenish radiance glowed faintly like an unnatural sunrise beyond the horizon of the woods where a star-shell was making things visible and ghastly for the fighting-men.

To load the wounded into the cars would take a couple of hours; I went on along the line across the Bartniki crossing.

It ran between the woods as straight as a taut string, to where it began insensibly to dip toward the river and the ruined railway bridge. Thence a path led to the right, and brought me at last to a field telephone-station with the horses of mounted orderlies tethered around it and a couple of tired officers standing by the receiver. Below it, a gap in the woods let one look down to where the river was veiled by the night.

Far away, jerking into view and dodging like sparks of marsh-fire, were little momentary glows of fire, the flash of far guns; it was all there was to see of the battle. But to the left, nearer, were fires that burned steadily, showing each a red eye toward us.

"Those fires?" The weary officer glanced over to them. "That's where they are burning their dead."

It is by the light of those fires that we shall see our road to Berlin.

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VENGEANCE IS MINE!

by
VIRGIL JORDAN

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A PSYCHOLOGIST has said that most dreams indicate some deep fear or some deep wish that lies dormant in the dreamer. One curious thing about this is that the psychologist was a German. Another is that none of my companions in the dugout at Le Prêtre seemed to find in my experience anything entirely new to them. I leave you to judge which it was—fear or desire—that came to light in me in the trenches of Pont-à-Mousson.

Foot by foot we had driven the Germans out of the forest of Le Prêtre; and when the winter came down on us we had brought up behind the ridge overlooking the Moselle, with the enemy on the other side, fifteen miles away from Metz.

They managed to keep the river open, but otherwise let us alone. There was

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nothing to do for weeks but to sit tight. With cement, moss, burlap, and a few rugs and a boiler and some steam-pipe we stole at Pont-à-Mousson, we made our dugouts pretty comfortable.

Excepting myself and the rest of the aeroplane corps, our work had been each day to do so and so much digging, hauling, figuring, firing into the air, mechanically protecting ourselves from shells that we took as a matter of course, like wind and rain. We did not even know when we had won a point against the unseen enemy. We did not feel their resistance as one feels a push. Some one who had charge of those matters figured it out on paper, and we moved forward or back as their calculations said. Outside our company we knew nothing of the general state of affairs.

Once in a while, especially about Christmas, one of us would get a bundle of books, papers and magazines from a friend. Then we talked—talked; we discussed again and again the reasons for the war, the object of it, what we were going to do to Germany when it was over. Every evening we tried Germany over again, put her culture, commerce, social system on the rack, found her guilty and had her hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Christmas Eve, 1914, I had turned in warm and excited and confused with the whirl of ideas we had been discussing, gathered around our steam-pipe. I had a restless night in the stuffy dugout. About midnight the German firing commenced in the direction of Metz. Toward morning, Christmas Day, they stopped, and I fell into a long, dreamy sleep.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, 1916. Two long, haggard years of the war had dragged by, to a wailing crescendo of misery, famine, disease, and madness. We had been hurled up and down an invisible line of death, bending and pressing it back and forth like a horde of ants at a thread.

Every human thought and fact had by now changed in us. As we formerly recognized our friends, we seemed to know each other now as the citizens of a new state on earth, in which the people did not live by productive labor, nor in houses, nor in families, but like strange bees in an unknown place, sexless, unconscious of our activity, destroying instead of building. It was as if we had been born that way. All memory of another life was sunk deep into the subconscious. We had become highly specialized things, yet knew not in what or for what. Birth and death had lost their meaning.

Tens of thousands of us had disappeared. Thousands took their places nonchalantly. As the opening of the third year approached, there was in the air the wild and brooding sense of the millions of German and Austrian lives and as many of the Allies that had gone out before their time.

Earth seemed to stir into consciousness of it.

The carnival of Chaos had spread like a wanton dementia. Italy had long since flung aside her sane reserve and plunged into the carnage for the shreds of Austria she desired—Tyrol, Dalmatia, Istria, and Albania. Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece had joined with Servia and bound the Balkans into a temporary brotherhood. Together with Russia and Italy at Haskoi they had scattered the crazy Turkish army like chaff and swarmed on to the Bosphorus. The allied fleet drove a withering wedge of steel and fire through the Dardanelles. Constantinople fell.

As to a Bacchanal of Blood, the colonies tore out of the map every shred of German colonial territory there was, and poured into Europe their flood of black, white, and yellow men. Little Denmark, catching the festive spirit, reached out for Schleswig-Holstein; and the rest, coveting the Kiel Canal, lent a willing hand to the useful tool. Holland, sore from being the frail buffer between the struggling combatants, placed her interests in the British hands, and opened another gate to the heart of Germany.

Russia debouched her million after million upon the East, and though they died dumbly like flies before the German walls of steel at Thorn and Bromberg, they swept the Germans back over the Vistula and out of East Prussia down to the line of the Warthe and Oder. Austria, torn by internal dissension, was ringed in the upper basin of the Danube, where the Tyrol, the Carpathians, and the Germans protected the few shattered loyal ones.

There was not a German vessel left on the Seven Seas. Her fleet had been put to sleep in the Frisian marshes, outnumbered by the British on the outside, and cut off from supplies by troops landed through Denmark and Holland.

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On the West they stood behind the Rhine. The drive had been rapid and relentless from all sides. They left their villages empty except for the dead as they went before the closing ring of steel. They took everything with them that might be used as fuel, as material for ammunition, and left their cities razed more completely than the invader could have done it.

Christmas night found us where Ludwigshafen had been. For two months we had stood, unable to move an inch farther. The thick deluge of fire the Germans rolled upon us at every advance amazed us. There could not long be a bit of iron or copper or saltpeter or food left inside the ring.

We had no knowledge of the source of this indomitable resistance. For months not a living soul had been able to pass across the lines, nor had a single message of any kind or a reply to any, by any means, come out of Germany. For three to five miles about the lines there was a devastated ring, bare of everything, swept by fire and death. Beyond that was grim and gruesome silence. The airmen could see little. Houses were apparently deserted and the people lived in the woods or in the ground. Every particle of earth that could be spared was used to grow something to eat. In the large cities buildings and bridges were torn down. Their cut stone and iron went to the making of fort and cannon.

This Christmas Eve, as we sat tight in our cement dugout, the silence outside was brooding and heavy. Snow had fallen for a week and there had been no fighting. In the intervals of our talk there was only the sound of a famished cat's wailing outside. We talked of the war, and of what we were going to do with Germany when the end came.

The talk of the world had been done. The nations at home sat like the knitting ring about the guillotine, waiting for the final scene to be staged. Germany was no more in the world's mind. They had tried to think about her. Their thought had been brought to folly and confusion. Already she was forgotten. She had become a piece of territory that shortly their armies would occupy. Condemnations of her culture, of her aspirations, of her part in the greatest of the world's wars, had come to nothing, and were abandoned. Pompous plans for her reorganization, superior homilies to the German people on peace and freedom from their wicked masters, good advice on the improvement of their culture —all these had been written to a shred. To preserve its dignity the world wished to forget them. Its dull, avid gaze saw not beyond the moment toward which it had strained, leaving its mind and simple sincerity of soul behind.

This was the night of the final assault. In a circle of three hundred miles, the word was written, on land and sea, in seven tongues and among a score of races—"AT MIDNIGHT." We were to draw tight the halter upon the throat of Germany. *Der Tag* had become The Hour—for us. The mailed fist was to have its gauntlet stripped from it and a naked hand should pay us tribute.

Steadily we had battered down the stone and steel chain about her. We stood before the Rhine in dead of winter. At one sweep we were to stretch our arm across it and with the other crush the mighty militant menace that lay at bay between.

The slopes that were old in story, that had sustained the surge of unnumbered hordes from East and West and South and North; in whose grapes were the bloods of Roman, Teuton, Slav, Mongol, and Frank; that had been the source and shelter of a race's song, science, and story—lay in silent slumber, muffled in midwinter's snows.

That race stood at bay before its fellow's vengeance. By this time all those of alien blood had dropped away from its single body like engrafted limbs. Its trunk stood bare and barkless before the blast, we to wring from its bloody, unbowed head, obeisance to our will—a will that had begun in covetousness of commerce, in rancor of humiliating reminiscence, in rage of race rivalry, a will that had grown beyond our grasp, beyond our consciousness. We lusted for the day that should press from Germany's lips, "Your will be done."

Unthinking were we that then would come the days of dull and devious diplomacy, of division of domain, of dragging indemnity from a people dumb and disheartened by devastation and death. At all costs to beat the breath from her body! The hour had come when this resistant something should be ours, ours, the Briton's, the Frenchman's, the Russian's, the Italian's, the Serb's, the Rumanian's, the

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Bulgar's, the Montenegrin's, the Dane's, the Mongol's!

At midnight we moved, in silence. It seemed as if we heard from the Carpathians to the Rhine, from the sea to the Alps, the anthem of arms, the stir of destruction go up as we moved. We wrangled for the outpost places, that when the closing of the steel ring was flashed across the circle we might be first to see the white flag at our point.

I was fortunate—one of the three sent to see how clear the road from Ludwigshafen to Mannheim, and to cover the river crossing.

I was off and my aeroplane rose quickly. There were no lights beyond the Rhine. Where Mannheim used to be was darkness. The three miles between us and the river lay motionless in the moonlight. The Rhine was tight in ice. The batteries at the angle of the Neckar were invisible. In wonder I came down to three hundred feet and circled, watching our men creep tentatively up to the sharp-cut bank, hesitate, clamber down, and start across the ice recklessly. They were not spiked, never dreaming of getting to the ice at all.

The dark figures slipped and slid and fell. It was so still and the moon so bright I could hear the cracks shoot across the untried sheet and see the men's faces twisted in apprehension. They were the only moving things. It was clear the Germans had fallen back. They had abandoned Malstatt by night—but Mannheim—and the Rhine! It was unbelievable. I rose and coasted down to above the Mannheim parade-ground. There was absolutely nothing to be heard but the distant stir of our line.

I touched. My machine ran along, bumping over hundreds of bodies lightly covered by the new snow. I got out, stumbled over them at my feet, felt them. They were not long dead. I looked about me at the dark, silent city of Mannheim. A panic took me. I ran to my machine, tried to get it off, but failed and sat numb and transfixed, vainly groping in the darkness of my mind for the thought that would not form, till my comrades came to me with blanched faces and bit by bit in swift succession pieced for me the words that could not find utterance, having never been uttered in the world's life before.

The rest—a flowing phantasmagoria that tore me too far out of human experience, even of dream—to tell again. The thousands crumpled up in full-dress uniform, stained and tattered, beneath the new snow of the parade-ground, fallen at a moment, at a word, hands here and there stiffened in salute to the flag slow moving in the graying winter's dawn. Death we had seen, but here in the streets and in the houses, in all corners and in all byways, the vivid faces of those who had sought death freely, each face telling with ghastly eloquence a tale that had never been told in the life of man before, of a race self-destroyed at a moment, at a word, for a vision which it alone had understood, and which left its epitaph in the words on the poison vials which a government machine efficient to the last had supplied—"*Der Tag ist zu uns*"—"The Day is Ours."

Then through the blenching words that flashed along the closed circle of steel in all the tongues of Europe, the shrinking thought leaped to our dumb, numb minds and throbbed upon them like the insistent resounding clangor of a titanic brazen shield, as if beaten by a grimacing god:

Germany is yours, O sons of men! What now?

I woke at dawn to the boisterous, bold boom of the batteries of Metz. They seemed to speak in glorious, wide-mouthed joy of Til Eulenspiegel and the young Siegfried.

I thanked God for the Germans.

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The Old-Maid Prospect

Elizabeth Harding Snyder.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

THE girl across the hall was different—*she* went walking almost every evening with a cub reporter, who paid elaborate attention to everything she said. Marjorie had analyzed the situation fifty times if she had once. She always started with the comforting thought that her own hair was naturally curly and that her nose was a lot nicer than the other girl's, and ended with the fatalistic conclusion that some girls were just intended to go walking in the

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evening, and others, for no apparent reason at all, were destined to spend the evening on the fire-escape.

Some day, of course, she would be old, and it wouldn't matter. Yes, it would, too, because she'd keep saying over and over to herself: "You were twenty-two, and you wasted dozens of summer evenings sitting on a fire-escape all alone."

Of course, she didn't want to sit on the fire-escape; and yet something blind and brutal, over which she had no control, forced her to spend evening after evening in this absurd manner, while the girl across the hall went walking.

Then there were her days at the office—long, monotonous hours in a stuffy, ill-lighted room. The girl across the hall worked for one of the big insurance companies where there were seven or eight other girls and dapper young agents who stopped to talk on the way in and out and sometimes took the girls to lunch. It was an office of infinite social possibilities, according to the girl across the hall.

Where Marjorie worked there was only an elderly spinster who kept the books and, necessarily, Mr. Hicks, who presided, so to speak. He was a nervous, over-serious, tight-lipped man approaching indefinite middle age, who sat at a big roll-topped desk at the far end of the room, a barrier behind which he was usually invisible, except for a disconcerting habit of sticking his head around the corner and peering inquiringly at her. Marjorie felt that some time when he did this she would say, "Cuckoo," and would forthwith have to look for another position.

She often wondered why he looked at her so frequently. He could have told by listening that her typing-machine was not idle. Perhaps he was not going to wait for her to say "Cuckoo," and was already contemplating dispensing with her services. He was of the sort who contemplate visibly.

When Mr. Hicks, hat in hand, walked on tiptoe to the door at five o'clock precisely every evening and said "Good-night," in a hurried whisper, he seemed to go out like a candle. Marjorie never thought of him as having any other-than-business existence; but then she rarely thought of him at all, never outside the office.

For fire-escape reflection there was the young man who lived across the court. The landlady said that he was an architect and, of course, the landlady would know. From her point of vantage, Marjorie could see almost his entire room; that is, when his light was burning. That there might be anything intrusive in this never occurred to her; she had, in fact, a certain sense of possession. When one is compelled to spend one's evenings on a fire-escape, anything which a negligent Providence places in the line of vision may be considered legitimate entertainment.

The young architect was *directly* in Marjorie's line of vision. As a result, she had formed, by a process of observation and deductive reasoning, an astonishingly elaborate conception of his character, habits, and personality.

First of all, there was his appearance; he was tall and slender, almost thin, and there was a pleasing definiteness of outline about him which lent an illusion of nearness. His hair was dark and was brushed back abruptly from his forehead, leaving his eyebrows very straight and uncompromising—except when he was thinking hard. Then the left one bent downward and the outer edge of the right one rose to a rakish angle. Whenever he did this, Marjorie found her own eyebrows twitching sympathetically. The exact color of his eyes was, naturally, impossible to determine; their atmosphere was distinctly blue.

He usually worked in the evening, stopping now and then to walk up and down and smoke. Sometimes he came to the window and looked out. It was quite dark on the fire-escape, so Marjorie was almost sure he didn't see her, but several times when she had been sewing she had glanced up to find him watching her. Sometimes she felt that he was about to speak to her—it was a very narrow court—and once or twice she had even felt that she was going to speak to him. But neither of these things ever happened.

Marjorie often pondered over him even when not on the fire-escape. She wondered if he kept a laundry list, or if he just tied up his things at the last minute and gave them to the boy. One lost so many things that way. Then there were his socks: she was quite sure that they needed attention. And there were other problems of a different sort. For instance, was the letter he wrote regularly every Sunday evening to his mother? And did the dress-suit belong to him or to the other young man who came in

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frequently to smoke and argue and wave his arms?

When the other man argued the young architect had a way of looking at him intently for a long time. Then the left eyebrow would start going down and the right eyebrow would creep up, and he would say something. From where Marjorie sat it was only a modulated rumble, but it always seemed adequate and convincing.

She found herself mentally addressing her own problems to him. For example, there was the difference between her and the girl across the hall. She would analyze this very carefully and, in her imagination, he would look at her seriously and nod his head. Then she would watch for his eyebrows and pause, and he would rumble. She never went so far as to imagine what he said; the rumble was strangely comforting and the girl across the hall grew less oppressive.

It was remarkably easy to talk things out in this manner when he was sitting in the lighted room across the court, but there were other times when he was not there and the girl across the hall had an unfair advantage. At these times, oddly enough, Marjorie went to the girl herself as a refuge from unprofitable introspection. But usually the girl was occupied with the cub reporter.

It was just after dinner on an early summer evening that Marjorie walked aimlessly back to her room. She didn't especially want to go to her room, but there seemed nowhere else to go. The long summer twilight still lingered and Marjorie never went out upon the fire-escape until it was quite dark, so she sat down at her window, glancing across the court.

The young architect had evidently not returned from dinner. Perhaps he had chartered the dress suit and gone to a real dinner. Sometimes he did this and sometimes it was the other man who went; he usually came in to be looked over before leaving. Marjorie had decided long ago that they would soon have to have a new dress suit. The one they had owed them, as the saying goes, very little.

She drifted, as usual, into a line of rebellious reflection, broken suddenly by the thought that the girl across the hall had told her that "Jimmie" had a story to look up that evening. Perhaps she would be lonely, too. Marjorie hurried across the hall and knocked.

"Come in," called the other girl. "Oh, hello, Marjorie. Fasten my waist, will you? —now you're here."

Marjorie mechanically complied. "Don't you want to come over and talk for a while?" she asked wistfully.

"I'll tell you," said the other girl, "I'll come later—about nine, if you're not in bed. Jimmie has a dinner to do. He won't have to get there until time for the speeches, so he wants to take a little walk first."

"All right, come then," said Marjorie.

The other girl linked her arm through Marjorie's and moved toward the door. "I'm to wait for Jimmie on the front steps," she said. "Come on down until he comes."

Marjorie allowed herself to be led down the stairs and out upon the front steps. Every one in the city seemed to be strolling in pairs through the gathering dusk. The front steps were far pleasanter than the fire-escape, but she didn't like to sit there alone. Marjorie settled back comfortably against the door-post.

"How long have you known Jimmie, Kate?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, about a month," said Kate.

"Oh—I imagined you'd known him for ages."

Kate laughed. "You get to know people in a hurry when you're alone and they're alone and nobody knows either of you from the scenery."

"Oh—do you?" said Marjorie.

"Here he comes now," said Kate.

Marjorie looked up. "He's rather nice, I think," she commented.

"Oh, Jimmie's a pretty good average," said Kate.

The pretty good average cut across to them obliquely from the other side of the street.

"Hello," called Kate gaily, "it's lots warmer—isn't it? You remember Miss Phillips, don't you?"

The man bowed, vaguely pleasant, and Marjorie smiled diffidently. "It's not nice of you to forget again, Mr. Wayne—this makes the third time," she said.

The man decided to laugh and did so, then he repeated the other girl's assertion that it was lots warmer.

Marjorie turned toward the house. "I hope you have a nice walk," she said over her shoulder. "Good-night, Mr. Wayne—I'll see you later, Kate."

Then she walked very slowly up-stairs and

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entered her room. She sat down by the window again and went over the conversation on the steps very carefully in her mind. Jimmie might be a pretty good average, but it was stupid to laugh in that nervous way. He didn't act like that when Kate made obvious comments on the weather: then he looked charmed and quoted her.

Marjorie frowned judicially. Kate was utterly commonplace, she decided, and yet she somehow seemed to expect people to be interested in what she said. Marjorie wondered how she managed to attain this frame of mind. Now when Marjorie herself said anything, she was quite positive before she said it that it wouldn't be at all necessary—still one had to talk. She was always very careful, too, about what she said. Sometimes she was able to have it all ready when they came up—that is, if she saw them first. But Kate seemed to say just any old thing. Marjorie had tried that too, but the things which had come into her mind first seemed such odd things to say and sounded so queer that she never tried it again.

Across the narrow court the light suddenly flamed in the opposite window, and Marjorie watched the architect moving about the room. She knew exactly what he would do. He would first glance carelessly out of the window—he always did that—then he would get out a little folding-table and a big portfolio, which he would open and relieve of several large sheets of paper. Next he would take a lot of funny instruments out of a case and attack one of the pieces of paper. After that he would be totally oblivious of everything—even mosquitoes.

Marjorie wondered what it would be like to be that much engrossed in anything, then she kicked off her pumps and sighed.

"It doesn't really matter about my nose being nicer than hers, anyway," she told herself, "if I'm to be an old maid."

She looked across the court again. "I think," she said, mentally addressing the unheeding form bent over the table, "that if I could only make myself *believe* that they were perfectly crazy about everything I said, I could get away with it." She waited for the rumble and was about to go on when

"IT'S NOT NICE OF YOU TO FORGET AGAIN, MR. WAYNE—THIS MAKES THE THIRD TIME."

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a sound outside her door arrested her.

It was the landlady, puffing up the last few steps and trotting excitedly along the hall.

"Some one has a caller," thought Marjorie. "I wonder who it is."

A quick knock fell upon her door. Marjorie switched on her light, crossed the room, and opened it.

"There's a *man* to see you," gasped the landlady. "He's in the parlor."

"Didn't he give his name?" asked Marjorie.

"You know I clean forgot to ask," said the landlady. Marjorie could gauge by that oversight the impression the fact of her having a caller had made.

"I'll be down in a minute," she said, and, turning to her bureau, she ran the comb through her hair and powdered the tip of her nose; then she found her pumps and started toward the door.

Suddenly she stopped. "I guess I'd better keep him waiting a minute or two," she decided. "He'd think I was in an awful hurry to see him."

She sat down on the edge of the couch and waited five minutes by the clock; then she walked down-stairs and entered the parlor.

"Why, Mr. Hicks," she cried, surprised, "is anything wrong about the office?"

Mr. Hicks came forward in his most important business manner and shook hands stiffly. "No—I didn't come about the office," he said, and hesitated a moment. "The fact is, I came about you."

"About *me?*" said Marjorie. "My work, you mean?" She wished now that she *had* said "Cuckoo."

"No, not your work—you."

"Oh—won't you sit down?" said Marjorie vaguely.

He seated himself beside her on the prim sofa; then silence.

Marjorie glanced up, nervously expectant, but the man gazed at her steadily and seemed to forget the fact that it was he, not she, who had sought the interview.

"It's a lot warmer, isn't it?" said Marjorie, and then she could have bitten her tongue off.

The man cleared his throat portentously. "Well, yes—it is," he said. Then he came brusquely to the point. "Miss Phillips, I'm not a sentimental man."

Marjorie felt the words to be dimly familiar, as if she had read them many times in a book, but she merely said, "No?" and waited.

"No," he said, "I'm not. I'm a business man entirely." He settled back comfortably and crossed his knees. "A man is either one thing or the other—business or sentiment. No, personally I have no time for the sentimental sort. I'm the kind of man who has something to accomplish, and I go for it and let sentiment and all the rest take care of itself."

Marjorie ill-advisedly thought of a series of cartoons running in one of the evening papers, where a very odd-looking person discoursed in much this vein and always ended his remarks by saying: "That's the kind of a guy *I* am." Marjorie wondered how it happened that she had never before noticed the resemblance between Mr. Hicks and the gentleman in the cartoon. She waited, fascinated, for him to end with the usual formula, and all the while she was afraid that he would forget it and that she would supply it herself.

So intent was she on waiting for the end that she rather lost the thread of his argument, and then suddenly he turned and said:

"And so I want to make you a plain business proposition."

"W—what's that?" stammered Marjorie.

The man continued blandly: "I've been figuring things out lately," he said, "and I've decided that housekeeping, if properly conducted, isn't much more expensive than this—" with a wave of his hand toward the hallway—"and it's a lot more comfortable. I suppose you've noticed that I've been studying you lately?" he asked abruptly.

"Well—no, I haven't," replied Marjorie. "Not exactly what I would call studying."

He raised his eyebrows. "Well, I have," he announced, "and I've come to the conclusion that you're a sensible, substantial sort of girl. Your hair looks a little frivolous, but I don't suppose you can help that."

"Really?" murmured Marjorie, because there is obviously no reply to a remark of that sort.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm quite sure you don't run around like some of them. You'd be content to stay comfortably at home."

"Oh!" said Marjorie.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"Nothing."

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"WHAT WERE YOU EVER THINKING OF, MARJORIE?" HE ASKED.

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He stared at her for a moment. "Well?" he inquired finally.

"Well what?" asked Marjorie.

"What do you say to it?" he demanded irritably.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," she answered.

"There's nothing to understand," said the man. "I'm simply asking you to marry me."

Marjorie smiled. "I thought maybe you were, but I wasn't just sure. It—it's always well to be sure—don't you think?"

"Certainly—certainly," he said. "Is it all right?"

"Why, I'd have to think it over, Mr. Hicks," said Marjorie. "I couldn't decide right now."

"What is there to think over?"

"Oh—a lot," said Marjorie.

"Nonsense," he replied.

"But you thought it over, didn't you?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes, naturally."

"Well, I'm afraid I'll have to," she insisted; "it's an entirely new idea to me." She smiled. "It wouldn't be business-like not to."

"Hump!" he muttered. "I suppose you're all alike—like to keep a man standing around on one foot."

Marjorie was cursed with a visual imagination. The apparition of Mr. Hicks standing on one foot involved her in difficulties with the corners of her mouth.

"Can you let me know to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes," said Marjorie, "I think so, but if I do you'll have to excuse me now. You see, it will take some time, and I go to bed at half-past ten."

The man stared again. Marjorie held out her hand. "Good night, Mr. Hicks."

"Oh — er — good night," he said, and reached for his hat. Marjorie went with him to the steps.

"Of course," he said in the doorway, "I should like to know as early to-morrow as possible."

"Of course," repeated Marjorie. "Good night."

She ran quickly up-stairs and into her room. Then she closed the door and leaned back against the door-post and laughed silently and convulsively. But suddenly her laughter changed to sobs in her throat. She stumbled over to the couch and dropped down beside it.

"Old fool!" she cried angrily. "Conceited old idiot!"

Then she stopped crying as abruptly as she had begun and started thinking again. "At any rate, I don't have to be an old maid now—but I can, if I want to. I never thought I'd want to—before. I'm not quite sure I do now. I won't think about him until I have to; he isn't even a pretty good average."

A moment later Kate's light knock sounded on her door.

"Come in," she called without moving. The door opened and Kate entered briskly.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply. "You've been crying."

"Yes—I was mad," said Marjorie. "Come here, Kate. I want you to help me decide something."

"I can't stay but a minute," said Kate. "I've letters to write—hundreds of them." She picked up a cushion from the couch and made herself comfortable on the floor beside Marjorie. "What's the trouble?" she asked.

Marjorie clasped her arms around her knees and leaned back against the couch. "Kate," she began diffidently, "do girls have to get married nowadays?—I mean are people still sorry for old maids?"

"I don't know," answered Kate, "honest, I don't. I imagine it depends a lot on the old maid. If she's one of the could-have-been-but-wouldn't kind, it's all right."

"But if she's the would-have-been-but-couldn't?" urged Marjorie.

"Well, if she's very obviously that sort, I think she's pretty badly off—even now."

"How can you tell which sort you are?" asked Marjorie.

"Gracious, child, it isn't which you are—it's which you *look*."

"Oh," said Marjorie, "it's sort of taking a chance—isn't it?"

"What?"

"Not to marry when you can."

Kate laughed. "I've read so much in books and magazines on the modern bachelor girl and all that, that I don't know what *I* think," she said. "But I don't really suppose very many of us would throw away our last chance."

"Of course," said Marjorie, "you can't always tell it's your last chance."

"No," said Kate, "but I imagine you'd have a sort of feeling."

She rose lazily and threw her cushion back

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into its place. "I must go now," she announced. "You might tell me who the man is, Marjorie."

Marjorie blushed. "Don't be silly," she said.

Kate smiled and walked to the door, where she stood a moment, hand on the knob, gazing into the lighted room across the court. "That young architect chap will ruin his eyes," she remarked. "I'd speak to him about it if I were you." And she went out quietly and closed the door.

Marjorie looked across the court. "He's far too good looking to wear glasses," she thought, "but if he keeps on like that——"

She grew suddenly reckless. She felt like throwing something through the open window.

"He'd be so surprised," she decided, "if something landed right on that funny rigamarole he's drawing. He's far too absorbed—it isn't neighborly."

Suddenly she stopped, aghast, and wondered what he'd think of her. She had always, almost subconsciously, expected that some day she would really talk to him; but this was quite different. Then she made the most important decision she had ever made in her life—in a flash, without really thinking it over at all.

"I don't care," she vowed, "I'm tired of wondering what people think of me. If I'm an old maid it doesn't matter anyway, and if they don't like it I can get married."

She ran over to the bureau for something to throw. At first she could find nothing she cared to part with, and then she remembered a spool of scarlet silk in her work-bag.

"I must be very careful not to hit him," she told herself, and crouched down by the window-sill.

"One—two—three——"

A quick movement in the other room testified to the correctness of her aim. The man pushed back his chair and came to the window.

"*Hello!*" he said. There was a pleased, expectant note in his voice. He held up the spool of scarlet silk. "Is this a signal of distress, or are you just trying to establish telephone connection? If that's it, maybe you ought to have held on to the other end."

"I THINK I LIKE YOU BETTER AS YOU ARE—WITHOUT GLASSES, YOU KNOW."

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"M—maybe I ought to have held on to the whole thing," said Marjorie.

"That depends," said the man with a little chuckle. "I suppose you have a perfectly good excuse?"

"Oh, yes," said Marjorie. "I wanted to tell you that you were ruining your eyes—and—and——"

"Yes?"

"That I think I like you better as you are—without glasses, you know."

The man laughed outright. "Oh, but you haven't seen me in glasses," he said; "but then neither has any one else. It's awfully nice of you to take an interest."

"It's awfully indiscreet of me," said Marjorie, "and I know you're thinking dreadful things, but I don't care what any one thinks to-night."

"Not a single person?" he asked.

"Not one," said Marjorie.

"That's a wonderful state of mind to be in," he said. "You might give me the formula."

"Why?" asked Marjorie. "Do you care?"

"Well," said the man, "I can't help wondering what they'll say at the office when they see that elevation I'm drawing."

"It looks perfectly good from here," she said.

"I take it," he remarked, "that you're judging it principally from the esthetic standpoint."

"Oh, no," said Marjorie, "I'm merely being humane."

"I see," said the man. "About that formula——"

"Oh, it wouldn't help you."

"It might."

"No—I'm quite sure."

"You might at least tell me," he persisted.

"No," said Marjorie.

He was silent for a moment. "Then prove it for your own satisfaction," he said suddenly.

"How?" asked Marjorie.

"Well, there's a little restaurant a few blocks away," he said, "and I'm awfully hungry. Let's——"

"Oh no, it wouldn't do," said Marjorie.

"I thought you didn't care for public opinion and convention and——"

"I don't—only—" began Marjorie.

"Either you do or you don't," cut in the man, "and your formula stands or falls by your decision." Marjorie felt that was the sort of thing he said when he rumbled.

"All right," said Marjorie, "I don't."

"I'll meet you at the front steps," said the man.

Marjorie tried desperately to think it all out as she pinned on her hat. It seemed as if she really ought to sit down for a moment and mentally catch up with the situation—but this was utterly impossible. Her mind simply refused to fasten upon the important facts in the case. Instead, disconnected fragments of her conversation through the window repeated themselves over and over, almost out loud.

As she hurried down the stairs she made a discovery. "Why, I didn't think once what I was going to say next—things just said themselves, and he was interested, like Jimmie."

The little restaurant was almost deserted when they arrived.

"You see," said Marjorie, "all the perfectly nice people are at home in bed."

"I hate perfectly nice people," said the man. "Let's sit over there by the window."

He really did most of the talking, and Marjorie listened in utter absorption to his views on life in general and himself in particular. Never once did it occur to her to compare him in any way to the gentleman in the cartoon—which goes to prove that the cartoon had not a universal significance and was therefore lacking in true humor. Every once in a while, she made a comment, or asked a question, exactly as it popped into her brain, and the man would give a funny little chuckle, as if she had been really clever.

Then gradually they shifted from the abstract to the purely personal. It was the man who made the first definite allusion.

"You know," he said, "you're exactly like I thought you'd be: quiet and chummy and—quaint."

"I didn't know you thought about me at all," said Marjorie—which wasn't strictly true.

The man looked at her intently for a moment. "Oh, yes," he said, "I've thought about you—lots. I wondered what you did in the daytime and if you had any one to look out for you if anything went wrong, and I wondered—" he smiled whimsically—"if the photograph on your table was your brother——"

"It's my cousin," said Marjorie quickly.

The man nodded slowly and the left eyebrow started downward and the right one

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crept up, making little arched wrinkles on his forehead. Marjorie waited breathlessly.

"I was just thinking how absurd it all is," he said finally. "I mean our not knowing each other. I've really known you for a long time—better than you think."

Marjorie could have amplified this point, but she remained silent.

"Lots of times," he went on, "I've almost broken through; but then I didn't know how you'd feel about it, and I didn't want to spoil it all. I've rather got into the habit of telling you things—in my mind, I mean."

Marjorie nodded.

"But there are times when you want to talk out loud," he continued, his voice dropping to a more intimate note. "For instance, last week when I got a raise. I almost told you about that."

"Oh, I wish you had!" said Marjorie.

"So do I," said the man.

"When you tell me things," began Marjorie haltingly—"I mean in your mind—what do I do? Do I talk back?"

"No," he said, "you just listen—and sometimes smile."

"Wh—when I tell *you* things," said Marjorie, "you look very stern and then your eyebrows go all askew and you—you rumble at me—that's the way it sounds across the court when the other man argues."

"Do you tell me things?" he demanded.

Marjorie nodded.

"What sort of things?"

"Oh—things," said Marjorie.

The man threw back his head and laughed. "You funny little girl," he said.

Little by little the few stragglers left the restaurant, and finally they also rose from their table by the window and passed slowly out of the door.

"You know you haven't told me your name yet," he said, as they turned back to the house. "Mine's Jack."

"It's Marjorie," she answered. "Now don't tell me it's always been your favorite name."

"Very well, I'll keep that fact to myself," he said. "Oh, by the way, Marjorie, what about that formula?"

For a moment she was at sea. "Oh," she said, remembering, "I warned you it wouldn't do for you."

"Then I'm quite sure it oughtn't to do for you," said the man. "What is it?"

"Well, you see," said Marjorie, "I haven't any one to play with."

"What about me?" he asked.

"I didn't have any one to play with," amended Marjorie, "and I knew I was going to be an old maid."

"They all say that," said the man. "Go on."

"Well," said Marjorie, "for some unaccountable reason a man asked me to marry him." There was a pause, and then the man spoke quickly.

"Are you going to?"

"I don't know," said Marjorie; "but if I stay an old maid it won't matter what I do, and, on the other hand, it won't matter because I can get married anyway. If you only have the old-maid prospect you can't see that; but if you have both, it gives you perspective."

"I guess I must have the old-maid prospect," he said, "because I don't see it. You'd have to decide one way or the other."

"But not until to-morrow," said Marjorie triumphantly.

"Oh," said the man, "why not to-night?"

Marjorie spoke very judicially. "You see, I was going to think it over to-night, but I came out here instead—now I'll have to get up early."

He looked at her sharply. "You can't marry a man that way," he said.

"What way?"

"Like doing the week's mending or learning your lessons," he said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two," said Marjorie.

"Good heavens, where have you spent your time?"

"On the fire-escape."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Marjorie," he said suddenly, as they neared the house, "is that the only alternative you're considering?"

"What alternative?"

"Whether you'll be married or an old maid, and what people will think?"

"I guess so."

"What about the man?"

"Why, you can't get married all by yourself," said Marjorie.

They stopped outside the house.

"But the man," he insisted—"what do you know about him?"

Marjorie reflected. "Why, he's very businesslike and he's not very young and his clothes have a sort of dejected look and

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—and he wants to get married, and I guess that's all."

The man gasped. "Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "why, you know more than that about *me!*"

"Oh, yes," said Marjorie, "I know lots and lots about you. All the little things—like writing to your mother—" she glanced up inquiringly and the man nodded—"and being nice to the cat and to—to me, and lending money to the other man and keeping your pipe in your bureau drawer—" She smiled. "And then I *suspect* so many things—about your socks and your laundry and drinking too much coffee and working too hard."

He came very close to her. "And yet you're seriously thinking of marrying this man?" he demanded.

"Why, I haven't really had time to think about it yet," said Marjorie.

The man looked at her very strangely. "Marjorie," he said abruptly, "if you're going to get up early to-morrow and ponder over that question, there's another aspect of it that you may as well settle at the same time."

"What's that?"

"This one," said the man, and he leaned over very deliberately and kissed her.

They stood for a moment in silence. "Oh-h," said Marjorie, at last.

"What were you ever thinking of, Marjorie?" he asked, very low.

"I don't know," said Marjorie. "I don't suppose I really would have done it, even if—" she broke off. "I was so lonely," she said.

"Yes, I know. You're not lonely now?"

"No," said Marjorie.

"And we're not going to wait and pretend and all that—are we?"

"Oh, no," said Marjorie. "But this is so different. He was only an alternative to the old maid prospect, while you—you're so awfully *you*."

"You bad little thing," said the man, "to scare me like that—and just after I had found you."

"But it was I who found you," said Marjorie.

They never did settle *that* question; in fact they sometimes dispute about it—even now.

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MOTHER O'KEEFFE'S LAUNDRY BUSINESS

Mended Humanity the By-product

A FACT STORY
by
HENRY MAGILL

HERE'S a little task to toy with: Take the most hapless and hopeless part of the population of a great city—*women who have been in prison;* succor them; restore them to self-support and self-respect; it can't be done—but do it; do it for thousands of women; do it for fifty years; *and never, all that time, never once solicit a contribution; never beg, never even advertise; accept no charity for your charity—none at all; make it pay its own way; and in the end, out of your charity and for it and to perpetuate it, have land and houses and equipment worth three hundred thousand dollars.*

To approach this task, to have the

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yearning heart and the healing soul for it, one must be a man of God. To accomplish it, financially, one must be a marvelous business man. Man?

It happens—*woman*. A marvelous business woman and—well, how strange it is that the words "woman of God" should sound so strange! Yet what smaller title shall we give to Mother O'Keeffe?

She was born in the south of Ireland, in the east of the south of Ireland, on the left bank of the Shannon—Ellen O'Keeffe, carrying still in her voice to-day the lilt of Limerick. She came to the city of New York in poverty and powerlessness.

Two hundred women does she shelter every night now, and set to work every day, in her places of business, her homes. And a thousand women and more did she establish last year in the employ of others to labor quietly and securely on their way back to the re-making of their lives.

A BUSINESS, NOT A CHARITY

It is wonderful enough that out of broken women Mother O'Keeffe has made whole women. But more wonderful still—much more wonderful—is this: that out of human material distrusted and rejected by business, condemned by business, to go from jail to unemployment, to starvation, to crime, to jail—out of such material Mother O'Keeffe has made a business concern which, just as a business concern, stands and walks by itself.

Scientific selection of employees? Mother O'Keeffe's places of business lie open, night and day, to every woman, energetic or sodden, God-seeking or hell-bent, steady or reeling, who climbs their steps.

More than a half-century ago it was a nurse that young Ellen O'Keeffe would be. For that she went to The Island that lies in the East River between Manhattan and Long Island. There Ellen O'Keeffe saw hospital-wards but also prison-cells. It was, and is, a place for "correction."

And there Ellen O'Keeffe saw an old story. She met a girl. She met her often. She had been sent to The Island, this girl, to be "corrected" for the first time. And she was soft-hearted and fair-spoken and fearful and sorry, almost always; and Ellen O'Keeffe counseled her that she might work at honest work; and her sentence was served; and she took the ferry and went back to The City and would sin no more.

But The City—what an old, *old* story!—turned her away from all honest work, distrusting her, and would not let her work at all except at sin and so, shortly, sent her back to The Island to be "corrected" again. And she cursed Ellen O'Keeffe to her face for a fool and a liar.

And so did Ellen O'Keeffe write the old sequel to this old story? Did she go and make a job for herself as secretary and agent for a society for finding employment for female ex-prisoners? And get a Board of Lady Managers with luncheons and clothes?

She might have done so, very properly; but she did not. Instead, *she saved two hundred dollars of her own*. She gave to her prospective fling in God's business the same thrift she would have been obliged to give to a prospective fling in any other kind of business.

Having saved the money, Ellen O'Keeffe was ready to save that girl.

She went and rented a five-room flat in a tenement-building on East Twenty-sixth Street, close by the dock to which the ferry comes plying from The Island to Manhattan. And she bought a few cots and blankets and chairs and a table. Here was a refuge. But Ellen O'Keeffe didn't want a refuge—a retreat from the world. She wanted—for that girl—a return to the world. So she bought, also: soap, starch, bluing, wash-tubs, wash-boards.

There she had her first place of business. Now for her first order! Thrift! With fifty dollars of her savings in her hand-bag, Ellen O'Keeffe walked over to the old Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked would they let her take the wash, and laid down fifty dollars to say that the wash would come back. And the old Fifth Avenue Hotel did a good day's work for New York by saying "Yes."

With a place of business and an order, Ellen O'Keeffe, laundry proprietor, went to The Island and told the girls who were about to be released that there was honest work for them in The City. Did they come?

"It is easier to get a man on his feet and make something out of him," says Mother O'Keeffe, "than to get a woman even to promise to start on the right road." Therefore the great ones of the earth and even of the church said to young Ellen O'Keeffe in those days: "We must be more attentive

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to men." That's what their talk came to. Mother O'Keeffe's conclusion is different. "Therefore," says she, "we must be more patient with women."

But Ellen O'Keeffe, besides patience, had driving business power. Her plan was workable. The women came; and they have kept on coming for fifty years.

The laundry business in the five-room flat in the tenement-building grew. It grew to fill the whole building. On behalf of the women who were not strong enough to do washing, Ellen O'Keeffe took in mending. And, for their food, she asked her customers who were hotel-men to send her cut bread and other discarded but decent victuals in the hampers in which she returned their linen. She asked them to do this, but she paid them for it. It was business, all of it.

Accordingly, Ellen O'Keeffe began to have standing. She was no mere charity lady. She was a business, solvent and growing. And so she was able to go on to what is really the bigger part of her work.

When Ellen O'Keeffe said to one of her customers: "This woman is vigorous and industrious—I know it, and she would make a good dish-washer," the woman started washing dishes. And when Ellen O'Keeffe said: "This woman has her faults; but stealing is not among them; and she can be trusted to be a chambermaid," the woman started making beds. It was a big employment agency that Ellen O'Keeffe was now, besides an employer. On her word thousands of women have passed back into working life who without some such bridge would have sunk and drowned.

So thirty years went by, during which Ellen O'Keeffe became Mother O'Keeffe—to multitudes.

And there came to be two big houses for sale a mile or so north of Mother O'Keeffe's laundry. They were massive, luxurious. They had been built by Heinrich Steinway, manufacturer of pianos, for his sons. They were called the Steinway Mansions. The neighborhood in which they were situated had ceased to be "awfully nice" and had become "frightfully mixed." The Steinway Mansions on East Fifty-second Street were for sale. But at a stiff price. And Mother O'Keeffe, manager of a business for female ex-prisoners, bought them and paid cash.

Afterward she bought another big house still farther north, on East Seventy-ninth Street, in a neighborhood extremely expensive and extremely profitable. There is no cowardice in Mother O'Keeffe's business plans. And she was now a regularly incorporated corporation, with two places of business, open night and day to the most hopeless part of the population, recruiting its working-force from what is thought to be the most inefficient element in society, paying regular wages and accumulating surpluses. A quite well-managed corporation!

MOTHER MARY ZITA

Naturally the lips of a woman who has accomplished such things are firm. They are even hard. Mother O'Keeffe has not managed her sort of business without making decisions. But she decides a thing once, not twice. Her lips show it. And her quick step shows the woman of aggressive action and the stoop of her shoulders the laborious administrator. Her voice, too, is telling—quiet, low, not wasted. She knows this world. But the smile-lines about the good gray eyes show the woman of sisterly love, and the forehead, smooth and clear as heaven, shows the woman who thinks and rests in God.

She wears God's habit now—dark-brown—the habit of a new organization in the church to which she belongs.

She began to see that the property which she had accumulated and which she had dedicated to a purpose beyond herself should be perpetuated for that purpose beyond her death. She consulted her bishop. He consented. The Pope consented. The young Irish girl who came to America in poverty and powerlessness and who would be a nurse, has taken her place in the line of historic heroic women who have given new orders with new purposes to the Catholic Church.

Mother O'Keeffe's property is now really the property of the Order of the Reparation. Her assistants are sisters. And she is no longer Mother O'Keeffe. She is Mother Mary Zita, officially. But the policeman on the beat is not official. "You mean Mother O'Keeffe. Right that way where you see that woman going up those steps!"

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"GRANNY, LISTEN TO ME. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE MADE IN TEN DAYS? ALMOST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

"MAKING MONEY"

by OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND," "THE SALAMANDER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TOM BEAUCHAMP CROCKER, otherwise known as "Bojo," just out of Yale, comes to New York to tackle life. He has spent the summer near Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate, and his heart is set on entering Wall Street; but he expects objections from his father, a wealthy manufacturer, who would like to put his son in his mills. He goes to an apartment which he is to occupy with the rest of "The Big Yale Four"—Marsh, DeLancy, Granning—and they spend the first evening in exchanging frank confessions of their ambitions. Each wants money; Marsh wants, besides, prestige through building up a great newspaper as a social institution; Granning, content to go slowly, wants eventually to run a factory of his own along cooperative lines; and DeLancy frankly plans to marry money. Bojo admits that his mind is not made up—that he wants time to think.

The next day Bojo calls at the Drakes' and, while waiting for Doris, informally meets Patsie, her young sister, and Patsie's terrier. Patsie is spontaneous and natural, Doris a carefully trained woman of the world. Bojo is not sure he loves Doris, whom he was mad about in

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schoolboy days, but as they are lunching together he discovers that she cares more for him than he had ever supposed.

From Doris he goes to an interview with his father—goes with the expectation of being thrown out if he refuses to enter the mills. His father does try hard to persuade him, to give him his view of their common work; but at last he writes the boy a check for fifty thousand dollars to use in trying out Wall Street, with the prophecy that he will lose it all within two years.

A WEEK after his interview with his father, Tom Crocker entered the great shadowy library of the Drakes in response to an invitation from the father. At this time there was no more picturesque personality in Wall Street than Daniel Drake. He had come to New York several years before, awaited as a vaulting spirit who played the game recklessly and who would never cease to aspire until he had forced his way to the top or been utterly broken in the attempt.

The first spectacular operation in his career had been the buying up of the control of a great industry in competition with an Eastern group. A friend whom he trusted betrayed the pool he had formed, and loyalty to his associates, which made him continue, completely bankrupted him. Before the public had even an inkling of the extent of his catastrophe he had mended his fortunes by a brilliant stroke, secured control of one of the subsidiary companies destined for the Steel Trust, and realized a couple of millions as his share. When he referred to this moment, which he often did, he used to say frankly:

"We went into the meeting bankrupt and came out seven millionaires."

He became the leader of a group of financiers who acquired and developed with amazing success a chain of impoverished railroads. He played the game, scrupulous to his word, merciless in a fight, generous to a conquered enemy, for the love of the game itself. A big man, with a curious atmosphere of amused calm in the midst of the flurry and turmoil he aroused, he enjoyed the turns and twists of fate with the zest of a boy—gray-eyed, imperturbable, and magnetic, winning even those who saw in him an ethical and economic danger.

Such was the man who was bending over a great oaken table engrossed in the piecing together of an intricate picture puzzle, as Bojo came through the heavy tapestry portières. Patsie, perched on a corner, was looking on with approving interest at the happy solving of a perplexing group. She sprang down, flung her arms about her father in an impulsive farewell, and ran over to Bojo with a laughing warning:

"Whatever you do, *never* find a piece for him. It makes him madder than a wet hen. He wants to do it all himself. Now I'm running off. Don't worry! Go on; talk your old business."

She went off like the flash of a golden bird, while Bojo, slightly intimidated, was wishing she might remain.

"Tom—glad to see you—come in—just a moment—help yourself to a cigar. Confound that piece, I knew it fitted in there!" said Drake. He left the board with regret, shook hands with a grip that seemed to envelop the young man, and went to the mantel for a match, where a large equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni rose threateningly from the shadows. "Glad to see you, my boy! My orders are in from the General Manager, and when the General Manager gives orders I know it means hustle!" By this title he designated Doris, whose practical ambitions and perseverance he satirized with an indulgent smile. "Far as I can make out, Doris has determined to make you a millionaire in a couple of years or so, so I suppose the best thing is to sit down and discuss it."

As he stood there, gaunt and alert against the bronze background, there was something about him, too, of the old condottieri, a certain blunt and hardened quality of the grizzled head, as though he too had just flung back a steel helmet and emerged victorious from a bruising scramble.

"Suppose he's figuring out that I'll cost him less than the duke," thought Tom, conscious of a certain proprietary estimation below all the surface urbanity, and squaring to the charge he said: "I'm afraid, sir, you've a pretty poor opinion of me."

"What do you mean?" asked Drake with a sudden interest.

"May I talk to you plainly, sir?" said Tom, a little flustered. "I don't know just how I feel about Doris or even just how she feels about me. I certainly have no intention of marrying her until I know what I am worth myself, and I certainly don't intend

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to come to you to make money for me."

He stopped with a little fear for his boldness, for this had not been his intention on entering the room. In fact, he had come rather in a state of indecision, after long discussions with Doris, and much serving up of sophistries to his conscience; but Drake's greeting had struck at his young independence, as perhaps it had been meant to do, and an impulsive wave of indignation overruled his calculations. He stood a little apprehensive, watching the older man.

"That's talking," said Drake with an approving smile. "Go on."

"Mr. Drake, I can't help feeling that we're going to look at things more and more from a different point of view. Doris cares for me—I suppose so—if she can have me without sacrificing anything. I don't express it very well, but I do feel at times that she's more interested in what she can make out of me than in me, and I don't know if I'll work out the way she wants; in fact, I'm not at all sure," he blurted out pugnaciously, "that I want to work out that way, and if I don't, there'll come a smash-up pretty soon."

"There's something in what you say," said Drake, nodding, "and I like your coming straight out with it. Now look here, my boy: I'm not going to take hold of you because I expect you to marry Doris, but because I *want* you to marry her! I've got one decayed foreign title dangling to the totem-pole, and that's enough; that's got to satisfy the missus. I don't want another and I don't want any high-stepping Fifth Avenue dude. I want a man, one of my own kind."

He arose, took a turn, and clapped Tom on the shoulder. "I want you. I settled that in my own mind long ago. Now I'm going to talk plain to you. I know Doris. I've watched her. She's got two sides to her; you appeal to the best. I know it. She knows it. She wouldn't marry you if you were a beggar—women are that way—but she'll stick to you loyal as a regular, if she marries you; and you're not going to be a beggar."

"Yes, if I consent to close my eyes and let you build——"

"Now don't get huffy. I'm not going to tuck you under my wing," said Drake, grinning. "Furthermore, I wouldn't want you in the family if I didn't know you had stuff in you. Don't you think I want some one I can trust in this cutthroat game? Don't worry: if you're the right sort I can use you. Now quit thinking too much—let things work out. What do you want to do?"

"I want to stand on my own feet," said Tom with a last resistance. "I want to see what I'm worth by myself."

"Wall Street, of course," said Drake, grinning again. He flung down in a great armchair, and stared out at the raw recruit as though rolling back the years to his own beginnings.

"Tom, if you're going in," he said all at once, "go in with your eyes open and make up your mind soon what you want; but when you've made up your mind don't fool yourself. Recognize that what you're going into is war, nothing more nor less. There's a group of the big fellows here that ought to have had a chance at being field-marshals or admirals, and because they haven't the chance they've developed a special little battlefield of their own to fight each other. And say, the big fellows don't fool themselves—they know what they're doing! They're under no illusions. But there're a lot of big little men down there who go around hugging delusions to their hearts, who'll sack a railroad or lay siege to a corporation with the idea they're ordained to grab the other fellow's property. Now I don't fool myself: that's my strong point. I'm grabbing as fast as the other fellow, but I know the time's coming when they won't let us grab any more. I do it because I want to, because I love it and because we're founding aristocracies here as the Old World did a couple of centuries ago. Well, to come back to you. I'll see you start in a good firm——"

"I'd rather do it myself."

"As you wish. Got any money?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said Tom, who then related his father's prediction.

"Ordinarily he's a good guesser," said Drake, laughing. "But we may put one over on him. There's a scheme I've been brewing over for a big combine in the woolen industry that may give him a pleasant surprise. Well, then, start in on your own feet, my boy. Learn all you can of men. Study them—browse around in figures if you want, but everlastingly keep your eyes on men! It's the man and not the proposition that's gilt-edged or empty. You've got to learn how the other fellow thinks, what he'll do in a given situation, if you're

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going to think ahead of him, and that's the quality that counts. That's where I've got them guessing, every minute of the day; there isn't one of them can figure out now if I'm twenty millions to the good or ten behind.

"I suppose there's no use telling you not to speculate, because you will, no matter what you think now. You will, because the young fellow who goes into Wall Street and doesn't think he's a genius in the first three months hasn't been born yet! But the first time it comes over you, throw only a third of your capital out of the window. Do you get me?"

"I won't do that," said Bojo resolutely.

"Go on. Do. You ought. It's cheap at that! I paid seven hundred thousand for the same information," said Drake, giving him his hand. He caught his shoulder in his powerful grip and added: "If you get in too much trouble, come to me! Remember that, and good luck!"

Bojo Obeys His General Manager

THREE months after his entry into Wall Street, Bojo took his first plunge into the world of speculation and bought a thousand shares of Indiana Smelter on a twenty per cent. margin. He made the decision only after a long wrestling with his conscience.

At first he had imposed a limit, promising himself that he would not touch a penny of his $50,000 capital until he should know of his own knowledge. But speculation was in the air, triumphant and insidious. The whole market was sweeping up irresistibly. The times were dramatic. Golden opportunity seemed within everyone's grasp. Expansion, development, amalgamation were on every tongue. Roscoe Marsh had

FORSHAY, A SPLENDID AMERICAN IMITATION OF AN ENGLISH ARISTOCRAT.

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made a hundred thousand on paper. Even Fred DeLancy had won several turns which had netted him handsome profits.

Bojo had resisted stubbornly at first, turning heedless ears to the excited arguments of his friends, but the fever of speculation had entered his veins, he dreamed of nothing else, and gradually the thought of his $50,000, so modestly invested in four per cent. bonds, obsessed him. In the end it was Doris who persuaded him.

That indefatigable schemer, whom even he now called the General Manager, had a dozen times summoned him for an excited consultation on some rumor which she had caught in passage. At first he had laughed her down, then he had stubbornly refused such an alliance. But Doris, undaunted, returned to the charge, amazing him at times with the pertinency of her information, which she picked up from the wives and daughters, from those who came as suitors, or as mere friends of the family, while just as industriously and cleverly she commandeered her acquaintance and sent Bojo a string of customers which had remarkably affected his progress in the brokerage offices of Hauk, Flaspoller & Forshay.

Finally he had yielded. She had information of the most explicit sort. A great combination had been held up for several weeks by the refusal of two great companies to enter at the price offered—Indiana Smelter and Rockland Foundry. She knew positively that the matter would be adjusted in the next fortnight.

"Did your father say so?" he asked, really impressed.

"Not in the first place."

"But where did you get your information?"

"Oh, I have my ways," she said, delighted, "and I keep my secrets too. Just remember if you'd taken my advice what you'd have made."

"It is astounding how right you've been," he said doubtfully.

"Listen, Bojo: this is absolutely correct. I know it. I can't tell you now—I promised—but if I could you wouldn't have the slightest doubt. Can't you trust me just this once? Don't you know that I'm working for you? Oh, it's such an opportunity for us both! Listen: if you won't do it, buy five hundred shares for me with my own money. Oh, how can I convince you!"

He looked away thoughtfully; tempted, convinced, suspecting the source of her information, but wishing to remain ignorant.

"You are determined to buy." She nodded energetically. "What does your father say?

She seized his idea, saving him the embarrassment of a direct suggestion.

"If Dad says yes, will that convince you? Wait." She thought a moment, pacing up and down, humming brightly to herself. Suddenly she turned, her eyes sparkling with the delight of her own machinations. "I'll tell you how I'll do it. Next week's my birthday. I'll ask him to give me the tip as a birthday present." She clapped her hands gleefully, adding: "Or I'll tell him it's for my trousseau. If he says all right, you won't refuse."

"No, I won't."

She flung herself joyfully in his arms at this victory won, at this prospect opened.

"Bojo, I do love you and I do want to do so much for you!" she cried, tightening her arms about his neck, with more genuine demonstration than she had shown in months.

"After all, I'd be a fool to refuse," he thought, excited too, and aloud he said, "Yes, Miss General Manager."

"Oh, call me anything you like if you'll only let me manage you!" she said, laughing. "Now sit down and let me tell you all I've planned out for you to do."

That night she told him excitedly over the telephone that her little scheme had succeeded, that her father had given his O. K., but of course no one must know. The next day he had bought five hundred shares for her, and after much hesitation a thousand for his own account at 104½. It was a good risk: the stock had been stable for years; even if the combination did not go through, there was little danger of a rapid fall; and if it went up there was a chance at a thirty- or forty-point rise. He kept the injunction of secrecy, as all such injunctions are kept, to the point of telling only his closest friends, Marsh and DeLancy, who bought at once.

Nevertheless, no sooner had the transaction been completed than he had a sudden revulsion. He had been long enough in Wall Street to have heard a hundred tales of the methods of big manipulators. What if Dan Drake's endorsement were only a clever ruse to conceal his real intentions? At any rate, Tom passed a very bad night, saying to himself that he had plunged ahead

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on the flimsiest sort of evidence and fully deserved a shearing.

It had been three months now since the day when he had first come down-town to take up service as a broker's runner, and much had changed within him during that time. The first days he had been rather bewildered and resentful of the menial beginning. It did not seem quite a man's work—this messenger service; and the contemplation of those above him, the men at the sheets and the office clerks, inspired him with a distaste. Often he remembered his conversation with his father and talks with Granning, the matter-of-fact; comparing their outlook on life with his associates' much to the disadvantage of the curiously inconsequential throng of young men who, like himself, were willing to go scurrying in the rain and dark on servants' quests, in order to get a peek into the intricate mysteries of Wall Street that held sudden fortunes for those who could see.

But gradually he began to meet the more rugged type, schooled in earlier tests, shrewd, cautious, and resolved, self-made men who had abrupt ways of speaking their thoughts, who frankly classed him with other fortunate youths and assured him that they were there by right, to take away from these others what had been foolishly given and pay them back in experience. He took their chaffing in good humor, seeking their companionship and their points of view by preference, gradually disarming their criticism. And he worked hard, following Drake's advice, seeking information from men rather than from books, checking up what each told him by what the next man had to say of his last informant, no longer lending credulous ear to the frayed prophets of New Street, or thrilling with the excitement of a thrice confidential tip.

He had advanced rapidly, but underneath all his delight there was an abiding suspicion that his progress had not been entirely due to his own glaring accomplishments, but that the name of Crocker senior, his bank account, and the magic touch of Daniel Drake had counted for much.

Under the Ticker's Tyranny

DURING the last month he had had several tentative approaches from Weldon Forshay, who was what DeLancy called the social scavenger of the firm, a club-man irreproachably connected, amiable and winning in his ways, who received up-town clients in the outer office and went out to lunch with the riding set, who lounged in toward midday for what they termed a whack at the market.

Forshay, who was no fool and neglected no detail of social connections, had been keen to perceive the advantages of an alliance with the prospective son-in-law of Daniel Drake, keeping in view the voluminous transactions that flowed monthly from the keys of that daring manipulator. The transactions of the last days had been noted with more than usual interest, and Bojo's announcement of the amount of collateral which he had to offer as security (he did not, naturally, give the impression that this was the sum of his holdings) had further increased the growing affection of the firm for an industrious young man of such excellent prospects.

When Crocker arrived, excited and keyed to the whirring sound of the ticker, Forshay, a splendid American imitation of an English aristocrat, drew him affably into an inner room.

"I say, Crocker," he said, "the firm's been thinking you over rather seriously. It isn't often a young fellow comes down here and makes his way as quickly as you. We like your methods, and I think we've been quick to recognize them. Haven't we?"

"You certainly have," said Tom with real enthusiasm.

"You've brought us business and you'll bring us more. Now some evening soon I

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want you to come up to the club and sit down over a little dinner and discuss the whole prospect." He looked at him benignly and added: "I don't see why an ambitious man like you who has got what you have ahead of you shouldn't fit into this firm before very long."

"Provided I marry Miss Doris Drake," thought Bojo to himself. The cool way in which he received the news made a distinct impression on Forshay, who went a little further. "We realize that with the friends and backing you've got you're not on the lookout to stay forever on a salary. What you want is to get a fair share of the business you can swing, and the only way is to join some firm. Oh, by the way, the firm wants me to tell you that from next week your salary will be seventy-five dollars."

This time Bojo gulped down his surprise and shook hands in boyish delight.

"Mighty glad to give it to you," said Forshay, laughing. "I see you think well of Indiana Smelter. Now I don't want you to betray any confidences, but of course I know how you stand in certain quarters. There is no harm in my saying that, is there? I've watched you. You haven't been running after every rumor on the block. You're shrewd. You're too conservative to invest without some pretty solid reason or to let your friends in unless you're pretty sure."

"I am pretty sure," said Crocker solemnly.

"I thought so," said Forshay meditatively. "I'm rather tempted to try the thing myself. I've sort of a hunch about you. I liked you, Tom, from the first."

In five minutes Bojo had told him in the strictest confidence all he knew. Forshay received the news with thoughtful deliberation.

"I'd like it better if Dan Drake had said it direct to you," he said, frowning. "Still, it's valuable. There may be a good deal in it. I think I can get a line on it myself. Jimmie Boskirk is a good pal of mine, and he'll know. You keep me informed and I'll let you know what I find out. Go a little slow. Dan Drake is up to a good many tricks. Suppose we say Friday night for our little confab. Good."

The mention of Jimmie Boskirk cast a damper over the delights the interview had brought Bojo. He did not at once realize how easily Forshay had played him for the information he desired and how really valuable he believed it. He was lost in a new irritation. Young Boskirk had been assiduous in his attentions to Doris, and while this fact aroused in him no jealousy, he had an uncomfortable feeling that Boskirk was the source of her information.

But the opening of the market completely drove all other thoughts out of his mind. For the first time he came under the poignant tyranny of the flowing tape. Do what he would, he could not keep away from it. Indiana Smelter opened at 104½, went off the fraction, and then advanced to 106 on moderate strength in buying orders.

"A point and a half—$1,500—I've made $1,500—just like that," he said to himself, stupefied. He went to his desk, but ten minutes later, on the pretext of getting a glass of water, he returned to the tape to make sure that his eyes had not deceived him. There it was again and no mistake—200 Indiana Smelter, 106. He sat down at his desk in a turmoil. Fifteen hundred dollars! Five times what he had made in three months. If he had bought two thousand shares, as he could have easily, at a safe twenty per cent. margin, he would have made three thousand. He felt angry at himself, defrauded.

Then, in order to realize himself his colossal earnings, he called up Doris on the telephone to hear the sound of such figures. At one, when he went out to snatch a mouthful at a standing lunch, he consulted three tickers, impatient that no further sales had been recorded.

He ambled slowly through the motley group of New Street, that tragic anteroom to Wall Street, where fallen kings of finance retell the glories of the past and wager a few miserable dollars on a fugitive whisper.

"If they only knew what I know," he said to himself, smiling as he passed on in confident youth through these wearied old men who in their misfortune still preferred to be last in the Street if only to be near Rome. At the offices, high on Exchange Place, looking down on the huddled group of the curb below in sheepskins and mufflers, flinging fingered signals in the air to waiting figures in windows above, he found a new order from Roscoe Marsh and hurriedly had it executed. He felt like calling up all his friends and asking them to follow his lead blindly.

During the week Indiana Smelter climbed

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"I WILL CALL FOR YOU IN A PROPER SOCIAL MANNER, PERHAPS."

irregularly to 111¼, broke three points, and ended at 109 amid a sudden concentration of public interest.

On Saturday when he came back to his blazing windows in the mellow half-lights of the court, preparatory to dressing for a party in the wake of Fred DeLancy, he took the flight two steps at a time, bursting with the need of pouring out his tale of good fortune to responsive ears. He found only George Granning, snug in the big armchair, sunk in the beatific contemplation of an immense ledger.

"What the deuce are you grinning at, you old rhinoceros?" said Bojo, stopping surprised.

"I'm casting up accounts," said Granning. "I'm twelve hundred and forty-two dollars ahead of the game. To-morrow you can buy me my first bond and make me a capitalist. Bojo, congratulate me. I've got my raise—forty a week from now on—assistant superintendent!"

"No!" exclaimed Bojo, who had been dreaming in hundreds of thousands. He shook hands with all the enthusiasm he could force. Then a genuine pity seized him for the inequalities of opportunity. He seized a chair and drew it excitedly near his friend. "Granny, listen to me. Do you know what I have made in ten days? Almost five thousand dollars! Now you know nothing in this world would let me get you in wrong, unless I knew. Well, Granny, I know! I'll guarantee you—do you understand—that if you'll let me take your thousand and invest it as I want, I'll double your capital in a month."

"Thank you, no," said Granning in a way that admitted no discussion. "The

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gilt-edged kind is my ambition. Look here, how much money have you put up?"

"Only twenty thousand."

"Then give me the rest and let me bury it for you."

"I tell you I can sell now and make $4,500. What do you say to that?"

"I'm damned sorry to hear it."

"You're a nice friend."

"Lecturing isn't my strong point," said Granning imperturbably, "but since you insist, the first lesson in life to my mind is a wholesome respect for the difficulty of making money."

"You act as though you think I've robbed some old widow, you anarchist!"

"Twelve times 30 is 360, add 12 times 150 times 30," said Granning, taking up his pencil.

"What the deuce are you figuring out?"

"I'm calculating that at the rate I'm living I can buy another bond in about ten and three-quarter months," said Granning blissfully.

"Oh, go to the devil," said Bojo, retreating into his room. As he started to dress for the evening he began to moralize, glancing out at Granning, who continued his figuring, a picture of rugged happiness.

"Suppose he's thinking of that forty-five-dollar a year income now," thought Bojo, who began to indulge in many worldly speculations of which he would have been incapable three months before. After all, if some people only knew it, it was just as easy to make a hundred thousand as a thousand. All it required was to recognize that the world was unequal and always would remain unequal, and toward the top of society it was all a question of knowledge and influence.

"Poor old Granny," he said, shaking his head. "In four years I'll be worth a million and he'll be plodding on, working like a slave, gloating over a ten-dollar raise." But as he was withal honest in his values he added: "And the old fellow's worth ten times what I am, too!"

"Well, Capitalist, good night," he said, arrayed in top hat, fur coat, and glowing linen.

Granning grunted complacently and called him back as he was disappearing.

"Hi, there!"

"What?"

"Come over to the factory with me some day and see what real work is."

Bojo slammed the door and went laughing down the stairs.

The buying orders multiplied in Indiana Smelter, the air was full of rumors, the financial columns accepted as a fact that the combination was decided, and the stock went soaring in the third week, despite one day of horrible uncertainty, when the report was spread that all negotiations were off and Indiana Smelter dropped twelve points. When 135 was reached, Bojo became bewildered. In less than a month he had cleared over thirty thousand dollars. He could not believe his own reason. Where had it come from?

The spinning tack-tack of the ticker was always in his ears. At night when he started to go to sleep the room was always full of diabolical instruments, and great curling streams of thin paper fell over his bed and Indiana Smelters was kiting up into impossible figures or abruptly crumbling to nothing. One morning the necessity of actually holding in his own hands these enormous sums which he had been incredulously contemplating all these weeks was so imperious that he sold out as the stock reached 138¼.

For a day a feeling of sublime liberation came to him, as though the clicking tyranny were forever vanished from his ears. In his pocket was certainty, incredible but tangible, a check to his order for over thirty-three thousand dollars. When once this certainty had impressed itself upon him he had a quick revulsion. It seemed to him that what he had done was grossly immoral, as though he had thrown his money on a gambling-table and won fabulously with a beginner's luck. He resolved firmly never to repeat the test.

He informed Granny of this decision, admitting frankly all the appetite for gain, the reckless, dangerous excitement it had roused in him. He spoke with such profound conviction that Granny's skepticism was conquered, and they shook hands upon Bojo's sudden enlightenment.

But the next day, when he had gone up to the Drakes' and exhibited the check for the delectation of Doris, his good intentions began to waver in the flush of triumph.

"Now aren't you glad you listened to a wise little person who is going to make your fortune?" she said.

"Who gave you the tip, Doris?" he said uneasily. "You can tell me now."

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"Ask me no questions——"

"A man or a woman?" he persisted, seeking a subterfuge, for the thought of asking pointblank if he owed his fortune to Boskirk was repugnant.

She hesitated a moment, divining his qualms. "Promise to ask no more questions."

"If you'll tell me."

"A woman, then."

He pretended to himself a great satisfaction, immensely relieved in his pride, willing to be convinced. Dan Drake came in, and Doris, glad of the interruption, displayed the check in triumph.

"So that's it, is it?" said Drake, glancing up at Bojo, who looked sheepishly happy. And assuming an angry air, he caught Doris by the ear. "A traitor in my own household, eh?"

"What do you mean?" she said, defending herself.

"I mean the next time you wheedle such inside information out, just remember you've got a daddy."

"Now, Dad, don't be horrid and take away all my fun. Isn't it glorious!"

"Very," said Drake with a grimace. "I congratulate you young scamps. Your getting in and spreading the good news among the bosom friends—" he glanced at Bojo, who flushed—"cost me a couple of hundred thousand more than I intended to pay. I guess, young man, it'll be cheaper for me to have you inside my office than out!"

"I didn't realize, sir——"

"No reason you should, but I want to tell you and your General Manager so that you won't get any mistaken ideas of your Napoleonic talents, that there was a moment ten days ago when the whole combination came near a cropper, wherever you got your information." He stopped, looked at his daughter severely, and said: "By the way, where *did* you get your information, young lady?"

Doris laughed mischievously, not at all deceived by his assumed anger. "I have my own sources of information," she said, imitating his manner.

The father looked at her shrewdly, amused at the intrigue he divined. "Well, this is my guess——"

But Doris, flinging herself, laughing, at him, closed his lips with her pretty hand.

"She did use Boskirk to help me," thought Bojo, perceiving her start of fear and the shrewd smile on the face of the father.

Despite his new-found resolutions he was surprised to find that the obsession of the ticker still held him. With the announcement of the completion of the Smelter merger, Indiana Smelter rose as high as 142¾, and the thought of these thousands which he might have had as easily as not, began to annoy him, and the more his mind dwelt upon it the more eager he became to embark on a fresh venture.

The Return of Palsie

TO BOJO'S surprise he found that what De Lancy had estimated of his own social values was quite true. Fred was in great demand at quiet dances in discreet salons at Tenafly's and Lazare's, where curious elements combined to distract the adventurer, rich at forty-five, who after a life of Spartan routine awoke to the call of pleasure and curiosity at an age when other men have fixed their attitude. Fred was looked upon as a sort of *enfant gâté* to be rewarded after a gay night with an easily tossed off order for a thousand shares of this or that to make his commission. It did not take Bojo long to perceive the inherent weakness in DeLancy's lovable but pleasure-running character nor to speculate upon his future with some apprehension, despite all Fred's protestations that he was as shrewd as they are made.

Bojo had been admitted far enough into his confidence to know that there was already some one in the practical background,

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a Miss Angelica Stone, financially a prize, who had been caught with the volatile gaiety and amusing tricks of Fred DeLancy. DeLancy, in fact, in moments of serious intimacy, openly avowed his intention of settling down within a year or two at the most, and Bojo with the memory of riotous nights from which he had with difficulty extracted the popular Fred, owned to himself that the sooner this occurred the better he would be suited.

He had met Angelica Stone once when he had dropped in on Doris, and he had a blurred recollection of a thin blond girl who giggled and chattered a great deal and spoke several times of being bored by this or that, but who would go off into peals of laughter the moment Fred De Lancy struck a chord on the piano and imitated a German ballade.

"Angelica is a good soul at bottom. She's crazy about Fred and he can marry her any day he wants her," said Doris, sitting in judgment.

"Do you think it would turn out well?" he said doubtfully.

"Why not? Angelica hasn't a thought in her head. She'll be a splendid audience for Fred. He isn't the sort of a person ever to fall desperately in love."

"I don't know about that," said Bojo, with an uneasy recollection of a certain alluring but rather obvious little actress, respectable but entirely too calculating to his way of thinking, whom Fred had been seeing too much.

"Nonsense! That sort of person is always thinking of the crowd. Besides, Angelica is too stupid to be jealous. It's a splendid match. She'll get a husband that'll save her house from being a bore, and he'll get a pile of money—just what each needs."

He saw Doris three or four times a week. She had become a very busy lady, constantly complaining of the fatigues of a social season. Fred DeLancy who, with Marsh, had been admitted to intimacy, made fun of her to her face in his impudent way, pretending a deep solicitude for the overburdened rich.

"But it's true," said Doris indignantly. "I haven't a minute to myself. I'm going from morning to night. You haven't an idea how exacting our lives are."

"Tell me," said DeLancy, assuming a countenance of commiseration, while Bojo laughed.

"Horrid beast!" said Doris, pouting. "And then there's charity; you've no idea how much time charity takes. I'm on three committees and we have to meet once a week for luncheon. Then I'm in the show for the benefit of some hospital or other, and now they want us to come to morning rehearsals. Then there's the afternoon bridge class until four, and half a dozen teas to go through, and back to be dressed and curled and start out for dinner and a dance, night after night. And now there's Dolly's wedding coming on, and the dressmaker and the shopping. I tell you I'm beginning to look old already!"

She glanced at the clock and went off with a sigh, to be decked out for another social struggle, as Mrs. Drake entered. The young men excused themselves. Bojo never felt quite comfortable under the scrutiny of the mother's menacing lorgnette. She was a frail, uneasy little woman who dressed too young for her age, whose ready tears had won down the opposition of her husband, much as the steady drip of a tiny rivulet bores its way through granite surfaces. She did not approve of Bojo—a fact of which he was well aware—and was resolved when her first ambition had been gratified by Dolly's coming marriage to turn her forces on Doris.

At present she was too much occupied, for there were weak moments when Dolly, for all her foreign education, rose up in revolt, and others when Mr. Drake, incensed at the cold-blooded conduct of the prenuptial business arrangements, had threatened to send the whole pack of impudent lawyers flying. Patsie had been sent off on a visit to a cousin after a series of indiscretions, culminating in a demand to know from the Duke what the French meant by a *mariage de convenance*—a request which fell like a bombshell in a sudden silence of the family dinner.

It was a week before the wedding, as Bojo was swinging up the Avenue past the Park on his way to Doris, that he suddenly became aware of a young lady in white fur cap and black velvets skipping toward him, pursued by a terrier that had a familiar air, while from an attendant automobile a tall and scrawny spinster was gesticulating violently and unheeded. The next moment Patsie had run up to him and put her arm through his, Romp leaping against him in recognition, while she exclaimed:

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"JUST YOU WAIT; YOU'RE GOING TO BE ONE OF THE BIG MEN SOME DAY!"

"Bojo, thank Heaven! Save me from this awful woman!"

"What's wrong, what's the matter?" he said, laughing, feeling all at once a delightful glow at the sight of her snapping eyes and breathless, parted lips.

"They've brought me back and tied a dragon to me," she cried indignantly. "I won't stand it. I won't go parading up and down with a keeper, just like an animal in a zoo. It's all mother's doings, and Dolly's, because I miffed her old duke.

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Send the dragon away, please, Bojo, please."

"What's her name?" he said, with an eye to the approaching car.

"Mlle. du Something or other—how do I know?"

The frantic companion now bearing down, with the chauffeur set to a grin, Bojo explained his right to act as Miss Patsie's escort, and the matter was adjusted by the *demoiselle de compagnie* promising to keep a block behind until they neared home.

Patsie waxed indignant. "Wait till I get hold of Dad! I'll fix her! The idea! I'm eighteen—I guess I can take care of myself. I say, let's give them the slip. No? Oh, dear, it would be such fun. I'm crazy to slip off and get some skating. What do you think? Can't even do that. Too vulgar!"

"What did you say to the Duke that raised such a row?" said Bojo, pleasantly conscious of the light weight on his arm.

"Nothing at all," said Patsie with an innocent face; but there was a twinkle in the eyes. "I simply asked what this *mariage de convenance* was I heard them all talking about, and when he started in to make some long-winded speech I cut in and asked him if it wasn't when people didn't love each other but married to pay the bills. Then every one talked out loud and mother looked at me through her telescope."

"You knew, of course," reproved Bojo.

Patsie laughed a guilty laugh. "I don't think Dolly wants to marry him a bit," she declared. "It's all mother. Catch me marrying like that."

"And how are you going to marry?"

"When I marry, it'll be because I'm so dog-goned in love, I'd be sitting out on the top step waiting for him to come round. If I were engaged to a man, I'd hook him tight and I wouldn't let go of him either, no matter who was looking on. What sort of a love is it when you sit six feet apart and try to look bored when some one rattles a door!"

"Patsie—you're very romantic, I'm afraid."

She nodded her head energetically, rattling on: "Moonlight, shifting clouds, heavily scented flowers, and all that sort of thing. Never mind, they'd better look out. I'm not going to stand this sort of treatment. I'll elope."

"You wouldn't do that, Patsie."

"Yes, I would. I say, when you and Doris marry will you let me come and stay with you?"

"We certainly will," he said enthusiastically.

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"I'm waiting," said Bojo dryly after a pause, "until I have made enough money of my own."

"Good for you," she said as if immensely relieved. "I knew you were that sort."

"And when are you coming out?" he asked, to turn the conversation.

"The night before the wedding. Isn't it awful?"

"You'll have lots of men hanging about you—crazy about you," he said abruptly.

"Pooh!"

"Never mind, I shall watch over you carefully and keep the wrong ones away."

"Will you?"

He nodded, looking in her eyes.

"Good for you. I'll come to you for advice."

They were at the house, the lemon livery of the footmen showing behind the glass doors.

"I say," said Patsie with a sudden mischievous smile, "meet me at the corner tomorrow at four and we'll go off skating."

He shook his head sternly.

"Bojo, please—just for a lark!"

"I will call for you in a proper social manner, perhaps."

"Will Doris have to be along?"

"I shall of course ask Doris."

"On second thoughts, no, thank you. I think I shall go to my dressmaker's," she said, with a perfect imitation of his formal tone—and disappeared with a final burst of laughter.

He went in to see Doris with a sudden determination to clear up certain matters which had been on his conscience. As luck would have it, as he entered the great anteroom Mr. James Boskirk was departing. He was a painstaking, rather obvious young man of irreproachable industry and habits, a little over serious, rated already as one of the "solid" young men of the younger generation of financiers, who made no secret of the fact that he had arrived at a deliberate decision to invite Miss Doris Drake into the new firm which he had determined to found for the establishment of his home and the perpetuation of his name.

It seemed to Bojo, in the perfunctory

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greeting which they exchanged as civilized savages, that there was a look of derogatory accusation in Boskirk's eyes, and, infuriated, he determined to bring up the subject of Indiana Smelter again and force the truth from Doris.

He came in with a well-assumed air of amusement, adopting a sarcastic tone, which he knew she particularly dreaded.

"See here, Miss General Manager, this'll never do," he said lightly. "I thought you were cleverer than that."

"What do you mean?" she said, instantly scenting danger.

"Letting your visits overlap. I only hope you had time to manage all Mr. Boskirk's affairs. Only for Heaven's sake, Doris, now that you've got him in hand, get him to change his style of collar and cuffs. He looks like the head of an undertakers' trust."

The idea that he might be jealous pleased her. "Poor Mr. Boskirk," she said smiling. He's a very straightforward, simple fellow."

"Very simple," he said dryly. "Well, what more information has he been giving you?"

"He does not give me any information."

"You know perfectly well, Doris, that he gave you the tip on Indiana Smelter," he said furiously, "and that you denied because you knew I would never have approved."

"You are perfectly horrid, Bojo," she said, going to the fireplace and stirring up the logs. "I won't discuss it with you."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you've hurt my pride."

"How?"

"Good heavens, can't you see! Haven't you women any sense of fitness?"

She came to him contritely and put her hands on his shoulders. "Bojo, why do you reproach me? Because I am only thinking of your success, all the time, every day? Is that what you are angry about?"

He felt like blurting out that there was something in that too, that he wanted the privilege of feeling that he was winning his own way; but instead he said:

"So it was Boskirk."

She looked at him, hesitated, and answered: "No, it wasn't. But if it had been, why should you hold it against me? Why don't you want me to help?—for you don't."

He resolved to be blunt. "If you would only do something that is not reasonable, not calculated, Doris! But everything you do is so well considered. You didn't use to be this way. I can't help thinking you care more about your life in society than you do about me. It's the worldly part of you I'm afraid about."

She looked into his eyes steadily a moment and then turned her head away and nodded, smiling in assent.

"Heavens, Doris, if you want to do like Dolly, if you want a position, or a title, say so and let's be honest."

"But I don't—I don't," she cried impetuously. "You don't know how I have fought—" she stopped, not wishing to mention her mother and, lifting her glance to him anxiously, said: "Bojo, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to do something uncalculated," he burst out—"mad, impulsive, as persons do who are wild in love with each other. I want you to marry me now."

"Now!"

"Listen: With what I've got and my salary I can scrape up ten thousand—no, don't spoil it—I don't want any money from you. Will you take your chances and marry me on my own basis now?"

She caught her breath and finally said, marking each word:

"Yes—I—will—marry—you—now!"

He burst out laughing at the look of terror in her eyes, at the thought of facing life on ten thousand a year.

"Don't worry, Doris," he said, taking her in his arms. "I wouldn't be so cruel. I only wanted to hear you say it."

"But I did—I will—if you ask it," she said quickly.

He shook his head. "If you'd only said it differently. Don't mind me—I'm an idiot—and you don't understand."

What he meant was that he was an idiot, when he was getting so much that other men coveted, to insist on what was not in her charming, facile self to give him. An hour later, after an interview with Daniel Drake, he was ready to wonder what had

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"DAN, THAT'S A PRETTY FINE DUKE YOU'VE GOT THERE. DUKES ARE EXPENSIVE ARTICLES, THOUGH. TAKE MORE THAN A WHEAT CORNER TO SETTLE UP FOR THIS, I SHOULD SAY."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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made him flare up so quickly—Boskirk's presence perhaps, or something impulsive which had awakened within him when Drina had flushed while describing her ideas upon the subject of the sentiments.

But a new exhilaration effectively drove away all other emotions—the delirious appetite for gain which had come irresistibly and tyrannically into his life with the dramatic intensity of his first speculation. In the interim in Daniel Drake's library, with Doris perched excitedly on the arm of his chair, several things had been decided. A great operation was under way which promised an unusual profit. Bojo was to place $50,000 in the pool which was to be used to operate in the stocks of a certain Southern railroad long suspected to be on the verge of a receivership, at the end of which campaign he was to enter Mr. Drake's service in the rôle of private secretary.

Meanwhile he was to continue in the employ of Hauk, Flaspoller and Forshay, the better to figure in the mixed scheme of manipulation which would be necessary. He was so keen over the thought of being once more a part of all the whirling, hurtling machinery of speculation that he did not remember even for a passing thought the horror which had come over him at his first incredible success.

The Wedding Ball

THE wedding of Miss Dolly Drake to the Duke of Polin-Crecy was the event of the season. It was preceded by a ball which marked the definite surrender of the last recalcitrant members of New York society to the ambitions of Mrs. Drake. Such events have a more or less public quality, like a performance for charity or a private view at an important auction. Every one who could wheedle an invitation by hook or crook arrived with the rolling crowd that blocked the avenue and side streets and necessitated a special detachment of police to prevent a mob of enthusiastic democrats from precipitating themselves on the ducal carriage and tearing the ducal garments in shreds in the quest of souvenirs.

The three young men from Ali Baba Court arrived together, abandoning their taxicab and forcing their way on foot to the front. Marsh, who was always moved to sarcasm by such occasions, kept up a running comment:

"Marvelous exhibition! Every one who's gunning for Drake is here to-night. There's old Borneman. He's been laying for a chance to catch Daniel D. on the wrong side of the market ever since Drake trimmed him in a wheat corner in Chicago. By Jove, the Fontaines and the Gunthers! They're going to this as to a circus. Why the deuce didn't the cards read 'Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drake invite you to meet their enemies!' "

"Never mind," said Bojo, laughing. "It's Mrs. Drake's night—she'll be in her glory, you can bet."

"Oh, you'll be as bad as the rest," said Marsh, who spoke his mind. "Tom, you're doomed. I can see that. You've got a feminine will to contend with, so make your mind up to the inevitable. There's Haggerdy's party now. Well, Bojo, you're lost to us already."

"How so?"

"In this game, you never pay attention to your friends—you've got to entertain those who dislike you, to make sure they'll have to invite you to some function or other where everybody must be seen. Well, I know what I'll do: I'll get hold of the youngest sister, who is a trump, and play around with her."

Bojo looked at him uneasily; even this casual interest in Patsie affected him disagreeably. De Lancy had deserted them to rush over to the assistance of the Stones, who were just arriving.

"I hope he gets her," said Marsh, studying the blond profile of Miss Angelica Stone.

"I believe there's some sort of an understanding."

"The sooner the better—for Freddie," said Marsh with a shake of his head. "The trouble with Fred is he thinks he's a cold thinking machine, whereas he's putty in the hands of any woman who comes along."

At this moment Thornton, one of Mr. Drake's secretaries, touched Bojo on the arm. "Will you please come to the library, Mr. Crocker? Mr. Drake has been asking for you to witness some papers."

In the library off in a quiet wing he found a party of five gathered about the table desk, lawyers verifying the securities for the marriage settlement, Maitre Vondrin,

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a stubby, black-bearded Frenchman imported for the occasion, coldly incredulous and suavely insistent, the storm center of an excited group who had been arguing since dinner. Drake was pacing up and down, by the fireplace, swearing audibly.

"Is the *gentleman* now quite satisfied?" he said angrily.

Maitre Vondrin smiled in the affirmative.

Drake sat down at the table with the gesture of brushing away a swarm of flies and signed his name to a document that was placed before him, nodding to Bojo to add his signature as a witness.

Other signatures were attached and the party broke up, Maitre Vondrin, punctilious and unruffled, bowing to the master of the house and departing with the rest. Drake's anger immediately burst forth.

"Cursed little sharper! He was keen enough to save this until now. By heavens, if he'd sprung these tactics on me a week ago, his little Duke could have gone home on a borrowed ticket."

Bojo learned afterward that the lawyer for the noble family had refused to take Drake's word on a single item of the transfer of property, insisting on having every security placed before his eyes, personally examining them all, wrangling over values, compelling certain substitutes, even demanding a personal guarantee in one debated issue of bonds.

"God grant she doesn't come to regret it!" said Drake, thinking of his wife. His anger made him careless of what he said. "Tom, mark my words, if ever this precious Duke comes to me for money—as mark my words he will—I'll make him get down on his knees for all his superciliousness, and turn somersaults like a trick dog!"

Bojo was silent, not knowing what to say, and Drake finally perceived it.

"It isn't Dolly's fault," he said apologetically. "She's a good sort. This isn't her doing. There was a time when her mother— Well, I'll say no more. Nasty business! Tom, I'll bless the day when I see Doris safe with you, married to a decent American." He took a turn or two and said abruptly: "Don't wait too long. It's a bad atmosphere, all this—there are influences—it isn't fair to the girl, to Doris. Money be damned! I'll see you never have to ask your wife for pocket-money. No, I won't present it to you. We'll make it together. There are a lot of buzzards sitting around here to-night, calculating I'm loaded to the brim and ready for a plucking. Well, Tom, I'm going to fool them. I'm going to make them pay for the wedding."

The idea struck him. He burst out laughing. His eyes snapped with a sudden project.

"Here," he said, clapping Bojo on the shoulder, "forget what you've heard. Go in and take a look at Doris. She's a sight for tired eyes." He held his hand. "Are you willing to risk your money with me—go it blind, eh?"

"Every cent I have, Mr. Drake," said Bojo. "Only I don't want any favors. If we lose I lose."

"We won't lose," said Drake and, drawing Bojo's arm under his, he added: "Come on—I've got to get a smile on my face. So here goes."

Bojo found Doris in the corner of the ballroom assiduously surrounded by a black-coated hedge of young men. He had a moment's thrill at the sight of her, radiant and dazzling with every art of dressmaker and hairdresser, revealed in a sinuous arrangement of black chiffon with mysterious sudden sheens of gold. She came to him at once, expectancy in her eyes; and the thought that this prize was his, that hundreds would watch them as they stood together, acknowledging his right, gave him a

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sudden swift sense of power and conquest.

"I was with your father," he said in explanation, "to witness some papers. I say, Doris, how every woman here must hate you to-night!"

"It's all for you," she said, delighted. "Dance with me. "I've kept what I could for you—the supper dance, of course. Every one is here!"

"I should say so. Your mother is smiling all over. She even favored me. Look out, though, Doris—she'll begin on you."

"Don't worry, Bojo," she said in a whisper, with a little pressure of his arm. She was quite excited by the brilliance of the throng, at her own personal triumph and the good looks of her partner. "I want something I can make myself, and we'll do it too. Just you wait; you're going to be one of the big men some day, and we'll have our house and our parties—finer than this, too!"

This time he fell into her mood, turning her over to another partner with a confident smile, exhilarated with the thought of little supremacies in regions of brilliant lights and dreamy music. Fred DeLancy, back from a dance with Angelica Stone, stopped him with an anecdote.

"I say, Bojo, wish you could have seen some of the old hens inspecting the palace. You know Mrs. Orchardson, Standard Oil? I was right back of her when she wandered into some Louis or other room, and what did she do? She ran her thumb-nail into a partition and whispered to her neighbor: 'Ours is real mahogany!' Don't they love one another, though?"

By the buffet groups of men were smoking, glass in hand, Borneman and Haggerdy talking business. In the antechamber where the great marble staircase came winding down, he found Patsie at bay repelling a group of admirers. She signaled him frantically.

"Bojo, rescue me! They're even quoting poetry to me!" She sprang away and down the stairs to his side, hurrying him off. "Faster, faster! Isn't there any place we can hide? My ears are dropping off."

"Patsie, I never should have known you!" he said, amazed.

"Well, I'm out!" she said with an indignant pout. "How do you like me?"

She stood away from him, a little malicious delight in her eyes at his bewilderment, her chin saucily tilted, her profile turned, her little hands balanced in the air.

"This is the way the models pose. Well?"

"I thought you were a child—" he said stupidly, troubled at the sudden discovery of the woman.

"Is that all?" she said, pretending displeasure.

He checked an impulsive compliment and said a little angrily: "Oh, Patsie, you are going to make a terrible amount of trouble. I can see that!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, and you like the mischief you're causing too. Don't fib!"

"Yes, I like it," she said, nodding her head. "Dolly and Doris stared at me as if I were a ghost. Well, I'll show them I'm not such a savage."

He felt sentimentally moved to give her a lecture, but instead he said, deeply moved: "I'd hate to think of your being different."

"Oh, really?" she continued irrelevantly. "You didn't bother your soul about me while you thought I was nothing but a tomboy and a terror! But now when they're a lot of black flies buzzing around me——"

"Now Patsie, you know that isn't true!"

She relented with a laugh. "Do you really like me like this? No, don't say anything mushy. I see you do. Oh, dear, I knew this old mooney would find me," she said, suddenly perceiving a plump youngster with a smirch of a mustache bearing down. "Please, Bojo, come and dance with me—often."

He more than shared the evening with her, quite unconscious of the effect she had made on him, constantly following her in the confusion of the dances, pleased when at a distance she saw his look and smiled back at him.

Meanwhile, in the buffet, Haggerdy and Borneman in the midst of a group discussed their host; that is, Borneman discussed and Haggerdy, stolid as a buffalo, with his great emotionless mask, nodded occasionally.

"Well, Dan's at the top," said Marcus Stone. "Dukes come high. What do you think it cost him?"

"Dukes are no longer a novelty," said Borneman. He was rather out of place in this formal gathering, having about him a curious air of always being in his shirt-sleeves. A long, sliding nose, lips pursed

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like the mouth of a catfish, through a stubble beard—every feature seemed alert and pointed to catch the furthest whisper. Stone nodded and moved off. Borneman drew Haggerdy in a corner.

"Jim, I have reason to believe Drake's overloaded," he said.

Haggerdy scratched his chin thoughtfully, as much as to say "Quite possible," and Borneman continued: "He's stocked up with Indiana Smelter, and a lot of other things too, I happen to know. He's long—mighty long of the market. A little short flurry might worry him considerable. Now do you know how I've figured it?"

"How?"

"Dan Drake's a plunger; always was. This here Duke has cost him considerable—a million." He glanced at Haggerdy. "Two million, perhaps—and in securities, Jim; nothing speculative—gilt-edged bonds. That's a million or two out of his reserve—do you get me?—and that's a lot, when you're carrying a dozen deals at once."

"Well?"

"Well, Dan Drake's a plunger, remember that; he don't see one million going out—without itching to see where another million's coming in——"

Haggerdy nudged him quietly. At this moment Drake came through the crowd and perceived them in consultation.

A glance at their attitudes made him divine the subject of their conversation.

"Hello, boys," he said, coming up. "Being properly attended to?"

"Dan, that's a pretty fine duke you've got there. Darn sight more intelligent-looking than the one Fontaine picked up," said Borneman. "Dukes are expensive articles though, Dan. Take more than a wheat corner to settle up for this, I should say."

"Been thinking so myself," said Drake cheerily. "Well, Al, if I made up my mind to try a little flyer—just to pay for the wedding, you understand. What would you recommend?"

"What would *I* recommend?" said Borneman, startled.

"Exactly. What do you think about general conditions?"

"My feelings are," said Borneman, watching him warily, "the market's top-heavy. Values are 'way above where they ought to be. Prices are coming tumbling sooner or later, and then, by golly, it's going hard with a lot of you fellows."

"You're inclined to be bearish, eh?" said Drake as though struck by the thought.

"I most certainly am."

"Shouldn't wonder if you're right, Al. I've a mind to follow your advice. Sell one thousand Southern Pacific, one thousand Seaboard Air Line, one thousand Pennsylvania, and one thousand New Orleans and Pittsburgh. Just as a feeler, Al. Perhaps to-morrow I'll call you up and increase that. Can't introduce you to any of the pretty girls—not dancing? All right."

Borneman caught his breath and looked at Haggerdy as Drake went off. If there was one man he had fought persistently, at every turn biding his time, it was Daniel Drake, who had thus come to him with an apparent frankness and exposed his game.

"It's a bluff," he said excitedly. "He thinks he can fool me. He's in the market, but he's in to buy."

"Think so?" said Haggerdy profoundly.

"Or he has the impudence to show me his game, thinking I won't believe him. Anyhow, Dan's got something started, and if I know the critter, it's something big!"

Haggerdy smiled and scratched his chin.

The next instalment of ***"Making Money"*** *will appear in the May number.*

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Five Thousand EVERYBODY'S Answer our Question

WE GIVE you here a brief, thorough summary of all the answers. Intensely interesting. Intensely vital to any one who is concerned for Christianity.

Also, we give you here the five prize-winning answers.

Finally, we give you here an important interview with Winston Churchill, author of "The Inside of the Cup."

An interview in which Mr. Churchill comments on our summary, and gives his answer to the question "What is a Christian?"

TO EACH of our contributors our simple, vague question was a different problem. Together the 5203 took it and gave it back to us, clarified, broadened, and deepened to this: What standards is a man to live by to-day, in peace and in war; and what is the relation of Christ, His life, teachings, and institutions, to those standards?

Together, the number, sincerity, and character of the writers make their answers an average contemporary interpretation of Christianity, trustworthy and representative, and reflecting a wide, eager interest in the subject.

We do not know how many persons saw our invitation, stuck away in an inconspicuous place in the magazine. But of those who did, 5203 had enough interest in Christ to sit down and formulate their utmost convictions on Him.

There was no evidence that our readers wrote out of anything but sheer interest in the question. The letters were too sincere. The great mass were from the plain people, more than two-thirds men, not more than a hundred or so from clergymen. The greater proportion were from the small towns and country, more from the South and West than from the East and North. On the whole, the inquiry seems to have interested the comparatively few religious specialists

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Two Hundred and Three READERS "What is a Christian?"

little and the plain people much. Such a body of witnesses we believe good evidence. This is what they said:

First, as to The War and all war. Practically all agree that the war is not an indictment of the Christianity of Christ. They can not believe that the cyclonic sweep of hatred and death through Europe indicates the failure of anything in true Christianity. They feel that it does not even touch the inner heart of the faith that abides sure and untroubled by the apparent defiance of its hopes. If it means anything it means that the institutions which have held the high calling of spreading and intensifying the spirit of Christianity through the centuries have failed in it—*they*, not *it*. Why?

Those who inquire say — not because these institutions have not touched the hearts of the millions who are killing one another on the battle-fields. They *have* reached the masses. The church *is* their support, and it has done wonderful work in the short history of its existence in weaning the welter of Europe's primitive instincts away from incessant blood to the love and ways of peace. It is not to be expected that this little Christian era, after man's immemorable history of strife, should so deeply alter the hearts of men that they would refuse to countenance governments which through personal ambition or commercial greed led him to slaughter.

No. The failure of the institutions of Christianity is not in the people's hearts. Their failure is, as always, in broadening the vision and kindling the hearts of those into whose hands the people commit their social welfare — and those who control their wealth.

But all, whether their analysis is so extended or not, feel that Christianity as a workable faith is left untouched. The war is merely one of those events in the material progress of man by which the veil of smug self-satisfaction is rent and the distance which we still have to travel toward the ideal is suddenly revealed.

But should you and I go to war? And what would Christ say if we did? Strong and hearty was the belief that a man should fight at the call of his country, and that Christ would not condemn one who rose in defense of his hearth and his people. A Christian must not shirk the human duties of his time and place—and one of the foremost of these is to secure the welfare of the nation under whose protection, for better or for worse, he lives.

Most of the writers did not believe that Christ condemned war and strife wholesalely when he preached non-resistance. Together the letters reached a broad interpretation of Christ's teachings on this point: Christ bade us not to *resent*, not to *antagonize*, not to *resist* or attack any one *as a person*, or with personal feelings. Anger, hatred, and resentment are personal and destructive poisons. In the great and valuable fights of life the emotions are always impersonal. They are against forces and institutions.

More. They nearly all agree that a true

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I am a Christian!

Yet I am conscious that in my closet up-stairs hang two coats, while not one nor two, but literally hundreds of my fellow-men have none; so little could their case be called by the name.

Neither do I LOVE my enemies.

Nor have I ever visited one in prison.

Nor would I, if one should smite me on one cheek, turn to him the other also.

I could go on multiplying these failures of mine indefinitely. Oftentimes when I take stock in this relentless way I am forced to wonder on what I base my claim.

I base it on the fact that I believe in Jesus Christ: believe in His mission, in His example, in His words; and I do not separate precept from counsel: I regard them all as commands.

I base my claim on a yet greater fact: I believe He is working, will yet work, an appreciably great thing out of my life.

All last-ing growth is slow; and my mind who takes a new country subdues it all in a day. Already something has been won. While I haven't yet divided my coats, I am slowly but surely learning the lesson of division. I have given more this year than I have ever given in my life: and it seems to have become more than a duty—a sort of joyous passion.

While I don't LOVE my enemies, I've gotten this far along the road—I don't hate them, I don't return evil for evil. That's something. Thus daily, weekly, yearly, I am coming into a higher conception, and slowly a higher practice, of life.

So, do not judge me—rather, do not judge us—as not Christian for this or that we do. Keep in mind that one of our greatest saints, after three years' close communion with the Saviour, denied Him; and after many more years, was called to account for his cowardly dissimulation about eating with Gentile Christians. Judge us only as there seems to be a law of growth. We shall yet attain great things. As Thomas Hardy so notably said of his Tess of the D'Urbervilles, her moral value had "to be reckoned not by achievement but by tendency."

We may sometimes doubt: we Christians are still human while striving to become divine. But we cry and work and pray for peace. And we believe that the leaven which is working will yet permeate the whole. Consider how powerful this leaven is—that the comparative few who profess any sort of discipleship have given their name to more than 494,000,000 people.

I am, I believe, an actual, avert-ed Christian. We reach forward to the goal of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ, while even the best of us trudge and struggle many miles behind.

Knoxville, Tennessee A. L. Wright

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Christian, in whatever day and age, must be a fighter for the things that make all society better, must be the deadly destroyer of its enemies.

A man may go to a heroic death for refusing to fight for his country in war, but if he does not raise his hand against crime, poverty, and sickness in peace he is not a good Christian to-day.

Conduct and Creed

But the big and incessant problem for all of us, our readers feel, is how to meet the challenge of Christ in "the day's work." What of Him, His Gospel and His Church, in home and business?

Practically none of the writers was willing to give the title of Christian to any one merely born of Christian parents or in a country where the prevailing religion is Christian. Nearly all the letters agree that a man must *do*, *believe*, or *be* something before he can be called a real Christian. And they fall into three divisions according to whether the emphasis is on action, belief, or intrinsic character.

The first point of view is this: There are so many kinds of creed and character to-day that you can not judge a Christian by them. The only way to know him is by how he lives and acts. It does not matter what he is or what he thinks about Christ and His teachings, or about his own soul and the universe. He lives in a society of here and now, and he must try to carry out the best ethical code of that society. He should give to the poor as much as he does not need for the welfare of himself and his family. His life should be clean, temperate, just, industrious, and honest, as a good citizen, faithful father, and kind friend, etc. In other words, he should be what we call a good man. He may or may not go to church. But as a minimum he must do these things.

His whole Gospel is the Golden Rule and the laws of his state. Outside of that he may be anything at heart and speculate as he pleases about life. That is no concern of the society in which he lives. According to the knowledge and intelligence he applies to carrying out his code he is to be judged. If he is perfectly moral he need not believe anything about Christ to be a Christian.

The second point of view is this: You must believe something about your soul, the universe, sin, salvation, life, death, Christ, and God in order to be a Christian at all. Just what you believe will depend upon your church, creed, cult, philosophy. But you must believe that it is not all of life to live, and that Christ is in some way related to, and of significance for, the truth about life. He must not be a fact of history merely, but a fact of conscience and faith.

Personally this perception may be the means of helping you to free yourself from sin, evil, sickness, and all the burdens of the flesh, and of making you a better man and citizen. But, even if your whole character is against it and it never succeeds in influencing your conduct, you must feel that in Christ and His life is revealed the Truth, Beauty, and Goodness toward which man is working his way. You must believe in Christ, then, as a personification of the things that are behind and before human life. You must believe in the things He knew about Man and God and Life. If you do that in the slightest measure you are a Christian. You believe in Christ if you believe in these things. They are the essence of His teaching.

The Christian Heart

The third point of view is this: You may be a good member of society and believe in what Christ stood for and still not be a Christian, because you are at heart selfish, self-centered, and jealous of your personality. Your good acts are like apples dangling by a string from a Christmas-tree. Your beliefs are things of your intellect. Your heart is small. You can not love your neighbor as yourself because you love yourself too much. You are concerned in all your acts and beliefs with the growth of your own soul. Not until you lose that concern will you be a true Christian. You have to be turned inside out. And not until trouble, or Christ, or some other force does it can you be a Christian. There must be genuine emotion, a spark of the Divine, behind your acts and beliefs, or they are worth nothing. This is the essence of Christ, and if you are like Him in that you are a Christian.

All of the letters contained these points of view—just conduct, higher faith, character—mixed in various proportions; and none of them contained any other not comprehended

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of by accident of birth, not by profession of faith in dogmatic Christianity, not by mere submission to any church, can one become a Christian in the vital sense—but only by practising personally constructive Christianity.

Of dictionary definitions of "Christian" but one embraces this ideal: "A Christian is one who exemplifies in his life the teachings of Christ."

In seeking to analyze this definition to the conditions of modern life, one sees three things clearly:

Christianity is a social religion—not a contemplative religion, but one of service. The very heart is: brotherly love. God in relation to man (not God and the church); the sanctity of human life and the supreme test, man's treatment of man.

Christianity is a religion of faith—not in the sense of credulity, or obedience to the word, but of cheerfulness, peace, and unfaltering faith in the goodness of the ideal and its ultimate triumph.

Christianity is a thinking religion. Only by independent thought can one clear away the dead timber of centuries heaped about Christianity by the theologians, thus discovering the essence of Christ's teaching. And only by linking thought with deed, kindly motive with charitable act, can one fulfil the spirit of that teaching. What is a Christian then?

The thinker who is bold enough to strike aside the shackles of a false orthodoxy, reaching back to Christ's own teaching stripped of all forms and irrelevancies, apprehending the vital spirit of Christ's words and deeds; who interprets that spirit in terms of modern life, compromising with the ideal when necessary, but always without violating his own self-respect, "awaiting occasions," too, when that is necessary—in short, substituting inspired common sense for blind conformance to word or rule; who finds in Christ's words and deeds the one utterly Christian ideal: brotherly love as a spiritual belief, service as a working creed; who follows that ideal as far as possible in a complex world, daily working for the feeding, clothing, or sheltering of human beings; laboring honestly for what he gets, and giving freely and with a full heart when there is that to give; in his leisure hours, too, living for others rather than for himself; who trusts in the goodness of God and of the after-life, never fearing death, but rather going to it content, as the honestly weary go to sleep at night; who never doubts that good is right and divine and innate, and evil a mistake that can be overcome; knowing that war and poverty and prostitution and sickness are wrong, and that the Christian must resist them in his own life, and by every influence that he can exert on the lives of others; who, finally, thus tutored by faith and reason, links God with common sense, thus moves with Deity, and Christ with daily labor—that is your personally constructive Christian.

Gordon Clemmer

Berkeley, California

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by these. Even the very few purely negative letters, the carpers, the cynics, the condemners of the church, those who rejected Christianity as an outworn, effete Gospel for the weak, tired, degenerate, and decadent—even these fell into one or the other of the three groups.

In most of the letters the third and second were the views most often and most strongly emphasized. The first was the least in evidence. Take these three viewpoints, put them together in the strengths and proportions in which they appear in the letters as a whole, and you will find this composite thought expressed by our 5203 writers about the Christian and Christianity of to-day:

"The sum total of Christian teaching has left such an impress upon society that men know a Christian instinctively when they see one," and they judge him not according to any code of ethics or any belief they have formed in their minds, but by something which they are unable to define uniformly except as a "quality of character." "Christianity is first a matter of character, and only second a matter of belief, and last a matter of conduct."

More than "A Good Man"

Most of them felt that this was more than a discussion of "the good man." "Those upon whom Christ most heaped His scorn and invective, the Pharisees, were 'good men.'" Few are satisfied that the good citizen, doer of certain altruistic acts, is a true Christian. The greater number demand something more than that to insure the sincerity of the man. They can not easily see as a Christian one who has not "that quality that reminds one of Christ"—no matter how beneficial his acts and work may be to others. The great philanthropists do not easily pass through the eye of the needle which these letters set up. "They look into the heart first" and "judge a man not by what he gives but by what he has left."

They deny that Christianity in this sense is a "flying goal." "It is an undying fact of the human soul;" the same to-day as it has always been. Morality, ethical codes, beliefs change with man's knowledge and social progress. But human character does not. *They* are a flying goal, not *it*. "What a man does and thinks depends upon his education and knowledge, but not so what a man *is*." Conduct, culture, and creed link him with here and now—character with before and beyond.

The Master's Meaning

And what of Christ, His life and teachings? Here is the point the letters put: "There is no Christianity without Christ," simply because, though "the *essence* of Christianity is common to all peoples and all times and all creeds," *He* made it distinctively ours by the example of His life and spirit. A good heart and love of one's fellow is not alone Christ's teaching, nor is it confined to the Christian. But He gave these universal permanences of the soul form and force by His character. "He was a genius in character."

"What distinguishes Christianity among religions and philosophies is that in a certain man's life we find concrete example and inspiration." The emotional force that emanates from that life may be the means of leading men to good ethical conduct, belief in a higher destiny of man, or to a change of heart. Thus we say a man may be a follower of Christ, a believer in Him, or like Him.

But all this can happen to you without Him. It comes to each man in a different way, through art, through life, through religion. But for the most of us in this superficial complexity of life Christ is the greatest aid.

The *Gospels* are the means by which the ethics, philosophy, and character of Christ are transmitted to us—a clouded medium, but the best one. They will always remain that. "Whatever Higher Criticism reveals of their inconsistencies and unreliabilities, it can never change the spirit that lives in them."

The *institutions* which have grown up about Christ are indifferent or irrelevant except as they transmit Christ's example and spirit, and give an atmosphere in which they can more easily reach us. But some churches have become, at best, merely "teachers of ethics of the day and expounders of beliefs." They do not touch character. Such churches "are things of business, fashion, politics and what-not, and have no relation to Christianity at all."

But Christ's *life* is not for duplication. "It is a lesson, but not a copy-book lesson."

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first: Who is Christ? Christ is the man who showed the world that all men are objects, and called to be subjects, of God's Good Will. He taught this lesson in epigrams and parables; by kind words and generous deeds: with scathing invective and a whip of small cords. Yet underneath his wrath at wrong, toward vicious-doers, we felt the yearning of a hen that would gather her chickens under her wing: the pity that prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What, then, is a Christian? Not he who slavishly observes the letter of this or that passage, torn from its uncertain context in simple ancient conditions. The Christian is he who in earnest modern way, more freely and reasonably reproduces the master's love-let it call forth [illegible] of devotion by word and deed in his own day.

Will the Christian fight? He prefers peace. He will not fight for aggression or greed. Yet rather than let tyranny or error work, he will march to defense, if need be. If the peace-loving block the entrance to heaven, he will fight with the army and navy; with the police and the courts; and, on the uncivilized frontier, with his revolver and his own right arm. Yet he will do it without malice; with sorrow that he has to; with forgiveness at the first sign of penitence; with outstretched hands of helpfulness as soon as the vanquished surrender.

Shall a Christian give all to the poor? Like his Master, he will offer all that he has to the service of the Good Will. But the Good Will usually bids him give some to charity, religion, and reform; invest some directly or through saving institutions in productive industry; spend some on himself and his family and friends. To distribute his wealth between these three factors, as the Good Will directs, is the Christian use of money.

How far short of this ideal may one fall and still be a Christian? In principle, not at all. Whoever deliberately disregards the rights and interests of a single human being, cherishes a particle of unforgiving malice, or withholds a single unconsecrated penny, falls altogether short of being a Christian. Through ignorance he may err carelessly; in passion he may sin horribly; yet if Christ-like Good Will be his cherished ideal, if every departure therefrom be repented, he is a child of the Father he really means to serve, a disciple of the Christ he ever so faultily follows.

Not that every Christian is explicitly conscious of all this. Through home atmosphere, church worship, or the spirit of the Christian community, one may grow gradually and sub-consciously into that generous, gracious, free and reasonable service with God's Good Will for all which, however named, is the work of the Christian man.

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To say that a Christian is a man who follows the teachings of Christ is to provoke from one or more quarters an instant fire of questions such as: Who was Christ? Was He a historical person? Can we accept as His own, sayings which we know were not put into writing until years after His death? As all the sects of Christendom disagree as to the meaning of these same teachings, who is going to say with authority what Christ meant?

There was a time when this sort of intellectual bombardment would silence the average man. It does so no longer. Now he is ready to say: "I don't know what you are talking about, but I do know what a Christian is."

The truth is, the average man of to-day has calmly taken the ideals of his own time and identified them with Christ's teachings. If asked what these ideals are, he does not hesitate. He can count them off on his fingers for you. And when he has enumerated them, he will be quite likely to conclude: "There, now, you have the real teachings of Christ." I have to grant that, in stating this the average man is [illegible] but I insist that he has one justification that is final. It is this: the great mass of us, his fellows, share his conviction. We understand exactly what he means, and we say and mean exactly the same thing ourselves. Now it is axiomatic that the meaning that the mass of people give a word, a phrase, an expression, becomes "by usage" the accepted meaning.

So the argumentative hair-splitter may insist till Doomsday that Christ was merely the spiritual leader of a small sect that started two thousand years ago in Palestine, far removed by time and distance from modern life and present-day problems. We know better: Christ is universal, not sectarian: Christ is before us, not behind us. He is the very embodiment of all the ideals toward which this civilization of ours is blindly groping. In a matter of emotional conviction like this, arguments are of no avail. As well try to persuade us that we are at fault historically when we speak of Lincoln as the embodiment of American ideals. As the figure of Lincoln has taken possession of the imagination of the American people, so the figure of Christ possesses the imagination of the Christian world.

And what are these Christian ideals which the average man so ardently believes are the teachings of Christ? Here are some of them: the ideal of business integrity, of social justice, of political honesty, of clean living. It is of one of these that the average man is thinking when you ask him: What is a Christian? and he answers you simply: A Christian is a man who follows the teachings of Christ.

Parker Fillmore

New York, N. Y.

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"Christianity is not a marble statue chiseled out at one time and place for all future generations to contemplate, to adore, to pattern by. Its underlying characteristics are freedom, spontaneity, growth." "Christ is all things to all men," in all places and at all times. The bigger a man is the more he finds in Him. "Christianity is a stream in which a lamb may wade but an elephant must swim."

"To ask how far behind Christ a man may lag, is either irrelevant or the very keynote of religious hypocrisy." "It is a matter of direction, not of distance." "The essential thing is a spirit and understanding like that which was in Christ." Whatever way you get it, whatever way you manifest it, it is the same. "You may be leagues behind. What matter? You have ahead—Eternity."

The World's Work

Few of the writers believe that the *teachings* of Christ should be followed literally by every one. They are a matter of changing ethics. The writers perceive that "to each man Life is a new and unique thing." Each of us is a different problem contributed to the working out of the truths which are personified in Christ, but which all mankind knows exist independently of him.

We can not all be conscious of these things. But whether we are or not, so long as each is doing his human work, in whatever capacity, in the spirit and toward the end which Christ saw—we are Christians. To rid the world of sin, evil, poverty, and disease is a task which requires the travail of a whole humanity, including the sinful, evil, poor, and sick themselves. Not a humanity all doing the same things in the same way, but one in which "each of us is doing the work which falls to him, faithfully and with a heart that has no envy, rancor, or malice toward the other fellow and his work." And "there are unnumbered thousands of these unsung Christians in the home and in all walks of life."

The Day's Duty

"To love your neighbor means to see that you and he come to about the same thing before the immensity of life and its task." All man's knowledge, culture, and stations of life are worth nothing unless they bear upon this task, and all are on the same level before it. In it, no one field or faculty of the mind is superior to another. The scientist, the business man, the legislator, the social reformer, the worker who merely faithfully rears and equips a family are, whatsoever their task, "all doing to the glory of God" and would all win the "well done" of Christ.

In whatever relation you stand to Christ, the first thing He would condemn would be the shirking of your human duties and relations. "For the Gospel is one of Life here and now, as well as of Eternity," and one must *live* to be a Christian at all. "Cæsar is the body of our temporal duties." "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

So, to our 5203, Christianity means service to God and man—a service in which there is good-will and a belief in the higher destiny of mankind. But there is no rule, they feel, to judge all men by. Each of us has his own cause or master to serve, in his own way. "Who art thou," they ask, "that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

AN INTERVIEW WITH WINSTON CHURCHILL

SATURATED with the emotion and thought of our Christian letters, we went to the author of "The Inside of the Cup," and said to him:

"When the war broke out, every day some one said, as Galsworthy did: 'This marks the passing of mystical Christianity. Something is needed by the world to-day

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To be a follower of Jesus, the Christ, is to be the follower of a life, not of a dogma. It is not to be a mere imitator of an individual in his acts, words, manners, as one would copy a piece of sculpture from the masterpiece of an artist; but rather to fashion one's own life in accordance with the spirit and technique one has learned under the tutelage and inspiration of the master.

The life of Jesus was the expression of a will. Its most unique and characteristic quality is, that it was essentially a life of good-will toward men. Every word, every act which has come to be accepted as His was motived by good-will. It was not a sloppy sentimentality, but will. It was not the outcome of rigid obedience to standards and precepts outside Himself. It was, rather, the spontaneous expression of one whose whole life was motived by a will that was good toward men; that willed them good, individually and collectively.

Any other life so motived is a Christian life. To be one who shapes his life according to this spirit, whose words and deeds are those motived by good-will toward men, is to be a Christian in the most practical sense possible. Quite aside from any question of idealities or of mere rule-of-thumb conformity to the precepts and example of Jesus, a life so motived will be that of an actual Christian.

Nor can such a life be measured by a tape-line of formal consistency in its individual acts or words. Jesus Himself was not always consistent, if we take His words or His deeds one by one and compare them; but taken all together as one masterpiece of the good-willing life, they merge into a perfectly symmetrical work of art—the art of right living—a life of human service. The same man who lived by the principle "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you," also said "I am come not to send peace, but a sword;" and the same man curved roundly the formal religionists of His day, and scourged the money-changers from the temple. All and several, these deeds and words are and were consistent with the life of good-will that was His own.

The supreme test is, not how closely or how far behind the Master one trudges and stumbles, but whether one's life is motived by a will that is good toward men; whether one's words and influences are cast on the side of social service rather than that of self-aggrandizement. If such be the line, then that life will be a redemptive one in the world; one that touches other lives with saving power and makes for a sweeter and nobler society. It will be Christian.

Butler, Mont. Lewis J. Duncan

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in place of its outworn Christianity of church, creed and Scripture, and its religion of myth, mood and personal feeling.'

"Were these men right?—we wondered.

The Question

"To put it to the test so far as we were able, in our December number we invited our readers to tell us what they thought of Christianity to-day. Five thousand two hundred and three men and women, of all kinds, replied. Most of them said emphatically that the war means the failure of a Christianity which is losing the personality of Christ. Christianity can not be merely a code of practical intellectual rules of social conduct. Such a code is of little use to humanity unless it have behind it the driving force of a mystical emotion that springs from the personality of the Master. Now, Mr. Churchill, as a student of the religious situation to-day, what do you make of this paradox?"

Mr. Churchill caught the spirit of our question immediately. He read some of the letters, and with our summary of them in mind, gave us this concise statement of his attitude toward our problem:

"I have had time to glance over only a few of the letters which have been selected from the mass, and the best of these, to my mind, is that by Mr. Louis F. Post [page 461]. It states concisely the gist of the matter.

"If Mr. Galsworthy means by mystical Christianity a belief in the reversal of natural laws through Christ's power, I quite agree with him that such mysticism is a thing of the past. The greatest need in religion to-day is clear thinking, scientific thinking. The mind which clings to the belief that anything is possible, irrespective of natural law, is peculiarly harmful.

"And yet, in spite of the spread of science, such an attitude is still prevalent. Few people indeed are willing to believe that a life of great strength and beauty and freedom can be built up by patient and careful study and use of natural laws. It is no use for the church to become lax in its insistence upon particular miraculous doctrines like the Virgin birth. The whole temper and atmosphere of the church to-day is one of miracle.

"Science for centuries was under the wing of the church and was touched with this influence of miracle. But since the days when science fought the fight for freedom and broke away from the control of the church, there have been these two attitudes of mind, growing up side by side, but touching one another very rarely: The attitude of mind on the one hand which feels that if we but ask of Nature diligently enough we shall, bit by bit, get from her the secret of an individual and social life which shall bear the greatest happiness for all; and on the other hand the attitude which depends on supernatural interference to get us out of our difficulties.

"The modern Christian must have the courage to face the truth of modern science and modern criticism. Between the old conception of Christianity and the new a Sahara must be crossed. In these days there are many who are stranded in the desert, and it is the affair of those who are making a constructive Christianity in harmony with modern science to rescue them.

"Religion is the spiritual driving force behind every creative act in art, invention, government, and the search for truth. It simply needs to be interpreted in terms of modern science, for it is still embedded in ancient theories the truth of which has been disproved.

The Road to Peace

"So far as the question of Christianity and the war is concerned, Christianity and the doctrine of enlightened self-interest are diametrically opposed. This doctrine is still our economic creed. As Mr. Post intimates, it is quite impossible for the individual to practise Christianity in a social body the very law of whose being is contrary to the Christian principle.

"Wars between modern nations are merely the logical results of the economic philosophy of enlightened self-interest, the use of the army and navy to extend a nation's commercial power. The cure will consist in evolving an economic doctrine in harmony with Christianity, based on human needs, on a competition of service, on a sense of the solidarity of mankind rather than on individualism. And there is every sign that such an economics is in the process of evolution."

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LOUIS F. POST'S LETTER

YOU limit the question to the "actual," in contradistinction to the "ideal" Christian. But what is the actual Christian if not an ideal Christian in the making? Christianization is growth of the actual toward the ideal; and from a germ no larger, it may be, than a mustard seed. Of degree, as there is no point of growth from seed to blossom where one can say, "This is not actual mustard"—neither is there any stage of Christian effort where one may say, "This is not actual Christianity."

In some respects—war, for instance, or capital punishment—many Christians repudiate the Christian ideal. I am not alluding to hypocrites; they are so few as to be negligible. Nor am I thinking of paganistic Christians who worship the letter but ignore the spirit. I refer to Christians who sincerely try to let the Christian ideal regulate their lives in individual relationships, yet reverse it as to the common life.

They are actual Christians in intercourse distinctly individual. We can not judge their motives, to be sure, but their actions would stand the test of "good works." They do not steal, nor murder, and they give alms abundantly. In other individual respects also they obey the second great Commandment. But in common relationship—those of the social "solidarity," relationships in which the individual is submerged in the mass—they discredit the Christian ideal in conduct and explain it away in principle.

This contradiction is at the heart of your question.

It turns upon the conflict between individual unity and social unity. In individual concerns the Christian is hampered only by individual temptations; but in common affairs he is limited by the web and woof of the social fabric of which he is an integral part.

To abstain from individual murder he has only his own murderous impulses to check. Not so if his government goes to war. Conscription or taxation, or both, will then coerce him.

This contrast is true also of the predatory passion. From individual stealing he can refrain; but if his government upholds land monopoly, for instance, he must either prosper unjustly or be unjustly exploited—must steal or be stolen from. Such dilemmas are abundant. They generate social impulses in opposition to the Christian ideal; these react upon individual impulses; and out of it all there come, as to social affairs, Christian opinion and conduct inconsistent with the high ideal that Christians pursue in individual concerns. The resulting confusion evolves the enigma your question expresses.

I offer this answer: An actual Christian is one who in individual concerns sincerely tries to practise the Christian ideal, and in common affairs sincerely tries to convert to the Christian ideal the social organism of which he is a part.

LOUIS F. POST, Washington, D. C.

WE PUBLISH PERCEVAL GIBBON'S STORY FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT ON PAGE 401 IN THIS NUMBER. MR. GIBBON RANKS HIGH AMONG ENGLISH AUTHORS. HE REPRESENTS THE "LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE" WITH THE RUSSIAN TROOPS IN POLAND. HE HAS SEEN WAR IN THE TRENCHES ALONG THE BSURA—FELT IT —AND HERE GIVES YOU THE VIVIDEST PICTURE YET PUBLISHED OF THE TERRIBLE FIGHTING ON THE EASTERN BATTLE FRONT.

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THE FIGHT *in* BUDDHA'S CALDRON

by

William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

AFTER the great Mohammedan rebellion in Central Asia the Dalai Lama of Thibet was ordered by the Peking court to send his tri-annual tribute by the southern route from Lhasa. It was an awkward route, but it had to be followed.

There came a time, however, when a great revolution shook South China, and the Dalai Lama, knowing that Peking would not commend him for over-discretion, once more turned his caravans to the north through the roaring heights of Thibet.

And this change of mind on the part of the Dalai Lama interfered in a most curious manner with the hunting plans of Steve Brodney and the unprofessional "Doc" Shreyer. For Steve and the Doc had lived two years sufficiently far in the interior to make them long for the untrod uplands of Thibet and Chinese Turkestan. They were both mighty hunters, and seemed to have shot a little of everything in China, from serpents in Yunnan to the drab tigers of Manchuria.

It was in southern Mongolia, where they had been seeking out the long-tailed mountain goat, that their red-faced Mongol hunters told them tales of the flame-eyed snow leopards, the weird man-apes, and the wild camels far, far to the west.

"Slap-bang against the doggoned wall of the Pamirs," objected Shreyer, doing his best to keep the eager light out of his eyes; but the novelty of wild camels was too much for him.

Hoberr, the hunter, who felt that he had known Shreyer in a previous incarnation, resumed his account, his flat, good-natured face livid in the white glow of the argol

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stoves, as he squatted comfortably on his haunches like an American plains Indian, seldom gesticulating, but coloring his yarns with vivid metaphor. Sab Tak, a young Mongol, cuddled near him, drawing reflectively on his long pipe.

Steve Brodney seemed the only uninterested one of the group. His great length was stretched away from the fire on a pile of sheepskins, his hands clasped behind his head, and his intent eyes fixed on the low-hung stars. As a matter of fact, his enthusiasm was as keen as Shreyer's, but he kept it pent up until time for action under cover of a good-natured cynicism, knowing all the while that what Shreyer decided was exactly what they both intended to do. He was an Englishman of Magdalen, had played Rugby for his county, and could carry his two hundred pounds over a hundred yards in a fraction less than eleven seconds.

Shreyer was his complement: an American, short, stocky as a Mongol pony, and as wiry, clear-headed, and quick in action, a man who had perfected himself in the art of self-preservation from the days of his wild-eyed youth when they chased him out of Sonora across a continent, until his later-day encounters with the Red Beards of Manchuria.

As Hoberr elaborated on the plenitude of wild yak and camels in the Kwen-lun Mountains, which form the northern barrier of Thibet, Brodney was formulating a despatch to Peking announcing his western departure in such terms as would make the adventure seem reasonable. Shreyer, alive with interest, had made up the minds of both at Hoberr's first words.

A week later they were in the great grass desert embraced by the most northerly crook of the Hwang-ho, where the Inner Mongols graze their herds of sheep and ponies in the months of spring. Much sand there was in parts, enough to give a foretaste of the terrible wastes to the west. The days were hot and the nights were cold; but the plains were beginning to take on patches of green. And they were dotted with clusters of Mongol tents. The moon-faced, good-natured natives, the wolfish dogs that prowled about ownerless, the hobbled ponies and lazy, ruminative camels—all peacefully drifting through their nomadic lives under a lofty, fleckless sky in a region whose limits are marked only by the rising and setting sun—began to work a spell on the two adventurers. It was a life of real liberty, where a man's true character was his only law and guide.

Shreyer, shedding the shell of suspicion which grows on men too well acquainted with human nature, and Brodney, abandoning the mild cynicism that the social life of London had bred, both took a new attitude toward the world. Care-free boys they seemed, purely on pleasure bent.

They drifted across the desert and plains, north of the pretty valley of Ning-hsia where the plums and medlars were already ripening, through the dunes and rock hills skirting the western end of the Great Wall which winds sinuously toward the Takla-Makan desert in a crumbled pile like a sun-baked earthworm on a flagstone, and finally through the Jade Gate, westernmost of the defenses of Ancient China. Here they turned south and entered the Ts'aidam, that waste of salt and mud and sand which is the scourings of northern Thibet. . . .

And as they traveled southward toward the Kwen-lun barriers of northern Thibet, care-free and jubilant at the thought of approaching big game, the Dalai Lama's tribute caravan was toiling northward across the Roof of the World toward Buddha's Caldron, the Pass that lets down into the plains.

The worn-out *karpon*, leader of the caravan, was fast becoming irresponsible as his yak and camels scraped across the towering, rocky void of Thibet, shrouded in mists, cut by the high-flying gales, beaten by storms of hail, and smothered in whispering snow. During the first part of the journey he had no fear of man, for his caravan was busy battling with elemental forces, and as they approached the Kwen-lun range, where the Tangut robbers scour the mountain ranges and topple boulders into the passes, he was too exhausted, and the men and the cattle with him, to feel any fear of petty humans.

The camel bells tolled mournfully, and the harassed *karpon* cared not whether the heavens fell or the bowels of the earth gaped and swallowed him. . . .

But Lop, the *kushok*, the Dalai Lama's commercial agent at Donkyr, two weeks' journey east of the pass, who was anxiously waiting to relieve the *karpon* and take

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personal charge of the caravan after its descent into the plains, most emphatically did care.

The revolution which had caused the tribute train to turn northward had had a palsying effect on the government and the Tangut robbers accordingly conducted their forays along the mountain passes with vicious insolence and barbaric zest. Wherefore Lop, waiting impatiently for news of its approach, was tremulous for the safety of the tribute caravan; and Lop was a brave man.

He was a fat lama, assigned by the Dalai Lama to look out for his commercial interests in the Chinese Empire, and to assume responsibility for all the pontiff's caravans. Accordingly he made his headquarters at Donkyr in northeastern Thibet, where he could meet the caravans going and coming. He was an unecclesiastical-appearing person, with a shaven head and pockmarked face. His teeth were not particularly good, and his nose, small as it was, had been twisted by a pebble thrown from the heights; but his full, good-humored lips and his shrewd eyes, which often spoke for him in a genial way, made him out to be a worthy man. His left hand was crippled. Once when attacked by robbers he had seized his assailant's bare blade while he reached for his own long dagger. He very nearly lost his hand; but the robber lost something that was far more precious to him.

Lop was plainly anxious. He was not one to repose absolute confidence in a subordinate; and he always worried over the caravans until he could take personal charge. To be responsible for the Emperor's tribute from Thibet is to shoulder a great burden; for this tribute was worth almost three million *taels*—tribute of rare medicines and furs, soft silver, raw rubies from the hidden valleys near Ladakh, precious jade, shawls, and rugs from Cashmere, and ingots of purest gold from the washings of the Sangpo River.

In defining the northern route Lop had specified Buddha's Caldron as the most suitable exit from Thibet; for it was west of the customary range of the Tangut bands of robbers, and he hoped thus to elude them. But still he had his doubts. Suddenly he made up his mind to meet the caravan in the mountains and guide it through the pass in person.

Tucking his yellow robe between his legs, Lop lifted himself into the saddle and, with his beads rattling at his waist, a little bone prayer-wheel held high in his right hand and the reins in the left, he cantered away toward the place where Buddha's Caldron empties on to the plain. A solitary servant accompanied him, for he traveled in haste and made no fuss about the order of his going. He trusted to the hospitality of the nomads for shelter at night and food upon the way.

On the tenth day, as the sun vanished in the west, he came upon a strange encampment, near the foot of the pass.

On the bank of a small stream, in a tiny grove of larch and birch trees, was a Mongol tent with seven excellent ponies browsing on the young grass, and two tall brown wolfhounds mounting guard near the door. This alone was not so strange, nor was the presence of two Mongols. But at a short distance from the camp, leaning against a birch-tree, was a huge white man with a heavy jaw, complacently smoking a pipe and eyeing him with disturbing intentness; while squatting at his feet was another white man with a red face and bristly chin and cheeks puffed out painfully in an effort to blow music through a Mongol flute. Lop took them for Russians and gave them the Mongol greeting. With outstretched palms and face turned upward, he called out:

"*Amur sambina.*"

And they made him welcome.

As the stars came laughing forth from the deep sky, they gathered round the argol fire and talked quietly, awed by the peaks which towered eighteen thousand feet into the darkness and glowered down upon them. Lop was disturbed in his heart. What were these fierce-looking barbarians doing, heavily armed, at the very mouth of the pass? For himself, he was a small merchant, he said, returning after many years' absence from his home in far Ladakh.

"Two-horned Moses!" exclaimed Shreyer, regarding him with awakened interest which caused poor Lop to curse himself for his indiscretion. Many years' trading meant much money! "That's clean across Thibet in India, Steve."

Brodney admitted it.

"Do you go up through the Lord's Frying-pan?" continued Shreyer in the vernacular, indicating the gloomy way through the mountains. Actually, for "lord" he said, Yesu Ma'shika.

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"NO CHANCE OF OUR STOPPING THE TRIBUTE CARAVAN, THEN?" "AH, NO, PRAISE BUDDHA," SIGHED LOP; "AH, NO."

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"Buddha's Caldron," grunted Lop, with a zealot's emphasis on the Buddha.

"All right. All right," conceded Shreyer. "Have it your own way. I'm no theologian; but I'm thinking if I lived in Ladakh I wouldn't thank God for the beautiful mountains."

This opened up possibilities to Shreyer, and he plied Lop with questions about the passes, the game of the country, the hidden gem mines over toward Ladakh; and Lop began to feel assured he had to deal with a new kind of bandit, who dared contemplate forays clear across the top of the world. But he couldn't quite understand the great blond man who stretched his length away from the fire, and occupied himself tantalizing the dogs and chuckling at the conversation, occasionally offering a flippant suggestion.

"Ask him about the Dalai Lama's tribute, Doc," Brodney said in a pause.

Shreyer looked at him with frank admiration. "Son," said he, "you're threatened with intelligence." Turning to Lop he repeated the question.

Lop started, and his smudgy face actually paled. "I know not! I know not!" he cried.

Shreyer turned to Brodney with an incredulous expression; but to Lop the expression seemed to convey a secret understanding, and he perceived an immediate necessity for defending his master's property. He began to explain the southern route, assuring them with much persistence that was the way the caravan had gone. Shreyer remarked mock-seriously:

"No chance of our stopping it, then?"

"Ah, no, praise Buddha," sighed Lop; "ah, no."

Brodney grunted and went to sleep; and Shreyer soon followed his example. But Lop, rendered wakeful by his suspicions, turned his attention to Hoberr and Sab Tak and plied them with questions. The Mongols answered readily, and it slowly dawned on him that after all the strangers were not bandits, but merely wanderers. He resolved to take no chances, however, and in the morning, when Brodney and Shreyer awoke, he was already far on his way up through Buddha's Caldron to meet the tribute caravan somewhere on the other side.

"Pooh, he's probably a bandit," said Steve.

"Sure," admitted Shreyer; "the dirty scab!"

They had their doubts about the pass, but the possibility of wild yak and camels in the highlands persuaded them. Accordingly they toiled up through the clammy mists, while mysterious voices whispered in sepulchral tones from out each dark defile, and spirits seemed to float above in whispering flurries of snow. With wheezing throats and burning lungs, resting frequently to breathe in huge quantities of air, they managed to reach the top late in the afternoon, though their ears were filled with a roaring and their insides were shot with pain.

Bleak, misty, and darkening with the shadows of approaching night, the bald, gray mountain slopes gave the uncanny impression of being populated by spirits of evil. Hoberr and Sab Tak felt this strongly as they turned aside to camp on a shelf at the base of a precipitous slope. Even Brodney fell prey to an uneasy premonition; but the practical Shreyer, quite unaffected, slipped away from camp, hoping for a sight of strange game before night shut down.

He made his way at an even elevation along the precipitous slope which towered high above the caravan trail. He could easily trace the trail below him where it descended abruptly into the shadowy valley and suddenly disappeared in a narrow defile behind a low-peaked mountain. If he scaled to the crest of the slope above, he might look over the mountain and see what lay beyond; but there was just as good a chance of sighting game in the valley below. A white-necked bear tickling its back in a bed of pebbles amused him, until it discovered his presence and scuttled away with a startled "Woof."

Continuing his way silently along the slope he followed the line of the trail, though many hundred feet above it, toward the defile where it vanished. Suddenly he stopped short; then flung himself behind a boulder. A pebble had skipped past him from above.

From his new position he studied the cliff-like crest behind him. It was misty, but he examined it with grim intensity for several minutes until satisfied that no living creature was above him. Still a bit apprehensive, he turned his attention once more to the valley. When his eyes found the trail, his heart suddenly gave a wild thump, and he dropped back again into shelter.

Into plain view, at three hundred yards'

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range, from the mouth of the defile had stepped a great, shaggy camel, head high, nostrils feeling the air, and haughty eyes peering over the enormous nose like a suspicious old schoolmaster's over his spectacles. Shreyer tasted again all the anticipatory joy of a first kill. Up went his rifle and covered the beast; then he lowered it. There were other camels following the leader, crowding him, jostling him, grunting and squealing in their eagerness to get through the narrow way, stumbling and leaping over each other with the agility of calves.

A herd of yak was mingled with the camels, and the long-haired, ungainly beasts, impelled by the force behind, bounded awkwardly in little spurts up the steep slopes, grunting outlandishly, and loosening the pebbly soil with a startling rush, swelling the uproar that rose in the still, misty atmosphere like the voices of frightened youngsters shouting in an empty house. Shreyer had wondered a bit over the distinguishing features of wild cattle; he wondered no more.

He was astounded and filled with ecstasy. At most he had expected to run across the camels in single pairs, but this actually looked like a seasonal migration. Still, he had not long to watch. Darkness was settling in the valleys. Should he call Brodney and risk the chance of frightening the beasts, or drop the leader and hope for more trophies in the morning? Then he caught sight of Brodney running toward him along the slope, shouting and gesticulating. Shreyer chuckled and flung up his rifle.

"*P'ack!*" The great leader lay down, gurgling deep in his throat.

"*P'ack!*" echoed Brodney's gun, and Shreyer looked to see another beast fall; but instead he heard a sliding rush from the cliff behind him, and the distorted figure of a man bounded past, arms and legs flying wide like a crushed frog's—bounded in leaps a hundred feet long, head over heels, down, down, and straight into the crowd of panic-stricken camels, with a final monstrous leap.

The body disappeared beneath the stampeding camels; and Shreyer wondered curiously why he had heard no thud.

In falling, the body had loosened a storm of pebbles and rocks which zipped and roared past him in a deadly hail; and he crept close under a protecting ledge, where he could turn his attention to Brodney without danger of duplicating the eight-hundred-foot leap into the valley. Brodney was firmly braced on the slope, one foot outstretched stiffly and the other curled under him, while his attention was fixed complacently on the slope above; occasionally he raised his rifle with calm precision and fired upward at the crest, with the effective fire discipline of a veteran. In the distance Hoberr and Sab Tak could be seen making their way toward them, rifles ready for action and the Mongol's joy of the hunt animating their flat features.

Shreyer was fascinated by Brodney's actions.

"What d'ye know about that? Look at the kid!—just look at him, calm as a killy in a kettle! Looks like a durned—" . . . Spat! A slug, upward bound, struck the wall behind him, and stung his face with gravel. . . . "—Dutch grouse-hunter. Who threw that stone?" . . . Spat! . . . Spat! . . . "Oh, you swine! Down there, too, are you? Here's one, Cash On Delivery!"

Shreyer's bullet whined down into the valley, where a number of Thibetans, armed with cumbrous matchlocks and long swords, had suddenly emerged from the defile and scattered themselves behind rocks, whence they blazed away at the foreigners. The cattle were streaming frantically up the little gullies which fed into the main trail, leaving the slopes of the valley to the belligerent humans.

Shreyer suddenly realized the situation.

Tangut robbers had started to surround them, intending to attack at nightfall; but his first shot at the camel had precipitated events. By this time Brodney had become aware of the attack from below, and was throwing uneasy glances downward, when Shreyer caught his attention.

"All right, son," he shouted. "You keep the roof clear—I'll chase out the fat-faced pigs in the areaway."

Brodney grinned. "Oh, go to sleep, you bloomin' tenderfoot," he shouted back. "I'll throw pebbles at—" Then he winced and clutched his forearm; but Hoberr had come up and taken his fire, and Shreyer had turned his attention back to the valley. It was not a bad wound, and after bandaging it with his handkerchief Brodney went on stiffly with his shooting. Sab Tak was scaling the heights to flank the attack from the crest; he was a mountain Mongol, and the sound of battle in the uplands was music to his ears.

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The fusillade was general now. The barking rifles, the bullets humming through the clear spaces and droning through the mists with a sound like the moans of stricken spirits, the shrill whistles of the Thibetans echoing against the dark granite walls of the mountains, the wild, blood-curdling battle-yells of the Mongols, the taunting, jibing curses of the white men, and the grunting and squealing of the beasts from the shelter of their former obscurity, gave the effect of a waking nightmare. The valley seemed alive with bandits.

Brodney and the Mongols had cleared the crest successfully, and Sab Tak was working his way slowly along it beyond Shreyer's position, chasing the Thibetans down into the valley where the camels had vanished. He was actually advancing to a point where he could see beyond the screening mountain.

The magazine rifles and their elevated position gave the foreigners a proportion of one to ten of their assailants, now that the crest was clear. But the Thibetans were strangely desperate, holding their positions tenaciously, throwing up a heavy fire against the cliff with startling accuracy, and continuing their weird whistling with unblunted shrillness. The men on the heights took greater care with their aim now, though they were handicapped by the darkness that had settled in the valley while the light still clung to the heights.

Shreyer's forehead was cut by a stone splinter and the blood had caked in two streams down his cheekbones, while Steve was

SHREYER LEAPED FROM HIS SHELTER, PICKED ... SLOPE. "RUN!

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UP A SMALL BOULDER WITH BOTH HANDS AND HEAVED IT DOWN
RUN! YOU MANDRILLS!" HE ROARED.

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suffering keenly from his wounded forearm, and Hoberr had been burned painfully on the shoulder. Their fire had slackened somewhat and seemed to lack its original enthusiasm; but every shot was venomous.

The costumes of the Thibetans blended cunningly with the rocks, and the strange head-gear, half turban, half Chinese hat, gray and ragged, was perfect protective coloring. As time passed and the attack continued with unabated ferocity—the Thibetans actually advancing up the slope under cover of the rocks and shadows—the defenders began to feel anxious, hiding their real emotions under the flippant gibes of old fighters.

Darkness suddenly came to their aid. The belching powder flame was clearly visible in the dusk of the valley; and the men on the heights fired at the flashes. It was a slow game, and Shreyer soon lost patience.

"The dirty sheep-stealers! Why don't they come out and be shot like honest folk?" . . . A slug chipped off a bit of rock and slapped him sharply on the back. . . . "Ugh, throwing stones—you welcher! I'll fix you!" . . . He leaped from his shelter, picked up a small boulder with both hands, and heaved it down the slope.

It bounded with the crispness of a billiard ball, struck a cluster of boulders, made a clean break, and went spinning on, sending the deadly little rocks before it—roaring, whispering, hoarsely shrieking, as they charged down into the valley. The Thibetans saw the storm falling upon them. The whistling of bullets ceased; they rose, panic-stricken, from their shelter and fled—fled with the wild, scurrying rush of baboons before a charging lion.

"Run!—Run!—Run! You mandrills!" roared Shreyer, and he chased at full clip after them. Brodney and Hoberr sprang to their feet shouting and screaming, shooting as fast as they could empty the magazines, kicking rocks down the slope, filling the heathen heart with panic-terror in the presence of strange uproar and sudden death. They scattered themselves on the trail of the mountain winds, burying their terror in the mists, and leaving their guns behind them.

In a few minutes the valley was deserted.

The last whisper of pebbles ceased; darkness poured thickly into the cradled mountains and climbed swiftly upward toward the peaks. The last pale light of day glowed softly about the three adventurers, standing side by side peering raptly into the wet darkness below, straining their ears to catch some faint sound; but not even a cloud whispered against their faces. It was the hour of silence, quick with mystic life. The three men breathed softly. Suddenly from the depths came a voice, rendered wan and thin by the distance, and ghostly by the gloom.

"Aha!" with ironic merriment. "Aha! . . . *Amur sambina!*" . . . . The Mongol greeting! The three men looked stupidly at one another. It was the voice of Lop.

"Come down—come down!" urged the ghostly voice.

Shreyer threw off the spell and found his tongue. "The greasy-faced bandit!" He shot back the bolt of his rifle and it jammed. Cursing fluently, he would have taken Hoberr's; but Hoberr suddenly turned and started running back along the slope. The white men looked after him in astonishment. Then they too started to run. Sab Tak was flying along the crest above them, risking his life at every leap, waving his rifle and shouting hoarsely.

"Good Lord," panted Steve, "what's up now?"

Sab Tak passed them, only pausing to gesticulate vehemently, and then ran on to the ponies. When the white men reached their encampment the Mongols were cinching the animals.

"What the—" gasped Steve.

"The tribute train!" grunted Hoberr. "We've attacked the encampment of the Dalai Lama's tribute train. . . . Sab Tak saw them behind the mountain. Let's go quickly!"

"Suffering Moses!" gasped Shreyer.

"My word!" said Brodney.

And they grabbed the ponies' halters and led them through the darkness, stumbling, sliding, and jostling toward the Pass. As they groped through the darkness of Buddha's Caldron, Shreyer and Brodney were moved by the same thought.

"A barrel full o' monkeys, son."

"A tempest in a teapot, Doc."

Morning found them at the foot of the pass, grimy, hungry, and exhausted; but they paused only for a short rest to breakfast and to dress their injuries. Afterward they turned westward.

"Where away?" asked Steve.

"Kashgar. It's our only chance," explained Shreyer. "They'd head us off before

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we got to Peking, and God only knows what they'd do. There's a British consul at Kashgar; and there's a chance—just a chance, son—that we can cross the Pamirs and connect with the railroad at Andijan."

The trail they took is one of the oldest and grimmest trails in the world. The stupendous wall of the Kwen-lun Mountains hems in the westward-moving traveler on his left hand for a thousand miles, and the flat, sinister Takla-Makan desert lies low on the right, exuding scorching clouds of dust like the poisonous breath of some smoke-breathing monster. It is a lonely, depressing march, infrequently traversed by caravans, and broken up by a loose chain of unlovely oases where market villages afford meeting-places for the listless, unmoral nomads.

"COME DOWN—COME DOWN!" URGED THE GHOSTLY VOICE.

The white men were filled with depressing doubts, and the Mongols were phlegmatic, knowing not what would be the consequence of their mad adventure, but prepared to meet the worst. Shreyer had invented and abandoned a hundred schemes for escape; but he always reached the same conclusion: Their only hope lay in Kashgar, and that hope was faint. Turkestan is a cup chipped on opposite sides, east and west, and both openings are jealously guarded.

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There was no necessity for avoiding the rare villages along the route, as they were not touched by the telegraph, and no couriers had passed them. Shreyer assumed that orders to stop them had been sent to Kashgar from Peking *via* Siberia, after the Donkyr officials had informed the court of the outrage. So they rode openly, without halting more than a day at a time to rest their lean ponies; without even pausing to hunt for game.

Sun-dried and toughened by the march, unconsciously adapting themselves to the nature of the land and the customs of the country, they began to assume the characteristics of natives, and Shreyer even thought it possible for them to slip through Kashgar unnoticed in the turmoil of caravan travel from the north. With this idea in mind, as they swung northward away from the Kwen-lun Mountains and parallel to the line of the Pamirs, they avoided all villages and encampments except when it was necessary to find food and water.

They were not molested in any way, nor even questioned, except by curious nomads, until they approached the very gates of Kashgar itself. The sun was setting, and the travelers hoped that they might enter the city veiled in darkness, and by joining a caravan pass out again in the morning into Russian territory.

But the hope was not realized.

A couple of miles outside the city their advance was suddenly arrested by a company of heavily armed horsemen, who surrounded them, while their commander dismounted and approached with an appearance of smirking insolence, unusual in a Chinese officer who holds the whip-hand.

"There's no use fighting, Steve," observed Shreyer grimly.

"So I observe, old chap. In your execrable Yankee patois, I should say we're up against it."

The Chinese captain bowed with conventional politeness, still smirking; but his modest greeting called forth only grunts.

"I am Wu, the unworthy aide of his excellency the Amban. And my master directs that you be conducted into his presence."

"Oh, certainly," said Brodney.

"But first," continued Wu, "permit me to offer my vile hospitality for your perfumed condescension."

Steve winced. They reeked with the stench of desert dust and grime and the odor of horses and cattle. Water had been too precious for bathing, and two months in the blasting desert made them to taint the air. He knew in his heart that the Chinese had simply employed his politest phrase; but the irony of it angered him. So he retorted in kind.

"To show hospitality to the weary traveler is an act of great merit, is a saying of the Master K'ung," said Steve, inventing fluently. "But we are aware of our disgusting condition, and shame for our filth restrains us from acceptance."

Wu smiled, bowed, swung into the saddle, and gave a sharp order. The prisoners were escorted into the city without having been deprived of their arms. And when they had gone a certain distance they were led through a gateway into the courtyard of an inn or a yâmen—they knew not which—adorned in the Chinese style, where a formidable guard of pikemen lounged about, regarding them with insolent curiosity. Here they were given rooms, the Mongols being conducted to other quarters; and presently servants came to them with earthen tubs filled with steaming water, clear and tempting. Perfect irony of a Chinese mind!

"Great heavens," cried Steve, "what are they doing?—tantalizing us? Fatten the bullock and garland him with roses and perfume him with sweet scents that he may be a sacrifice to Moloch! Got your gun, Doc? What the devil do you make of it all?"

"Don't know, son," came Shreyer's voice from the adjoining room. "But I want to know whether I'm to wash in this liquid or put it in wine-glasses and drink it." A splash and a squeal from Brodney's room determined him.

They met ten minutes later, sheets looped about their waists, grinning sheepishly, wondering what was coming next.

There was a sudden hubbub in the yard, and they reached instinctively for their guns, just as the door was flung open and a long, sunburned white man stepped in, helmet in hand.

"I'm Stackleigh, the consul," he announced. Then his enthusiasm got the better of him. "By Jove, I'm jolly glad to meet you fellows."

Shreyer and Brodney blinked at each other.

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"Professor," said Shreyer, "you look to me like— You make me feel— It seems like a— Oh, doggone it, shake!"

Brodney found that words were inept, and clasped the consul's hand in silence. That formality over, his Majesty's representative fell back a step and regarded the grinning, semi-nude men with childish admiration.

"Gad," he exclaimed, "you *are* lucky beggars!"

They stared at him blankly. "Don't be a silly ass," begged Brodney.

"Often have these spasiums?" inquired Shreyer solicitously.

"The most famous men in China," said the consul.

"Rave on," urged Brodney.

"Dashed if I can see why you took the chance," exclaimed the consul, getting more and more enthusiastic as details of the exploit recurred to him.

"What will they do, garrote us or knife us?" inquired Steve.

"Decorate you, you silly fools! . . . Gad, men who have the nerve to fight off the most desperate band of brigands in Ambdoa, put 'em clean to rout, save the Emperor's tribute train——"

Steve and Shreyer shouted in unison.

"—and then go off without even waiting to be thanked by the *kushok*— By George, it's the biggest thing I ever heard of."

The two men sank limply on the edge of the *k'ang*.

"Why, your daring will become a by-word. . . . And let me tell you, Peking appreciates it. That Lop, the *kushok*, was a jolly fine chap. I'm to escort you to the Amban to-morrow—royal favor, presents, decorations, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Ugh, how I despise 'em!" said Steve, struggling gamely back to normal.

The consul laughed. Shreyer was slowly reviving.

"But why did you do it?" the consul persisted. "The situation must have been practically hopeless. The brigands had already captured the caravan, I understand, and even started to drive the cattle away——"

"Oh," groaned Shreyer, "that poor mangy, straw-fed, family cow!"

"What?"

Shreyer stood up, and tried to do the most difficult of all things—look dignified without any clothes worth mentioning.

"Professor," said he, "you don't seem to realize that we're knights of the road—I mean we're knights of the commercial highways, doggone it. And we're pledged, Professor, pledged in the name of the sacred simoleon to open up the far places to the commerce of our mother countries, and whereinsoever we encounter hindrances to the free movements of trade we are bound to remove 'em—to remove 'em, Professor, at the risk of life, limb, and repute. It is the boast of our nations that nothing must interfere with the marts of trade. Well, these sheep-stealing, squint-eyed baby-snatchers of Ambdoa closed the Burh'an Bota Pass to traffic. We didn't think they ought to do it, and we opened it up again, Professor; we opened it up again! That's all. But it's good enough! Hey, son?—it's good enough!"

Brodney, who had been spellbound by the unnatural garrulousness of the Doc, softly sighed, "It's good enough," lay back on the *k'ang*, heaved his chest spasmodically, and bellowed forth the pent-up laughter of two desert months.

THE DOLLAR DEMON

VS.

THE NATIONAL SPORT

Irving Sanborn hurls a line of language with a scorch on it in next month's EVERYBODY'S. Will Greedy Business Butt Baseball into the Blink? Sanborn is top sporting writer for the *Chicago Tribune*. Watch him put this over!

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WILLIAM COLLIER IN "CAUGHT IN THE RAIN."

WILLIAM COLLIER

Laugh-Builder

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

WHAT do I mean—*Laugh-Builder?* That the irresistible Willie frames his fun by level and by square? That he carpenters his comedy with a saw and, perchance, a hammer?

Well, let us sit through an act or two and make up our minds for ourselves.

Before the play can begin, however, the stage must be narrowed, the proscenium arch lowered, the calcium centered, and the scene set in "one"; for we are to witness a particular kind of drama—farce; and a most particular kind of farce—the William Collier kind.

Nor may the narrowing stop with this. Collier himself has narrowed. In his youth he played a wide variety of parts. To-day, after twenty-four years as a star, he plays but one part—himself.

His very circuit has shrunk—withered from globe-girdling tours to a single square mile. London and the Antipodes have guffawed at "Willie." The Pacific Coast convulsed itself over him so regularly that his friends in the profession used to call him "Frisco Bill." But for years now the "road" trips have grown rarer and shorter, while the Manhattan engagements have grown longer and closer together, until to-day the actor is seldom seen far from Broadway and the boast is freely made that he has appeared more times in New York City than any other man in his profession.

Just now he has joined forces with George M. Cohan in a revue of Cohan's own, called

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Photograph by Byron.

IN "THE MAN FROM MEXICO."

"Hello, Broadway!" It is a slap-dash conglomeration of take-offs on current plays, with more than ever of the appeal that Collier makes to a New York audience—full of personalities and localities that would be lost in the less provincial region called the "road!"

Perhaps if New York has a favorite and particular actor who in a sense is hers as he is no other city's, that actor is William Collier. Undeniably there is in this big town something that may be called a Collier *clientèle*, which once or twice or thrice a year will come forward with two-dollar bills to subscribe to the wit of Willie.

Now one would think that, when a man begins to star in farce at twenty-one and twinkles continuously and successfully for four-and-twenty years, to scan the pages of his life would be to learn a lot about farce and the art of the farceur. We must warn ourselves, however, that this surmise may trip and fall down: instead, it may be that we shall only learn a few things about Willie and about some sections of the public palate, especially the Manhattan palate.

Unquestionably, Collier is funny.

Look at his face—it is serious. And at his dress—it is sober.

The twain would befit an undertaker. Still, people stop—look—listen—laugh! Yes, no doubt about it, Collier is funny. The critics confess it; the profession admits it; the press-agent avers it; the box-office jingles it. Collier *is* funny. And New Yorkers like their laugh as well as Pocatello, wherefore they like their Collier.

Not, however, that this actor is undesignedly and infectiously funny. There are comedians whom nature has endowed with irresistible drolleries. They come on and we titter; they sit down and we laugh; they get up and we scream. Collier isn't that kind of laugh-maker. His smiles have each a reason. You can analyze a Collier laugh and tell why you yielded to it. He is a man who patiently dramatizes the lines of his comicality. Deliberately he lays the foundation and rears the frame of laughter. He plants his jokes with malice aforethought, as if each were like a powder-mine, and times every fuse to the split of a second with an instinct that is unerring.

Yet Collier can do far more than plant a laugh and then explode it. His mind is quick as lightning. He will grab any untoward happening of the moment and turn it into a laugh—often so swiftly and completely that only the most acute will

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perceive the mischance was mischance at all. This is smartness, and New Yorkers greatly admire smartness.

When *Hamlet* bade the players speak no more than was set down for them in their parts, he was thinking particularly of Willie Collier. In the course of the year, that Broadway idol probably gets away with more speeches that popped into his head at the moment than any other man in the profession. Oftener than not these impromptu speeches are begotten of those very untoward happenings just mentioned which are the bane of the sensitive actor's life—and of Collier's no less than others. His skill in meeting them amounts to genius. The rattling of a cup that should not rattle, the tipping over of a chair that should not tip over, or any other chance misfeasance of property or person, will almost invariably call forth a remark from Willie, made instinctively, to cover up and patch the break in the action; and the occasion is rare when he does not make capital for comedy out of this very act of covering up.

At a certain performance one of the ladies stumbled as she made her entrance and went down in a heap. The scene, the composure of the other actors, the hold upon the audience, were all threatened, but——

"How did you enjoy your *trip?*" flashed Collier, as he helped the lady to her feet.

The audience laughed at the pun and asked each other how the actress could repeat that fall so realistically night after night, totally unaware that it was an awkward accident "covered up" by the quick wit of the star.

"New Business" About the Safe

In "Take My Advice," a typical Collieresque farce of recent years, there was a small iron office safe, which frequently opened and closed during the action of the piece. Of course, in these days of realism, it was a real safe with a real lock and a real combination. One matinée day some accidental touch of a finger spun that combination. Presently, at a point where the action required the delivery of some money in full view of the audience, Collier went to the safe to get it. The obstinate treasure-chest obeyed the law of its being and refused to open.

The entire audience began to titter, suspecting at once that the scene had gone wrong. But was Collier thrown out of his stride by the extremely awkward situation in which he found himself? Very slightly. He playfully hammered the safe with his fist; he talked to it; he indulged in clever and amusing asides; he brought the house to a state of breathless suspense again and again by spinning the combination back and forth, at first rapidly and then more and more slowly, till finally, with a dramatic stop, he would turn and try the lock, greeting each failure with some comment wittier than the last, until presently, when most of the onlookers had been persuaded that the whole thing was a deliberately planned Collierism, he ended the scene with a thoroughly farcical exit and the remark that he would send a check for the money.

Even Lew Fields, then his manager, was deceived and went back to say: "Fine piece of new business, Willie, that about the safe!"

But Willie did not think so, for he immediately sought a plumber's kit and carefully denatured the lock by removing all its essential inwards.

Collier is equally quick and successful in dealing with those untoward occasional happenings that come from in front of the footlights: the sneeze that shatters a carefully worked-up dramatic silence, the laugh in the wrong place, the clatter of a cane, or any one of those devices which the devils of mischance have long employed to torture actors and kill their carefully builded hopes. And, of course, the sophisticated audience likes this sort of smartness best of all.

In the second act of "A Little Water on the Side," as Collier was going through the motions of listening at the telephone, a man in the audience loosed a hollow graveyard cough that boomed in the stillness so ludicrously as to start a titter.

Instantly, Collier sensed the danger to his scene and exclaimed earnestly into the telephone: "No, no, that wasn't me that coughed. It was a friend of mine here."

The audience gasped for a moment at the audacious liberty taken with it, and then exploded.

Such a stepping outside of the stage picture in serious drama or in straight comedy would have been horrible, unforgivable! But in farce, the very genius of which is ridiculous improbability, and especially in that atmosphere of *camaraderie* and famil-

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Photograph by White.

COLLIER AND HIS WIFE, PAULA MARR, AND THEIR SON

IN "A LITTLE WATER ON THE SIDE," HIS NEXT TO THE LAST "HIT."

iarity without contempt which Collier breeds in an audience, they took his repartee with a shout, and never thought to be offended by such license. They only murmured, while they wiped the tears of joy from their eyes: "Clever, clever Willie!"

Collier did this again during the run of the same piece. At a point where he reads the line: "You don't have to be out of debt to be successful," some man in the audience broke into a happy but disconcerting guffaw.

"There," cut in the actor, swiftly turning and darting a glance in the direction of

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the laugh, "there's a man in debt, and he knows."

Naturally, the audience greatly enjoyed what it deemed an excellent joke upon a part of itself.

To a public entirely jaded by the conventional theatrical productions, as the New York public is, this ability to endow his every performance with expectancy of the unexpected must be counted one of the assets of Collier. Familiar as are the methods of the man, there is the ever-lurking possibility for one of his shrewd retorts or amusing and inoffensive impertinences to dash the palled palate like some rare and piquant sauce.

It lends great zest to the interest of an audience to know that at times the star toys with it; that, if it is slow, he will "kid" it; if dull, he will yawn at it, tease and tantalize and provoke it into quicker feeling; that, as it rouses, the comedian will speed along faster and faster till audience and actor are literally racing to beat each other to the points.

Every night, in "Hello Broadway!" there is likely to be some fresh improvisation that convulses not only the audience but his fellow-actors, and it sometimes takes all of Collier's skill to set the play going smoothly on its outlined course again.

It is in times of exhilaration like this that Collier is at his very best. The relation between actor and audience reaches a state of mind best described as "fly." Collier loves a "fly" audience, while a "fly" audience simply dotes on Willie.

Collier's "Fly"-Town Circuit

This may explain why the man goes less and less upon tour. There are "fly" audiences outside of New York, but they are not in every town. Sometimes "Willie" is too quick for them, too subtle. This was a burden under which the late Peter Daly labored. In the closing years of his life, when he could still tickle Broadway into spasms, you might take him on the road and he would scarce get a finger on a funny bone at all.

Collier is said to have all the "fly" towns in the eastern half of the United States carefully listed and marked with a blue flag of hope and faith. Albany is such a fly town. Atlantic City is another. When Willie launches a new play, he likes to open at Atlantic City—and preferably upon a rainy night, for superstitious reasons! From there he will take it on a strictly "fly"-town circuit till at last he judges it is ready to try upon the flyest town of all.

However, it must not be inferred from any of this that Collier is a mere slap-and-go type of farceur. George Cohan, in the days before they became active partners, playing with Collier in some Lambs' Gambol or other, and studying the man closely, remarked afterward:

"Collier is the quickest thinker of us all, but the slowest worker."

And always his work is quiet. He never rants or bawls, never ruffles the bosom of his dress-shirt nor breaks the creases in his trousers. He indulges in no horse-play. He registers his effects with the cool preciseness of the ticks of a watch.

It is agreed that there is no great variety in Collier's work; that he is about the same in all his pieces, only funnier or less funny as the opportunities are greater or less; that he simply plays himself—the stage, the players, and the piece being mere accessories; that he has a certain number of tricks in his bag and works them all unerringly.

Collier's magnetism is abundant. His manner is assuring. His bearing is modest. He never offends. No man knows better the indefinable border between farce and burlesque, and Willie never oversteps that line.

Besides, you like the man. Before he has been on five minutes, you feel acquainted with him. He exudes a social warmth which has the effect of making his audience cease to be an audience and become a part of the company. They play the thing out together. A Collier play becomes a house-party.

Nor has this method come to him by chance. Taking an up-stage slant into the past of Collier, we come quickly upon some reason why the man should be the poised and polished *prestidigitateur* of humor that he is.

All his forebears, as far back as Willie can see, were professional folk. His mother was Henrietta Engle, the dancer—and a good mother she was, too. His father was Edmund Collier, the tragedian.

At ten, the boy left home to make permanent espousal of a stage career. At thirteen, good fortune made him call-boy of the

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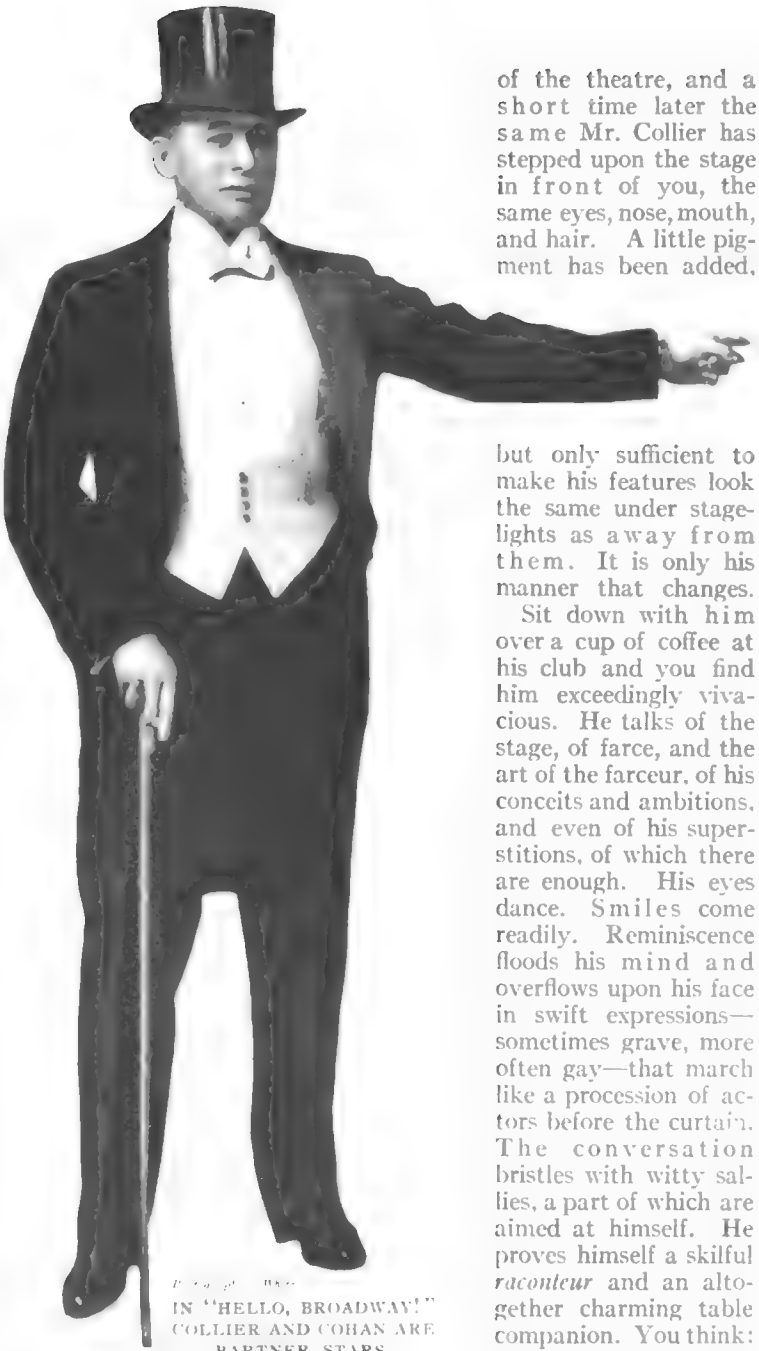
famous Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, where Ada Rehan, John Drew, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, James Lewis, Maurice Barrymore, Digby Bell, and other envied artists of the generation were playing under the tutelage of Augustin Daly, that eccentric father of so much of what is good in the drama of to-day. Daly was a realist and a romanticist in one, a gloomy, saturnine gentleman, whose wit was subtle, whose sarcasm had the deft, keen edge of a razor and at times the brutal force of a sledge-hammer.

He was an iconoclast, so far as traditions were concerned. He reimagined many things. His method of producing gathered very intelligent audiences and bred very intelligent actors. He was the first to set a scene with real doors or a table with real food, and to fill a "prop" pocket-book with real money.

He stripped comedy of its buffooneries and tragedy of its bawling excesses. He was the first stage-manager in America to take the red nose, the loud clothes, and the lurid bandanna handkerchief from his comedians and send them on to play it "straight," to get their laughs by intelligent art and not by clownish pantomimes.

And Collier learned his lesson well. A quarter of a century from the school of Daly, he plays it "straight" to-day.

You bid him good-by at the street door of the theatre, and a short time later the same Mr. Collier has stepped upon the stage in front of you, the same eyes, nose, mouth, and hair. A little pigment has been added,



IN "HELLO, BROADWAY!" COLLIER AND COHAN ARE PARTNER STARS.

but only sufficient to make his features look the same under stage-lights as away from them. It is only his manner that changes.

Sit down with him over a cup of coffee at his club and you find him exceedingly vivacious. He talks of the stage, of farce, and the art of the farceur, of his conceits and ambitions, and even of his superstitions, of which there are enough. His eyes dance. Smiles come readily. Reminiscence floods his mind and overflows upon his face in swift expressions—sometimes grave, more often gay—that march like a procession of actors before the curtain. The conversation bristles with witty sallies, a part of which are aimed at himself. He proves himself a skilful *raconteur* and an altogether charming table companion. You think: How delightful to an audience if this monologue could be transferred to the stage! But it can not be.

Off stage Collier may gush a little; upon it, his manner is repressed, cut, trimmed, sliced, filed down to a hair-trigger touch. He paints with no whitewash brush.

He slants an eye and you smile; he puts an embarrassed tongue against his teeth

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and you chortle; he assumes his well-known worried look and your chortle becomes a chuckle. He consults his finger-nails in bashful confusion and you rejoice at his embarrassment. Do you think Collier could play a love-scene in gloves? Certainly not, for how then could he inspect his manicurings with that air of excruciating distress by which he works toward his wooing-scene climaxes of absurdity and wheedles laugh after laugh from his audience?

Not only motions, gestures, movements, and expressions are whittled down to the minimum with Collier, but words also. There are fewer words in a Collier comedy than in most comedies, and fewer in his speeches than in most speeches. His method is to cut a speech to the bone, to hack at it till there is nothing left but a word, and then, by an intonation, a gesture, a pose, or an expression, make that word good for a laugh where the sentences would only have begot a yawn.

In "A Little Water on the Side," which was as thin a piece of ice as any comedian ever skated on for three months in New York, there was an illustration of his ability to take an old dramatic situation and commonplace lines and make them seem funny by this compressed-air method.

The scene is in a village store. A young man appears among the patrons arrayed in a custard-pie suit of clothes. It is evident at a glance that they may have cost as much as eight dollars, that they have reposed upon the shelf of some cross-roads emporium for twenty years, that they are being worn for the first time, and that the owner is immensely proud of them.

With a sweep of his eye Collier takes in the sartorial scenery, and with a flicker of the muscles of his face shows the audience his opinion of them, after which he observes sympathetically to the country Adonis:

"Too bad you lost your bet!"

The audience perceives his obvious misconstruction and laughs.

"Bet?" asks the young man, whose bewilderment is so comical as to call forth another laugh.

"Yes. Wearing 'em on a bet, aren't you?" asks Collier blandly. His blank inability to comprehend how any man could wear such garments except under penalty, contrasted with the young man's assertive pride in them, impresses the audience as increasingly funny; and the more the situation is prolonged, the more heartily the people laugh.

The climax approaches when resentment appears upon the face of the youth in the loud apparel, which he suddenly suspects is not as fine as he had thought it.

"Look here," he exclaims stoutly, "these clothes are plenty good enough for me."

Collier sweeps him up and down with a swift, calculating, contemptuous glance, and his tone has shifted from sympathetic wonder to cutting irony as he pronounces, with a falling inflection, the single word—

"Plenty."

In that one word Collier explodes the situation with the crescendo laugh of the series. The character as well as the clothes of the young man have been hopelessly condemned for the rest of the evening.

Thus, out of an old, old stage device of a self-satisfied man in a freak suit of clothes, with twenty-six spoken words and sixty seconds, Collier, demonstrating again that brevity is the soul of wit, has so fixed the position of a light-weight character in the play as to make his every future appearance the signal for recurrent laughter. At the same time he has created a series of hearty laughs and placed his audience in an unusually self-satisfied mood because the sententiousness of the star has left something to its own acuteness.

Reverting to the beginning of Collier's career for a moment, we find that the lad stayed with the great Augustin for six years, during the latter part of which he served as assistant stage-manager, although he remained a call-boy upon the pay-roll to the end, because, forsooth, the salary of a call-boy is less than the salary of an assistant stage-manager.

Imitating Daly

In these later years, too, he also played a number of minor characters. The first bit Daly ever gave him was a part without words—a bashful witness in a trial who never gets to the point of giving testimony. It afforded real opportunity, however, and the lad worked so enthusiastically and got away with his poor little bone of a part so well that other and more important rôles were presently assigned him.

Collier left Mr. Daly at the age of nineteen and played a season with his father—

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in tragedy, and thereby learned a very great deal about his own chosen art of comedy; for have we not Plato telling us of Socrates arguing that the true artist in tragedy is an artist in comedy no less? The next season he was engaged by John Russell ostensibly to do a bit in the first act of a hodge-podge called "The City Directory," but in reality to hold the book as assistant stage-manager. After the piece was up and going in Chicago, it occurred to the manager that he might be wasting talent in his assistant, and he said:

"Willie, you can write in a little stuff for yourself in the second act if you want to."

Willie proposed instead to interpolate some imitations of Augustin Daly, his former master, who was then at the height of his fame, and this was agreed upon.

Mr. Daly was very tall, while Mr. Collier was only of medium height. However, the young man was also slender; and, by an excellent judgment of proportion in the minutest copying of the Daly dress, not forgetting the peculiar English derby which took the form of a truncated cone and for years had gone everywhere the head of Daly went, Collier made an appearance which resembled the great stage-manager to the life.

But the youth carried his imitation much beyond mere resemblance. He reproduced admirably the voice, the manner, the expression, the eccentricities of walk, of pose, of gesture and utterance of his distinguished former manager, with just sufficient overaccentuation to make the caricature delicious, when he was doing the sort of thing he had seen Mr. Daly do for years. Besides, he went farther, and lifted his performance into the creative realm by doing a whole raft of things that the earnest Mr.

WITH HERMAN IN "NEVER SAY DIE."

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Daly never would have done, and yet exactly as he must have done them had he been capable of doing them at all.

Without broadening into burlesque, these features were yet clear enough to convulse any audience, while, to the occasional auditor who knew Daly well, they were positively excruciating and gave to Collier at once that reputation for cleverness within his own profession which he holds to this day. For Willie is an actor's actor, whose art is admired and whose methods are imitated by a host of followers among the histrions. One night, in those old Chicago days, Digby Bell and the late Maurice Barrymore, both graduates of the Daly school, strayed into a performance of "The City Directory" and all but laughed themselves into fits over the young man's characterization of their old chief.

These imitations were so successful that they became the big features of the performance. The bit in the first act was throttled, and Willie was featured as a topliner.

The next season he became at once a playwright and a star, turning out a farce called "Hoss and Hoss," in which the lad of twenty-one entered upon his long stellar career. "Hoss and Hoss" was successful and was followed by "The Man from Mexico," an adaptation of a French idea in which Collier won wide popularity and seemed to give promise of a really brilliant career.

Succeeding this were many other plays. Some of them lived, but most of them died. Yet each was a step in the development of the Collieresque farce and farceur of to-day. Playwrights and fictionists of national fame were glad to take a try at writing a play for Collier. Richard Harding Davis wrote "The Dictator," and Augustus Thomas supplied "On the Quiet," both big Collier successes.

Play-tinkering

Yet these pieces limped in the beginning. It was the star's problem first to fit himself to the plays and, when that had gone as far as it could, to turn about and fit the dramas to himself, enlarging, adapting, reshaping, or cutting, as his talents required.

Just at this point the skill of William—oh, I should say that, somewhere about the time when the dignities of success began to drape his shoulders like a mantle, "Willie" became William, so far as the playbills were concerned, although to his friends and admirers, and in his own thought, he remains "Willie" until this present. Well, then—at this point the skill of William burns like genius. He is the greatest resuscitator of the stillborn known to dramatic art. Full many a success has he dragged back from the pit of failure. He can make a dead joke tickle like a feather and turn the proverbial door-nail into a metaphor of life.

During the weeks of a play's puling infancy, William Collier, so they say who have worked with him, is an exceedingly anxious and nervous man. At such times Willie prowls fiercely in search of juicy tidbits of dramatic humor. His incredible quickness in discerning the reactions of an audience now stands him in great good stead.

Night after night he exploits the situations of the new play for new laughs. He digs and he quarries. He changes the reading of his lines and of other people's; he cuts, he interpolates, he improvises. He throws away pieces of the plot. He substitutes others. He invents new situations. He turns scenes upside down and inside out. By the end of the first week he is getting a score of happy cachinnations where the first night were only yawns. By the end of the second week he has increased the number still more, and the piece may begin to meet a reception that augurs success.

Oftentimes this play-tinkering is accomplished under great difficulty, with the original author harrying the flank of the star and opposing every change, decrying alteration as mutilation, and protesting that already his brain-child is bleeding at every vein.

There is a story that, on one occasion, Collier, in exasperation, telegraphed his manager: "Take the author away for two weeks and I will make this piece go."

It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Collier has not only written much in collaboration, but has done acceptable plays upon his own account.

Nor is the picture of William Collier, playwright, that of an ascetic in a garret sucking a quill. Think, rather, of a man in bed in the morning, a cup of coffee by his side, a halo of smoke about his head, and a game of solitaire running absently

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from the tips of his fingers. You might fancy his interest was in the game. Perhaps it is—but only superficially. In the fitting of card to card he is dreaming out the action and the situations of the play he is writing.

His One Aim—Laughter

Neither as playwright nor actor does Collier confess a mission or admit an aim—except to make people laugh. His plays are ephemeral. They sound no deep philosophies of life. With a great Greek hinting that Comedy may be almost as sublime as Tragedy, we might expect occasionally even in a Collier farce, by some monstrous exaggeration or some freakishly impossible contrast, to see the mirror held up to nature in a manner to reveal sudden vasty deeps of human sentiment or experience; but we should expect in vain. If it ever did happen, it would be by accident, and Willie would instinctively "cover it up" with a hastily improvised laugh.

Photograph by Bushnell.

IN "I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO."

His touch is light. He hints no tear. He sounds no deep wells of humor on the borderland near to pathos. His wit is keen, but not penetrating; his humor is genuine, but flickering upon the surface. He makes his audience think, but only superficially—enough to get his point, which is never so obvious as to be dull, nor so acute as to be invisible. Satire, irony, mild impertinence, unobjectionable assurance, delicious absurdity, cleverness, surprise, speed, smartness, modernity, and up-to-the-minute play upon words, are his tools.

He puts small dependence upon mass effects. His plays are simple. His company is small—much of the time it is almost a family affair—William Collier; Paula Marr, who is Mrs. Collier; eleven-year-old Willie Collier, junior, *alias* "Buster"; Helena Collier Garrick, sister of William—these and a decanter are sufficient to cast almost any Collier play.

The decanter, because, as one of the cleverest critics put it to me: "Collier is entitled to be considered *par excellence* the dramatist of the cocktail." Not less completely than George M. Cohan once possessed himself of the American flag has Willie Collier monopolized the American cocktail.

Certain it is that Collier's ability to simulate the toper's thirst, the look of yearning he can get into an eye and the cottony sound into a tone when a flagon of the dark-brown passes by, is so ridiculously realistic as to make even a tectotaler laugh.

In "A Little Water on the Side" the only water in the piece was in the title, and it might be described as a cocktail comedy. In the first act, Barleycorn comes in only upon the nose of the village toper; but in the second act much of the humor and half the plot is played round a decanter and a glass; while in the third, the yacht scene, the ship floats upon a sea of drinkables. Throughout the act cocktails have their exits and their entrances more frequently than the players, until one of the characters remarks: "This isn't a cruise; it's a booze."

However, at this point, it is but justice to Mr. Collier to write down that all his plays are clean. His farces are never "Frenchy." His wit is never tainted. No vulgar action, no suggestive line, no trenching upon the indecent, nor any tawdry jokes at deformity or misfortune are practised in his productions. Even the usual number of cheap laughs always to be got from "damns" is reduced perceptibly in a Collier comedy; and such speeches are not uttered by the star. He deals these lines out to others, and for himself stirs the fires of farce with unsmutted tongs.

There is a serious question whether Collier's career fulfils its early promise. It is

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contended that he has not developed, but merely specialized; that, as his field has narrowed, his resources have contracted. It is pointed out that his greatest successes lie well in the past; and it is argued that the star system has all but stifled him, that the fashion changes, that people are demanding more play now and less star, a balanced characterization and a balanced cast, and that this demand extends even to farce.

Some of his friends scoff at the idea that his resourcefulness has diminished; they rank him high and say if he suffers from anything, it is timidity; and aver that he will some day dare the wider, higher flights and win the greater successes.

Very possible—all of this—very possible! But not germane. We are not writing of Willie as he might have been, or as he may become, but of Willie as he is—a salve to sad souls, a wit off stage and on, a smart actor for smart people, who may cobble his comedies if he finds it necessary, but whose successes have amused without debasing, and whose failures have added no great weight to the woe of the world.

Besides—there's no use denying it—we like you, Willie—frankly and unfeignedly; for you do us good. When the curtain descends upon the final act, we file out lightsome and unburdened. You have tickled our vanities and shamed our shams and promoted our digestion.

Cheerfully you have donned the motley of our times—a dress suit—and you have chiseled your niche like a man. We admit that you have acquaintance with the jackplane and the saw, but it is fine cabinet work, Willie—fine! And it gets across with us.

We know you're no general-utility man—but you have the thing called "class." And we like to see you come to bat. You know how to lay down a little bunt and how to clear the bases.

You have fooled us into taking bad farce for good sometimes, and dead jokes for live ones, but we do not hold it against you, Willie, for thereby you have helped the white man bear his burden. Besides, you have made the children laugh sometimes, and that is always good, Willie—always.

And so, here's to you, Willie—William—and the Missus and the Kid, and all your other kin.

You've made us laugh before. May you make us laugh again!

* * * * * *

I draw back the page to add one final flower: Collier has never said that he aspired to play *Hamlet!*

TO MY COUNTRY

BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ONE told me he had heard it whispered: "Lo!
The hour has come when Europe, desperate
With sudden war and terrible swift hate,
Rocks like a reed beneath the mighty blow.
Therefore shall we, in this her time of woe,
Profit and prosper, since her ships of state
Go down in darkness. Kind, thrice kind is Fate,
Leaving our land secure, our grain to grow!"

America! They blaspheme and they lie
Who say these are the voices of your sons!
In this foul night, when nations sink and die,
No thought is here save for the fallen ones
Who, underneath the ruin of old thrones,
Suffer and bleed, and tell the world good-by!

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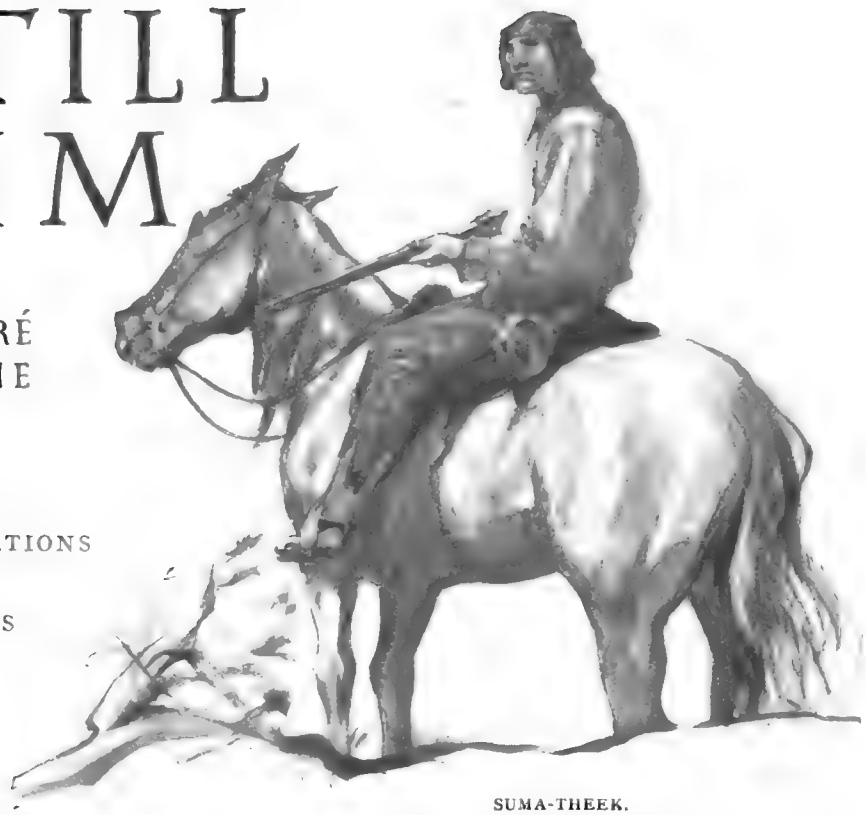
STILL JIM

by
HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



SUMA-THEEK.

James Manning is an engineer in the Far West, building a great dam for the Reclamation Service. He has the instincts of a pioneer and trail-maker, and a conviction, handed down to him by his father, of the responsibilities resting on the Anglo-Saxon remnant in America. It is in this spirit that he is working. Back in New York, Penelope—the girl he loved—has married a young Greek, Saradokis, who had once been Jim's chum; on their wedding-day an accident has crippled him for life. Jim does not see either of them for years; then, upon his return from Washington, where he has been summoned with other engineers to answer false charges of graft and inefficiency, he finds Saradokis and Penelope out at the dam, on some business of the Greek's. Saradokis has become ugly and embittered; Pen wonderful in her enriched womanliness.

Gradually the farmers on the Project are becoming Jim's enemies: he is building the dam for all time, not administering it, never consulting the farmers nor explaining to them, and they do not understand his fine spirit and ideals. Pen begins to grasp the trouble—to realize that Jim is blind to the human factor in his problem. She begins to realize, too, that her husband means Jim harm. One day out on the mountain Jim begs her to leave Saradokis and marry him. She refuses, though she loves him. An investigation of the Project is begun, and at the hearing Jim finally speaks out his heart, trying to explain why he wants to build the dam—as "an imperishable Anglo-Saxon thumb-print on the map." Pen tries to make him understand that his "thumb-print" must be made in men's hearts. A masked ball given in honor of the investigators is broken up through the shooting of the night watchman by two drunken Mexicans. Jim promptly cleans "booze" out of camp, and the next evening Pen helps him prevent the lynching of the murderers.

Meantime Jim is turning over Pen's idea in his mind, and as Oscar Ames, one of the farmers who hates him, crosses his way, he decides to try it out, and calls him up into his laboratory for a lesson on cement.

AN HOUR later Jim and Oscar walked slowly up the trail toward Jim's house. Jim had invited Ames up for a further talk. Oscar had shown a remarkable aptitude for the details that Jim had explained. And his pleasure at finally understanding the whole idea upon which Jim was basing his concrete work was such that Jim felt a very real remorse. He recalled almost daily questions from Oscar and other

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farmers which he had answered with a shortness that was often contemptuous.

"Now you see," Oscar said as they entered the cottage, "we'll actually save money on that. Wonderful thing, Mr. Manning, how mixing the sand and cement intimately enough, as you say, turns the trick. I'll tell the bunch down at Del Norte about that to-morrow."

Jim shoved a box of cigars at Oscar and surveyed him with his wistful smile. He was silent so long that Oscar spoke a little impatiently.

"If you ain't going to talk, Mr. Manning, Jane is waiting for me and I got to see Mr. Sardox yet."

Jim pulled himself together and, a little diffidently, handed Ames the Secretary's letter with the copy of his own.

"Tell me what you think of these," said Jim.

Oscar read the two letters carefully, then said: "I'd think more of 'em if I had any idea what either of you was driving at."

"It means just this," said Jim: "that unless the engineers and the farmers work together, the Reclamation Service will get whatever the water-power trust is trying to give it, and that is—oblivion."

"Aha," said Oscar, "that's why you've been so decent to me to-day."

"Yes," replied Jim simply.

Oscar's look of suspicion returned. Jim went on slowly and carefully. "It will be bad business if the Service fails. It will retard the Government control of water-power greatly, and there is enough possible water-power in this country, Oscar, to turn every wheel in it and to heat and light every home in the land. If the Service fails it will show just one thing—that the farmers and engineers on the Projects are too selfish to get together for the country's good; that the farmer is a stupid catspaw for the money interests, and the engineer a spineless fool who won't fight."

"Look here, Manning," cried Oscar, "don't you think I'm justified in thinking about nothing but my own ranch, considering what it's cost me?"

"Don't you think," Jim returned, "that I'm justified in thinking about nothing but my dam and letting the water-power trust eat it and you up, considering how hard I work on the building itself?"

Oscar stared and chewed his cigar, and Jim smoked in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"Ames, the time has come when if you or I want any particular one of the old New England ideals to live in this country, we have got to fight for it, start an educational campaign for it. If we don't, the Russian Jews or the Italians or the Syrians will change things to suit their own ideals. Now they may be all right. Their ideals may be as good as mine. They have every right to be here and to rule if they can. But I don't like the kind of government they stood for in their native countries. I'm a pig-headed Anglo-Saxon, full of an egotism that dies hard. I believe that the Reclamation Service idea is an outgrowth of the fine democracy that our fathers brought to New England. I believe that the folks that are going to inherit America can't afford to lose the idea of the Service, and I'm going to try to fight for it now till they get me. Am I clear?"

"Sure," said Oscar. "Ain't I of Puritan stock myself?"

"That's why I'm talking to you," said Jim. "Now I take the central idea of the United States Reclamation Service to be this: It is a return of the old principle of the people governing themselves directly, of their assuming individual responsibility for the details and cost of governing. It is the fine outgrowth of the industrial lessons we have learned in the past years, combined with the town-meeting idea, brought up to date.

"One central organization can do work better and cheaper, if it will, than a dozen competing interests. If the central organization is privately owned it demands a heavy profit. But if it is owned by the Government it takes no profit. On a Project, free individuals voluntarily combine to do business and to administer the products of that business directly to themselves. The Service is merely the tool of the people on the Projects.

"Oscar, it's up to you and me. In antagonizing you farmers, I've opened the way for the enemies of the Service to reach you. And you, in being reached, are endangering the Service. Is it true that you are going to help Saradokis and Fleckenstein get your honest debts repudiated?"

Suddenly Oscar leaned forward. "Are you trying to string me into saying the increased cost of the dam is all right?"

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Jim tapped on the table. "Not five per cent. of the increased cost but comes from the improvements you farmers have asked for. And not one cent of the cost of the entire Project but will be paid for by the water-power produced and sold. You know that, Ames. Now pay attention."

Jim shook his finger in Oscar's face and said slowly and incisively:

"You farmers will never repudiate your honorable debts while I can fight. You are going to fight with me, Ames, to help me save the Service. You are going to put your shoulder to mine and fight as you did when the old dam was going out under your feet! Do you get that?"

Oscar opened his mouth, but no words came. He rose, put on his hat, and without a word walked from the house, leaving Jim with a sense of failure that was almost overwhelming.

Jim Gets a Blow

"The eagle has lived long in my side. He is cruel with talons but built for seizing. Is this why so many nations choose him as their emblem?"

Musings of the Elephant.

THAT evening just as Jim was finishing his supper, Pen walked into the living-room. "Jim," she said, "did you know that Mr. Freet is coming?"

Jim pulled out a chair for Pen, but she shook her head. "Yes, I had a letter from him. He wants to see my sand-cement work and one or two other new stunts I'm trying out."

Pen spoke slowly. "Jim, he's up at our tent now, talking with Sara and Mr. Ames. They say nothing before me, but—Still, I'm going to take Sara back to New York at once."

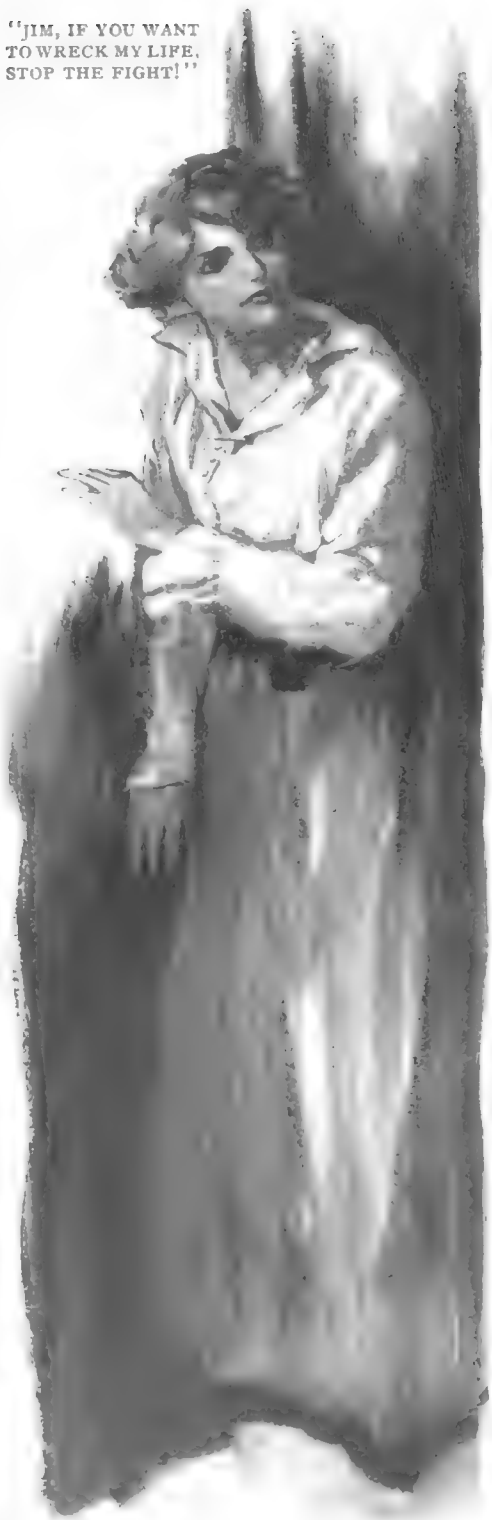
"We'll see what I can do first," said Jim. "I'll go up there now." He picked up his hat and left with a cheerful nod.

He walked in at the open door of the tent. "Good evening, Mr. Freet," he said.

Arthur Freet rose nonchalantly. "Hello, Manning! Pleasure before duty. I had to get Saradokis's report on my New York deals before I came to see you."

"Oh, come across, Mr. Freet," said Jim quietly. "I know about what you want, and you'll have to approach me sooner or later, so let's get done with it."

Freet smiled broadly. "I always knew you'd come to your senses, Manning, if we gave you time. Well, our friend Saradokis



"JIM, IF YOU WANT TO WRECK MY LIFE, STOP THE FIGHT!"

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is in touch with the New York office of the Transcontinental Water Power Company. They have a very tempting proposition to make to the farmers. They stand ready to outbid any competitor for the power you will develop on the Project."

"We'll let 'em bid, sure," replied Jim calmly. "I shall advertise for bids as soon as I am ready."

"That won't do," said Freet. "The only way to get away with this is to do it quietly. Hold the public off till the contract is signed."

Jim grunted. Sara eyed him without comment. Oscar spoke suddenly. "Now look here, Mr. Manning, I ain't as sore at you as I was, I guess, after our talk this afternoon. You think you're doing what's best for the valley. But you want to be fair about this. It may not look quite right, but it's the best thing for the farmers. We want to get all the money we can out of the power. You say yourself that's what will pay for the dam. And if these folks will give us twice what any one else will, I say close the deal with them any way you can."

"What's *your price*, Ames?" asked Jim clearly.

Oscar jumped to his feet. "In the old days," he roared, "no man would have lived to ask me that twice!"

Jim looked for a long moment into Oscar's eyes, then he drawled: "All right, Oscar, I apologize. Only you'd better leave national politics to your inferiors after this. What's your price, Mr. Freet?"

Arthur Freet laughed. "You can't get a rise out of me, Jim. My price is to see these Projects a financial success. Methods don't bother me, nor hard names."

Jim sat silent for a moment, then he turned suddenly on Sara. "Of course, you get a chunk of money, Sara. But there is something more in it than that for you. What are you trying to ruin me for, Sara?"

Again Sara seemed to see scarlet. "Didn't you spoil Pen's——"

"Keep that name out of this!" shouted Jim.

"Then don't ask me again why I hate you," returned Sara. "I told you once. But you are too superior, too one-sided, too egotistical to see any one but yourself! You were the closest friend I ever had and you turned me down without a chance to make myself right. You never sent me word in my living death. Do you suppose I enjoy this mental hell I live in? Did you ever dream you were nailed fast in your coffin? That's my life, waking and sleeping. Why shouldn't I curse a God who could serve me such a trick? I would make every living thing a cripple, if I could—and you first! I'll get you yet."

Jim glanced at Oscar. The big desert farmer was staring at Sara, horror in every line of his face.

"Oh, come," said Freet "I didn't know you had anything personal in this, Mr. Saradokis. Manning and I are engineers out for the good of the Projects."

"Whatever your motives are, Mr. Freet," said Jim, "I don't like your methods and haven't since the Makon days. The water-power will be open to public bids, and if you try to force me I'll tell what I guess."

Freet laughed. "Don't be too sure of yourself, Jim. You are branded as my pupil. If I go, you will probably go."

"Oh, hell!" said Jim, starting for the door. "I'd rather go if I've got to spend my life fighting fellows like you. In this instance, though, I'm boss. I have the sale of the water-power in my control."

"Don't be too sure, Jim," said Freet, still smiling.

Oscar followed Jim from the tent. Neither of them spoke while on the way to Jim's house where Pen and Jane were sitting with Mrs. Flynn. But in the kitchen Oscar made Jim wait while he told the three women what had occurred in the tent-house.

"Now all of you witness," he said, "that I'm through with that bunch. They played me for a sucker to influence the farmers against Mr. Manning and for the trust. When I think of the many different kinds of a fool I am, I wish some good trained mule would come along and kick me."

"That's all right, Oscar," said Jim; "you've been no bigger fool than I have. We'll get busy now, won't we?"

Oscar flushed as Jim smiled at him. "Darn it, Mr. Manning," he said, "why haven't you looked at me that way before?" And he laughed with the others.

Then Pen spoke, very uncertainly. "This settles it, of course. I shall go back to New York at once with Sara."

The little group in the kitchen looked at Jim. His face was white and set.

"Wait a day or so, Pen. I must get some sort of a clear plan formulated."

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"What am I to do with that man Freet hanging round?" asked Pen.

"Come down for a day or so with me, Mrs. Pen," said Mrs. Ames.

"That's a good idea," said Jim. "Freet won't stay after to-morrow, anyway. I can promise you that."

"And I'll look out for the caged hyena," said Mrs. Flynn. "If God lets me live to spare my life, he'll get a tongue-lashing from me that'll give him new respect for the Irish."

Once more the group in the kitchen laughed, though tensely, and parted for the night.

The next day Freet put in on the dam with Jim. Jim treated him with courtesy, showing him everything that he asked to see. Freet was very complimentary and told Jim he was a credit to his teacher. After a visit to the quarry Jim said suggestively:

"You will want to take the six o'clock train to-night, of course."

Freet hesitated. Jim went on dryly: "Under the circumstances, it is hardly in good taste for you to remain. It might look as if you and I were having a gentleman's agreement on the price of dams."

Freet laughed. "I had planned to take the six o'clock train. I quite finished my business with Saradokis last night. He's a brilliant business man. Too bad he has that silly whim about you."

Jim did not answer. He called to Henderson and asked him to have the automobile sent to the quarter-house. He himself took Freet to the train. They talked construction work all the way and parted amiably. Then Jim returned to his belated office work.

The last letter that he opened was from the Director of the Service. It explained to Jim that while the Director had complete faith in Jim's engineering ability and integrity, Jim's unpopularity, not only with the public but with the investigating committees, made his resignation seem expedient for the good of the Service. It was with extreme regret and with full appreciation of what Jim had done for the Service that the Director asked for Jim's resignation, three months from date.

Jim folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Then he stared out of the door at the Elephant. The great beast was silent in the afterglow.

Jim Plans a Last Fight

"The coyotes are going, leaving behind them bleaching bones. The Indians are going, leaving a few arrowheads and water vessels. What will the whites leave?" *Musings of the Elephant.*

JIM was angry. All night he lay staring into the dark with his wrath accumulating until it finally focused itself, not on the Director or on Sara or on the farmers, but on himself! He reviewed the years mercilessly. He saw how he had refused again and again to shoulder the responsibilities that belonged to him—belonged, because of his fitness to carry them. Charlie Tuck and Iron Skull both had done what they could to make him see, but wrapped in his futile dreams he had refused to look. Long before he had left Exham, he told himself, his father had tried to set him on the right path, but he always had put off the quest on which his father would have sent him, always thrust it over into to-morrow when to-day was waiting for his start.

The very peak of his anger was reached when it suddenly came home to Jim that he had failed his father, had proved renegade to old Exham.

Three months! A cool dismissal after over eight years in which his heart's blood had been given to the Service! Jim groaned, then sat erect.

"Serves you right, you dreaming fool! Nobody to blame but yourself! Three months! And in that time the farmers will elect Fleckenstein to Congress, and the open fight for repudiation will be on!"

Jim groaned again. Then abruptly he jumped out of bed, turned on the light, and looked at the little picture of Pen on the wall.

"Pen," he said, "Fleckenstein sha'n't be elected! I'm going out of this Project fighting like a hound. I've been a quitter all my life, I'll admit, but I'm going to put up my fists at the end. I'll rush the work here and I'll keep Fleckenstein out of Congress. I'll spend no time belly-aching, but I'll stand up to this like a man. Honestly I will, Penelope."

Jim's first move the next day was to ride along the irrigation canal to a point where his irrigation engineer was watching the work on a small power station.

"Hello, Marlow, how is Murphy doing?"

Marlow laughed. "I made him timekeeper. He's assumed the duties of police-

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man, ward boss, and advertising agent for you."

"Where is he?" asked Jim.

"Coming right along the road there now."

Jim started the machine on to meet the stocky figure that Marlow pointed out.

Murphy grinned broadly as Jim invited him into the machine. "I want to talk to you, Murphy. How does the job go?"

"Aw, it's no job! It's a joy-ride. I thought I knew every farmer in the county, but I didn't. A new one turns up every day to tell the Little Boss how to irrigate."

"Murphy," said Jim, "how do you size up Fleckenstein?"

Murphy looked at Jim curiously. "Just like every one else does—as a crook."

"How much pull has he with the farmers?"

Murphy shrugged his shoulders. "How much pull would the divil himself have if he promised repudiation? Tell me that, boss."

"Is the chap who is running against him any good?"

"Who—Ives? Is a bag of jelly an implement of war? What have you got in your mind, boss?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Murphy, I've just come to! The election is just three months off, isn't it? I am going to try to lick Fleckenstein in that time."

"Can't be done, boss, unless you'll take the stump yourself."

"Of course that's out of the question," replied Jim; "but this is what I'm going to do: I'm going to see every farmer in the valley and have a good talk with him. I'm going to make him see this Project as I do. And I'm going to send for half a dozen of the best men in the Department of Agriculture to come out here and get the newcomers interested in scientific farming. I'm not going to mention Fleckenstein's name."

Murphy looked at Jim, then out at the irrigating ditch along which the machine was moving slowly. "Boss," he said, "go ahead if it'll ease you up any, but you might as well try to fight a hydrophobia skunk with a perfume atomizer as to try them high-brow methods on Fleckenstein."

Jim laughed. "Well, do you know of a better method, Murphy?"

"Yes, the good old-fashioned way of putting up more whisky, more money, and more free rides than the other fellow does."

Jim turned the machine back toward the power station. "Of course, you know that that's impossible, Murphy."

"Well, what do you want me to do, boss?" asked Murphy.

"To-morrow is Sunday," said Jim. "I want you to come up to my house and discuss with me the characteristics of every man in the valley. I don't know any one better qualified to do it."

"I'll be there," said Murphy, climbing from the machine. He watched Jim drive away. "There's something about him that gets under my skin," said the ex-saloonkeeper. "I'll be holding his hand next. Poor snoozer! Think of him trying to fight mud like Fleckenstein. But I'll back him, if it'll relieve his mind any."

Jim was at the dam again by mid-afternoon. Suma-theek rode up the long hill with him and, moved by a sudden impulse, Jim told the old Indian of his dismissal. Suma-theek's comment was a grunt—but Jim understood. Jim found Pen with Mrs. Flynn in the shining little kitchen of his abode.

"Penelope," he said, "is there any way we can rob Sara of his poison fangs? Certainly, sending him away will do little good. I have been thinking of giving him his choice of being under espionage or of being turned over to the Government. I've played with him, Pen, a little too long. Now that it's too late I'm going to lock the door."

Mrs. Flynn looked frightened. She never had seen this expression on Jim's face before. The scowl between his eyes was deep, his jaw was tense, and his eyes were too large and too bright. But Pen's face flushed eagerly.

"You are angry at last, Jimmy! Thank Heaven for that! We can watch Sara easily if you will use your authority. And oh, I do so want to stay and help! Your temper is touched at last, Jim. I am grateful to Freet for that."

Jim nodded grimly. "Will you go over to the tent with me? Or had I better have it out with Sara alone?"

"Neither," said Pen. "I'll settle him myself. I feel like having a scrap with some one. What else are you going to do, Still? Shall you report Freet?"

"That's out of the question. Freet is the least of my troubles, anyhow. I'll tell you all my plans." He looked from Mrs. Flynn, whose anxious eyes did not leave his face, to Pen, with her cheeks showing the scarlet

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of excitement. Something in their tense interest in him was suddenly very comforting to Jim, and he smiled at them. And though it was a little strained, it was the old flashing, sweet smile that those who knew him loved.

"I don't know how I'm to get through the next few weeks," he said, "unless you two are very kind and polite to me."

Mrs. Flynn suddenly threw her apron over her head. "God knows," she sobbed, "I've waited for you to smile this weary time!"

Jim made a long stride across the room and hugged Mrs. Flynn boyishly. "Didn't you tell me you felt like my mother? Don't you know mothers have to see through their boys' stupidity and selfishness down to the real trouble that lies underneath?"

Mrs. Flynn wiped her eyes on her apron. "God knows I'm an old fool," she said. "Change that dirty khaki suit so's I can wash it."

Jim chuckled and turned to Pen. She was watching the little tableau with all her hungry heart in her eyes. "Pen! Oh, my dearest!" breathed Jim. Then he paused with a glance at his near-mother, who immediately began to rattle the stove-lids.

"Get out and take a walk, the two of you. God knows I'm a good Catholic, but there's some things— Get out, the two of you! Let your nerves ease up a bit."

Out on the trail Jim spoke a little breathlessly. "Pen! If you would just let me put my head down on your shoulder, if you'd put your dear cheek on mine and smooth my hair, the heaven of it would carry me through the next few weeks. Just that much, Pen, is all I'd ask for!"

Tears were in Pen's eyes as she looked up into the fine, pleading face. "Jim, I can't."

"You wouldn't be taking it from Sara!"

"Sara! Poor Sara! He wants no embraces from any one! I'm no more married to Sara than a nurse to her patient. But I mean that as long as things are as they are, the honest thing, the safe thing, is for me not to—to—oh, Jim, it's not square to any of us. We must keep on the straight, clear basis of friendship."

But Jim had seen Pen's heart in her eyes, and the call of it was almost more than his lonely heart could bear.

"Great heavens, Pen!" he cried. "Life is too short! We need each other so! What does it profit us or the world that all your wealth of tenderness should go unspent and all my hunger for it unsatisfied? If your touch on my hair will brace me for the fight of my life, why should you deny it to me? Only your cheek to mine is all I ask, Penny."

Pen looked up at the pleading beauty of Jim's eyes. "Don't beg me, Jim," she half whispered, "or I think my heart will break."

The two looked away from each other to the Elephant. The great beast seemed to sleep in the afternoon sun.

"Tell me about your plans, Still," said Pen, her voice not altogether steady. Jim told Pen of his plans made during the night.

"Oh, Jim," said Pen, "it's fine. You're bound to win. I'll go in and talk with Sara."

"Better let me," said Jim.

"No," said Pen. "Every woman has an inalienable right to bully and intimidate her own husband."

Jim laughed and left her reluctantly. Pen went into the tent. Sara was looking flushed and tired. The look had been growing on him of late. He had been unusually tractable for a day or so, and Pen's heart smote her as she greeted him. No matter how he tried, Sara never ceased to be a pitiful and tragic figure to her in his wrecked and aborted youth.

"Sara," she said, her voice very gentle and her touch very tender as she held a glass of water for him, "Jim wanted to come in and talk to you, but I wouldn't let him."

Sara pushed the glass away. "Why not?"

"Because you and he quarrel so, Sara. You warned Jim that you would ruin him. He says you may have your choice of being watched or turned over to the authorities."

"He is a muttonhead!" said Sara. "I suppose he thinks the crux of the matter is that séance with Freet. As if I'd do as coarse work as that if he could come back on me. That's what I'd like, to be turned over to the authorities. Couldn't I tell a pretty story about the meeting with Freet up here? Freet actually thought Jim would come across with the contract! But that wasn't what I was after."

"Sara, when you talk like that, I despise you," said Pen.

"You despise me because I'm a cripple,"

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returned Sara. "Why can't you be honest about it?"

"Don't you know me yet, Sara?" asked Pen, sitting down on the foot of his couch and looking at him entreatingly. "Don't you know that if you had taken your injury like a man, you'd have gotten a hold on my tenderness and respect that nothing could have destroyed? Sara, I've watched you degenerate for eight years, but I never realized to what a depth you had sunk until you came to the Project."

"What do you see in the Project?" said Sara. "What does it really matter whether private or public interests control it? Who really cares?"

"Lots of people care. Jim cares."

"Pshaw!" sneered Sara. "All Jim Manning really cares about is his own pig-headed sense of race and nationality."

"Jim needs that sense for his propelling power," said Pen. "I believe that just as soon as a man loses his sense of nationality, he loses a lot of his social force. Love of country—a man that hasn't it lacks something very fine, like family pride and honor. Jim's sense of race is the key-note to his character. And just as much as the New Englanders have lost that sense, have they lost their grip on the trend of the nation. They are the type that can't do without it."

Sara grunted. "You ask Jim if he ever heard of locking the barn too late. Tell him to bring on his armed guards."

Pen was startled. "Sara, what have you done?"

Sara laughed. "If you and Jim don't know, I'm not the proper one to tell you! One of your gentlemen friends is outside, evidently waiting for you."

Pen looked out. Old Suma-theek was standing on the trail, arms folded, watching the tent patiently. He had had one interview with Sara soon after the crippled man had appeared at the dam. The talk had been desultory and in Pen's presence, but never after could the old Indian be induced to come into the tent.

"He like a broken-back snake, your buck," he had said calmly to Pen, whom he had obviously adored from the first.

Pen came down the trail to see what Suma-theek wanted. She knew there was no hurrying him, so she sat down on a stone and waited. Suma-theek seated himself beside her and rolled a cigarette.

After he had smoked half of it, he said: "Boss Still Jim, he heap sad in his heart."

Pen nodded.

"You love him, Pen Squaw?" asked Suma-theek earnestly.

"We all do," replied Pen. "He and I have known each other many, many years."

"Don't talky-talk!" cried Suma-theek impatiently. "I mean you love him with a big love?"

Pen looked into Suma-theek's face. She had grown very close to the old Indian. And then as if the flood in her heart were beyond her control, she said: "You will never tell, Suma-theek?" and as the Apache shook his head she went on eagerly: "I love him so much that after a while I must go away, old friend, or my heart will break!"

The old Indian shook his head wonderingly. "Whites are crazy fools!" he groaned. "You sabez he be here only three months more?"

Pen started. "What do you mean, Suma-theek?"

"You no tell 'em," warned the old chief. "He tell Suma-theek this morning. Big Boss in Washington tell 'em he only stay three months, then he be on any Projects no more."

Pen sat appalled. "Oh, Suma-theek, that can't be true! You couldn't have heard right. I'll go and ask him now."

Suma-theek laid a hand on her arm. "You no talk to him about it. You last one he want to know. I tell you so you go love him, then he no care what happen."

"Oh, Suma-theek, you don't understand! He loves the dam. It will break his heart to leave it with his work unfinished. Even I couldn't comfort him for that. Are you sure you are right?"

Yet even as she repeated the question, Pen's own sick heart answered. This was what had put the new strain into Jim's face, the new pleading into his voice. "How shall I help him?" she moaned.

"You no tell him, you sabez," repeated Suma-theek. "He want you think he boss here long as he can. All mens like that with their squaw."

"I won't tell him," promised Pen. "But what shall I do!"

She clasped and unclasped her fingers, then she sprang to her feet. "I know! I know!"

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FREET HESITATED; JIM WENT ON DRYLY: "UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT IS HARDLY IN GOOD TASTE FOR YOU TO REMAIN. IT MIGHT LOOK AS IF YOU AND I WERE HAVING A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT ON THE PRICE OF DAMS."

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The Silent Campaign

"I have seen that those humans who seek strength from Nature never fail to find it."
Musings of the Elephant.

SUMA-THEEK waited eagerly. "I'll send for Uncle Denny," said Pen. "He'll leave anything to help Jim."

Suma-theek nodded. "Good medicine. He that fat uncle that love the Big Boss. I sabez him. You get 'em here quick." And Suma-theek sighed with the air of one who had accomplished something.

"I'll telephone a night telegram to Cabillo," said Pen. "He ought to be here in a week. But we mustn't tell the Big Boss or he wouldn't let us do it."

Suma-theek nodded and strolled off.

When Pen sent the night telegram, she telephoned to Jane Ames, getting her promise to come up to the dam the next day.

After Sara was asleep that night Pen slipped over to talk with Mrs. Flynn. The two women were good friends. But Mrs. Flynn was not in her kitchen, nor was she in her little bedroom. Pen wandered into the living-room. Mrs. Flynn was not there, but Jim was lying on the couch asleep, his hat on the floor beside him. For many moments Pen stood looking at him. Sleep robbed Jim of his guard of self-control. The man lying on the couch with face relaxed, lips parted, hair tumbled, looked like the boy whom Pen many a time had wakened on the hearth-rug of the old library.

Suddenly, with a little sob, Pen dropped on her knees beside the couch and laid her cheek against Jim's. She felt him wake with a start, then she felt a hand that trembled laid gently on her head.

"Heart's dearest, this is mighty good of you," said Jim huskily.

Pen did not answer, but she put her hand up and smoothed his hair back from his forehead. Jim seized her fingers and carried them to his lips.

"Sweetheart," he said brokenly, "how am I going to bear it without you or—or anything? Oh, Pen, let's go back to Exham and begin all over again!"

Penelope lifted her head and slipped back until she was sitting on the floor beside the couch with Jim holding both her hands against his hot cheek.

"You will do this often, won't you, dear?" asked Jim.

Pen shook her head. "Jimmy, about twice more like this and I'd be actually thinking seriously of leaving Sara and marrying you. God help me to keep from ever doing as yellow a thing as that. But somehow, to-night, I thought that just this once would help us both through all the hard months to come. And its memory will be mighty sweet. We—we need a memory to take some of the bitterness out of it all. Still, if I'm wrong in doing this, why, the blame is mine alone."

Jim lay silently, holding her hands closer and closer, looking into her face with eyes that did not waver.

Pen smiled and disengaged one hand to smooth his hair again. "I'm a poor preacher. My life is just an endless struggle not to let my mistakes wreck other people as well as myself. Jim, the thing that will be bigger than all we've missed is to make you give the world all the fine force that is in you. We've *got* to save the dam for you and for the country. I shall be with you every moment, Jim, no matter where either of us is, bracing you with all the will I've got. Never forget that."

Little by little the steel lines crept over Jim's face again. "I shall not forget, little Pen. How sweet you are! How good! How less than a lump of dough I'd be if I didn't put up a good fight after this—dearest!"

In the silence that followed they did not take their gaze from each other. Then Pen started as Mrs. Flynn came in at the front door and stopped with her mouth wide open. But Jim would not free Pen's hand.

"Mother Flynn must have guessed," he said slowly, "and—she knows us both!"

Mrs. Flynn came over to the couch eagerly. "I do that!" she exclaimed, "and my heart is wore to a string, God knows, sorrowing for the two of you."

"I came in to see you and found Jim asleep, and he's got so much trouble ahead of him I couldn't help trying to comfort him just this once. I'll never do it again," said Pen, like a child.

Mrs. Flynn threw her apron over her head, then pulled it down again to say: "God knows, I'm a good Catholic, but I'm glad you did it. Don't I know what a touch of the hand means to remember! Is there a day of my life I don't live over every caress Timothy Flynn ever gave me! Would I sit in judgment on two as fine as I know the both of you are! I'm going to make us a cup of tea for our nerves."

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Jim swung his long legs off the couch and lifted Pen to her feet. "The two of you have tea," he said. "I've had a better tonic. I'm going out for a look at the night shift."

By the time that Mrs. Flynn had bustled about and produced the tea, Pen had regained her composure, and was ready to tell Mrs. Flynn of the errand that had brought her to the house, which was to say that when Jane Ames came up on the morrow the three were to have a council of war on how to help Jim. Wild horses could not have dragged from her what Suma-theek had told her, since Jim so evidently wanted it kept a secret. Nevertheless, all that a woman could do, possessing that knowledge, Pen was going to do.

Neither Oscar nor Murphy had any faith in Jim's "silent campaign." But his own quiet fervor was such that after that Sunday afternoon's talk, both men pledged themselves to help him. Murphy was to play the part of watch-dog. Oscar was to work among the farmers.

Oscar Ames never did anything by halves. With Jane urging him from without and his new-found faith in Jim urging him from within, he turned his ranch over to the foreman and devoted himself utterly to Jim. Jim's eighteen hours a day often stretched into twenty, though he sometimes dozed in his office-chair or in the automobile with Oscar, who was reveling in his new-learned accomplishment of driving—at a snail's pace.

During this period Pen saw him only occasionally, for she was much occupied with Sara, who was not so well, when she was not in the valley with Jane Ames talking Jim's cause to the farmers' wives. Even when Pen did see Jim, he talked very little. It seemed to her that in his fear lest the secret of his dismissal escape him, he had gone into himself and shut the door even against her.

They did not speak again of watching Sara, but Pen knew that no mail left their tent, no visitor came and went without surveillance. If Sara knew of this he made no comment. In fact, he did very little now save smoke and stare idly out of the door. Reports of Jim's campaign reached Pen quite regularly, however. Oscar was a very steady source of information.

"He don't say much, you know, and that's what makes a hit," Oscar told Pen and Jane. "For instance, he went over to old Miguel's ranch. Miguel's one of the fellows that's been accusing the boss of raising the cost of the dam so's he could steal the money. Boss, he found old Miguel looking over his ditch that's over a hundred years old. And the boss, he says, as common as an old shoe:

" 'Wish I owned the place my father built a hundred years ago, Señor Miguel!' "

"Miguel he had had his mind made up for a fight, but started off telling the boss about old Spanish days in the valley, and the boss, he sits nodding and smoking Miguel's rotten cigarettes and smiling at him sort of sad and friendly like, until old Miguel he thinks the boss is the only man he ever met that understood him. After two straight hours of this, the boss he says he'll have to go, but he wishes old Miguel would come up and spend the day and dine with him. Says he's got some serious problems he'd like old Miguel's opinion on. And old Miguel, he follows us clear out to the main road where we left the machine, and he tells the boss his house is his, and his wife and his daughters and sons are his, and his horses and cattle are his, and that he will be glad to come up and show him how to build the dam."

"Mrs. Flynn says he's having some farmer up to supper nearly every night," said Jane. "Oscar, how comes it you always speak of Mr. Manning as 'the boss,' now? You never would call any other man that."

Oscar squared his big shoulders. "He's the only man I ever met I thought knew more than I do. You ought to hear the things he can tell you about dam-building. And he's full of other ideas, too. A lot of what you folks put down as stuck-upedness is just quietness on his part while he thinks. I'm trying to pound that into these bull-headed ranchers round here. I tell 'em how to make sand-cement, for instance, and then ask 'em if a fellow didn't have to keep his mouth shut and saw wood while he thought a thing like that out. I'm willing to call him boss all right. He's got more in his head than sand-cement, too. Last night we was coming home, just before supper. He'd been on the job since four in the morning, and I knew he had to get back and work half the night on office work, and I says:

" 'Boss, what will you get out of it to pay you for half killing yourself this way?'

"He didn't answer me for a long time; then he begun to tell me a story about how he and another fellow went through the

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Makon cañon and how that other fellow felt about it, and how he was drowned, and how he had some verses that that fellow taught him, printed on his gravestone. Thought I'd remember those lines. They made me feel more religious than anything I've heard at church. Something about 'Sons of Martha.'"

Pen had been listening, her heart in her eyes, trying not to envy Oscar his long days with Jim. Now she leaned forward eagerly.

"Oh, I know what he quoted to you—

"Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,—
Lo, it is black already with blood some Sons of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given to his own kind, in their common need."

The three sat silent for a moment, then Oscar nodded. "That's them. He said he never got their full meaning till just lately, and now he's trying to live up to 'em."

When Oscar was not with Jim, he brought visitors to the dam. These visitors were farmers and business men from the entire Project. Ames was careful to time the visits so that about the time he strolled up to the dam-site with the callers, Jim would be on his tour of inspection. Oscar would then follow unostentatiously in Jim's wake, but close enough to get a good idea of the ground that Jim covered. Often he would make Jim stop and give an explanation of some point the visitors could not understand. Penelope, consumed with curiosity, joined the touring party one day.

"I wish you could see him in full action," Oscar was saying. "Like the day of the flood or the night Dad Robins was killed. He can handle fifteen hundred men better'n I handle my three. Now you watch him. Those there fellows he's joshing have been with him seven years. You ought to hear their stories about driving the tunnel up on the Makon. Say, he'd go right in with 'em. Never asked 'em to go anywhere he wouldn't go himself. They all laugh at us farmers, those rough-necks. Say we don't know a real man when we see one."

The bronzed, elderly man who was with Oscar listened intently. Oscar went on:

"The details on a place like this are enough to drive a man crazy. He dassent let 'em pour concrete without him or his cement expert is round. If the rocks aren't just right or the surface of the section isn't just right, or they slip up a little on the mixture, the whole thing will go to thunder some day. He's got to spend ten million dollars with eighty million people watching him, and all us farmers kicking every minute. How'd you like his job?"

"He was over at my place the other day," said the farmer. "I see how he got his nickname. But he's awful easy to talk to. I got to telling him what a hard time I had the first year or two I was irrigating alfalfa, and how I get five good cuttings a year now regular. He wants me to show that new fellow, Hunt, how I did it. Guess I will. I always thought Manning hated the farmers, but I guess he was just busy with his own troubles."

Pen fell back and climbed the trail to a point where she could look down on Jim. He was listening to his master mechanic, interjecting a word now and then at which his subordinate nodded eagerly. Pen wondered sadly what Jim would do with his life when he could no longer work for the Projects.

As she sauntered on along the trail to meet Bill Evans exploding into camp with the mail, she was thinking back over Jim's life, and of how much of it had been spent in listening rather than in speaking. His silence, she thought, was a part of his great personal charm. From it his companions got a sense of a keen, sympathetic intelligence focused entirely on their own problems that was very attractive. Somehow, Pen had faith that his campaign of silence would defeat Fleckenstein.

Bill had a lone passenger in his tonneau. Pen's pulse quickened as the machine reached her side. Bill stopped with his usual flourish, and Uncle Denny, without waiting to open the door, which was fastened with binding-wire, climbed out over the front seat.

"Pen! Pen! The door of me heart has hung sagging and open ever since you left!"

Uncle Denny Gets Busy

"Coyotes breed only with coyotes. Men talk much of pride of race, yet they will breed with any color."
Musings of the Elephant.

PEN clung to Uncle Denny with a breathless sob. She had not realized how heavy her burden was until Uncle Denny had come to share it.

"Uncle Denny! You didn't answer my

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telegram and I didn't dare hope you would get here."

"Where is Jim, Penny, and how is me boy?"

"I'll take you to him now. He has no idea of your coming. Bill, we will walk. Take the trunk on up to Mr. Manning's house, will you?"

"I was afraid 'twould get out, and I knew he'd never stand for my coming out to help. That's why I sent you no word," said Uncle Denny, beginning to puff up the trail beside Pen.

"He's just the same old Jim," said Pen, "but under a terrific strain just now, of course. You can understand from my letters just how great that is."

"And Sara?" asked Uncle Denny.

"Not so well," replied Pen. "He is very quiet these days. There is the first glimpse of the dam, Uncle Denny."

Uncle Denny stopped and wiped the sweat out of his eyes with his silk handkerchief. He gazed in silence for a moment at the mammoth foundations, over which the workmen ran like ants. "'Twas but a hole in the ground when I last saw it," he said. "Pen, it's so big you can't compass it in your mind. And they are pecking at me boy while he builds mountains!"

"There he is!" exclaimed Pen, pointing to the tower foot.

"It is! It's Still Jim! Is me collar entirely wilted?"

Pen laughed. "Uncle Denny, you're as fussed as a girl at meeting her sweetheart! You look beautiful and you know it. There! He sees us!"

Uncle Denny lost a little of his color and stood still. Jim came striding down the road. His eyes were black with feeling. Without a word he threw his arms around Dennis and hugged that rotund person off his feet.

"Still Jim, me boy!" cried Uncle Denny. "I've come out to lick the world for ye!"

Jim loosened his bear hug and stepped back. His smile was brilliant.

"Uncle Denny, you look like a tailor's ad! Doesn't he, little Penelope?"

There was something in Jim's voice as he spoke Pen's name that Michael Dennis understood as clearly as if Jim had shouted his feeling for Pen in his ear.

"I'm starving to death," he said hastily. "Take me home, Still. Come along, Pen."

Mrs. Flynn was surveying the trunk as it stood on end in the living-room. She was talking rapidly to herself, and as the three came up on the porch she cried: "I said 'twas you, Mr. Dennis! I told myself fifty times 'twas your trunk and still myself kept contradicting me. You are as handsome as a Donegal dude. Leave me out to the kitchen till I get an early supper!"

After supper Jim and Dennis sat for a short time over their pipes before Jim left for some office work.

"Tell me what to do first," said Uncle Denny, "and I'll start a campaign against Fleckenstein that'll turn the valley upside down. That's what I came out for. I'll fix them, the jackals!"

"Uncle Denny, it won't do," answered Jim slowly. "The uncle of a Project engineer can't carry on a political campaign in his behalf. You'd just get me in deeper with the public."

Uncle Denny stared. "But I came out for that very thing!"

"I thought you had just come out for one of your usual visits. It won't do, dear Uncle Denny. I can't say anything against Fleckenstein, nor must you."

"Me boy," said Michael Dennis, "all the public sentiment on earth can't keep me from fighting Fleckenstein. Pen sent for me and I'm here."

"Pen sent for you?" repeated Jim. "Why, Pen should not have done that."

"This is a poor welcome, Jim," said Uncle Denny, immeasurable reproach in his voice.

Jim sprang to his feet and put a long brown hand on Uncle Denny's shoulder. "You can't mean that, Uncle Denny. It's meat and drink to me to have you here. You can't doubt it."

"I can't indeed," agreed Dennis heartily. "And somehow I'm going to help. Go get your work done and then call for me at Pen's house."

Jim had been in the office but a few minutes when he came out again and stood on the edge of the cañon, staring at the silhouette of the Elephant against the night stars. After a moment he turned up the trail toward the tent-house. He entered without ceremony and stood—a tall, slender, commanding figure—against the white of the tent wall. His eyes were big and bright. His lips were stiff as he looked at Sara and said:

"You are fully even now, Saradokis.

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I've a notion to kill you as I would a rattler."

The tent was bright with lamplight. The red and black Navajo across Sara's cot was motionless over the outline of his great legs, as if it covered a dead man. Uncle Denny stared at Jim without stirring. His florid face paled a little and his bright Irish eyes did not blink.

Pen could see a tiny patch that Mrs. Flynn had put on the knee of Jim's riding-breeches. There swept over her a sudden appreciation of his utter simplicity and sincerity under all the stupendous responsibilities he had assumed, not only in the building of the dam, but in his less tangible building for the nation. As he stood before them, she saw him not as a man, but as the boy Uncle Denny often had described to her, announcing the vast discovery of his life-work. Had he known the bitter years ahead of him, would he have chosen the same? she wondered.

"I found two interesting communications in my mail to-night," said Jim slowly. "One is a letter from the Washington office containing clippings from Eastern papers. Some reporter announces that he has discovered a fully developed scheme of mine and Freet's to sell out to the Transatlantic people. He gives a twisted version of the conversation here the other night that sounds like conclusive evidence. The matter is so well handled that even the Washington office is convinced that I'm a crook. The local papers will, of course, copy this."

Sara did not stir. Jim moistened his lips. "While I knew that I lived under a cloud of suspicion," he said, "I thought to be able to leave the Service with nothing worse than suspicion on my name. I shall never be able to live this down. Yet this is not the worst. I received to-night also an anonymous letter. It states that unless I drop my silent campaign, the name of the wife of my crippled friend will be coupled with mine in an unpleasant manner."

Pen's eyes were for a moment horror-stricken. Then they blazed with anger. And, so suddenly that Jim and Dennis hardly saw her leave her chair, she sprang over to Sara's couch and struck him across the mouth with her open hand. The stillness in the room for a second was complete, except that Sara breathed heavily as he rose to his elbow.

"I may or may not have produced the newspaper copy, but so help me the God I have blasphemed, I have never used Pen's name."

"But you have," said Jim. "You used it before Freet. You probably have cursed me out before Fleckenstein as you did before him or Ames!"

"Oh, Jim, what have we done to you, Sara and I!" cried Pen brokenly.

"I shall have to give up the fight a little earlier, that is all," answered Jim. "Don't feel bad, Pen. If I only had some way of punishing Sara and stopping his mischief. Though it's too late now."

"Just be patient, Jim," said Sara. "My mischief will soon end."

Pen had heard only the first sentence of Jim's answer. She stood beside the table, white to the lips. "Jim, if you want to wreck my life, stop the fight! Do you suppose, except for the moment's shame, I care what they say about me? If you will only go on with your fight, Jim, let them say what they will. I can stand it. My strength—my strength—" Pen paused with a little sob, as if Uncle Denny reminded her of her girlhood dreams, "my strength is in the eternal hills!

"I have lived with George Saradokis all these years," Pen went on, "and he's almost broken my faith in life. When I found I could help you, Jim, I thought that I was making up for some of the wrong of my marriage. I even thought that I'd go through my marriage again because it had taught me how to help you fight. Jim, it will ruin my life if you stop now!"

And Pen suddenly dropped her face in her hands and broke down entirely. Jim never had seen her cry. He took a step toward her, then looked pitifully at Uncle Denny.

Uncle Denny sprang from his chair. "Go on out, Jim," he said. Then he folded Pen in his arms. "Rest here, sweet tired bird," he said in his rich voice. "Rest here, for I love you with all me soul."

Jim's lips quivered. He went out into the night and once more climbed the Elephant's back. For a long time he sat too exhausted by his emotions to think. With head resting on his arms he let the night wind sweep across him until little by little his brain cleared and he looked about him. Far and wide, the same wonder of the desert night: the stars, so low, so tender, so inscrutable; the sky so deep, so utterly compassionate; the far black scratch of the river

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"SWEETHEART," HE SAID BROKENLY, "HOW AM I GOING TO BEAR IT WITHOUT YOU OR—OR ANYTHING? OH, PEN, LET'S GO BACK TO EXHAM AND BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN!"

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on the silver desert, the distant black lift of the mountains—Pen's eternal hills.

Over the flag-pole on the office the flag rippled and floated, sank and rose, dancing like a child in the joy of living. Jim looked at it wistfully. Flag that his forefathers had fashioned from the fabric of their vision: must the vision be forgotten? It was a great vision, fit to cover the yearnings of the world. His grandfather had fought for it at Antietam. His father had lost it and had died, bewildered and hungry of soul. Was he himself to lose it, son of vision-seekers?

The Elephant beneath him seemed to listen for Jim's reply. "God knows," said Jim aloud, "I would not deny the vision to all the immigrant world. All I ask is that we who made the vision might have known how to keep it and how to have taught it to these others. For I believe in it just as my fathers did. You can scoff, old Elephant! You can say that only time is real. But eternity is made of soul-fights like mine—and Pen's."

Suddenly there came to him the words of the blind poet that Pen had quoted to him days before:

> What though the field be lost?
> All is not lost; th' unconquerable will . . .
> And courage never to submit or yield:
> And what is else, not to be overcome.

Jim suddenly rose with his blood quickened. "'Not to be overcome!' And, God, what stakes to fight for! To build my father's dream in stone and to make a valley empire out of the tragedy of a woman's soul!"

With renewed strength Jim went down the trail, across the cañon, and up to his house.

Uncle Denny was waiting for him. It was nearly midnight. He had kindled a fire in the grate and was brewing some tea. "Mrs. Flynn would have it you'd fallen off a peak, but I got her to bed. Have some tea, me boy."

Uncle Denny's voice was cheerful though his eyes were red. He watched Jim anxiously.

"You should have gone to bed yourself, Uncle Denny. I have a letter to write, then I'm going to turn in."

Uncle Denny's hand shook as he poured the tea. "I had to see you, Still, because I promised Pen I'd go back over there to-night and tell her what your decision was."

Jim caught up his hat. "I'll go!"

But Uncle Denny laid his hand on Jim's arm. "No, me boy. Pen's had all she can stand to-night. I'll take her your word. What shall it be, Still?"

Jim brought his fist down on the table. "Tell her, with her help, I'll keep up the fight!"

Uncle Denny's blue eyes blazed. "I'm prouder of the two of you than I am of me Irish name," he said and, seizing his hat, he hurried out.

While he was gone Jim wrote this note:

> My dear Mr. Secretary: Some time ago I wrote you that I did not think an engineer should be asked to build the dam and at the same time handle the human problems connected with the Project. Subsequent events lead me to believe that, as your letter suggests, it is the duty of the Government to look on these Projects not as engineering problems so much as the building of small democracies that may become the living nuclei for the rebirth of all that America once stood for. I do not believe that I am big enough for such a job, but I am putting up a fight. I have been asked to resign within a few weeks. I think, looking at the matter from the point of view I have just expressed, that I am dismissed with justice. This letter is to ask you to see that my successor is chosen with the care that you would give to the founder of a colony.

Uncle Denny returned, and waited until Jim had finished his letter. Then he said: "Sara spoke just once after you left. He denied any knowledge of the anonymous letter."

"I'm going to put it up to Fleckenstein," said Jim. "The newspaper dope, of course, was Sara's. I can only ignore that, except to answer any questions the farmers may put to me about it. How is Pen?"

"She cried it out on my shoulder after you left and felt better for the tears. Your message will send her to sleep. Still Jim, if I had a jury of atheists and could put Pen on the stand and make her give her philosophy as she has sweated it out of her young soul, I could make them all believe in the eternal God and His mighty plans. To be bigger than circumstance—that's the acid test for human character."

Jim nodded and looked into the fire. This suggestion that he might be the instrument of a mighty plan—he and Pen and Uncle Denny—awed him. Uncle Denny eyed the fine, drooping brown head for a moment.

"Ah, me boy! Me boy!" he said tenderly. "The old house at Exham is not a futile ruin. 'Tis the cocoon that gave birth to the butterfly wings of a great hope. Look up,

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Still; you've friends with you till the end of the fight."

Jim reached for Michael Dennis's hand and held it with both his own while he said: "Stay with me for a month or two, Uncle Denny. Don't go away. I need you. I've neither wife nor father, and I haven't the gift of speech that makes a man friends."

Jim was off the next morning before daylight. Uncle Denny slept late, and while he was eating his breakfast the former saloonkeeper, Murphy, came in.

"The Big Boss sent me up to spend the day with you, Mr. Dennis. He can't get back till late in the afternoon. He told me to talk Project politics to you. My name is Murphy. I'm timekeeper down below, but I've left the job for a while for reasons of my own."

Uncle Denny pulled a chair out for Murphy and looked at him thoughtfully.

"Do you know this jackal Fleckenstein?"

"I do. The boss showed me that letter. I suppose you know how a man like Mr. Manning would take to a fellow like Fleckenstein?"

"Know!" snorted Uncle Denny. "Why, young fellow, I'd know Jim's disembodied soul if I met it in an uninhabited desert."

Murphy raised his eyebrows. "You're Irish, I take it."

"You take it right."

"I was born in Dublin myself."

The two men shook hands, and Murphy went on. "I told the boss to forget that letter. I know Fleckenstein. I know all his secrets just as I do about every other man in the valley. I know their shames and their business grafts. In fact, I know everything but the best side of 'em. I've been in the saloon business in this valley for twenty years, Mr. Dennis."

"Ah!" said Uncle Denny. "I understand now!"

"All I've got to do," said Murphy, "is to drop in on Fleckenstein and mention this letter and suggest that my own information is what you might call detailed. 'Twill be enough."

"Of course, it might not be Fleckenstein," said Dennis.

"Never mind! My warning will reach the proper party, if I go to Fleckenstein," said Murphy. He smacked his lips over the cup of coffee Mrs. Flynn set before him.

"And how came you to be helping the boss instead of distributing booze?" asked Uncle Denny.

"I was about ready to quit anyhow," said Murphy. "A man gets sick of crooked deals if you give him time. And time was when a man could keep a saloon in this section and still be the leading citizen, and his wife could hold up her head with the banker's wife. That time's gone. I've been thinking for a long time of marrying and settling down. Then the boss cleaned me out," Murphy chuckled.

"How was that?" asked Dennis. Mrs. Flynn began to clear the table very slowly.

"Well, this is the way of it"— and Murphy told the story of his first meeting with Jim. "I've seen him in action, you see," he concluded, "and I'd be sorry for Fleckenstein if he crosses the boss's path."

"Jim'll never trouble himself to kick the jackal!" said Uncle Denny.

"Huh! You don't know that boy. There was a look in his eye this morning—God help Fleckenstein if he meets the Big Boss! but he'll avoid the boss like poison."

Uncle Denny shook his head. "What kind is Fleckenstein?"

"What kind of a man would be countenancing a letter like this?" Then Murphy laughed. "The first time I ever saw Fleckenstein, he was riding in the stage that ran west from Cabillo. Bill Evans was driving and Fleckenstein got to knocking this country and telling about the real folks back East. Bill stood it for an hour, then he turned round and said, 'Why, damn your soul, we make better men than you in this country out of binding-wire! What do you say to that?' And Fleckenstein shut up."

Uncle Denny chuckled. "Have a cigar. Is Jim making headway in this 'silent campaign' I'm hearing about?"

"Thanks," said Murphy. "Well, he is and he ain't. He's got a great personality, and everybody who gets his number will eat sand for him. He made a great speech at Cabillo, time of the hearing. He said the dam was his thumb-print, kind of like the mounds the Injuns left, I guess. People are kind of coupling that speech up now with him when they meet him, and they are beginning to have their doubts about his dishonesty. But I don't believe he can get his other idea across on the farmers and rough-necks in time to lick Fleckenstein."

"And what is his other idea?" asked Dennis.

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Murphy smoked and stared into space for a time before he answered. "I can best tell you that by giving you an incident. I went with Ames and the boss while he called on a farmer named Marshall. Marshall is a bright man and no drinker. He has been loud in his howls about the boss being incompetent, and kicking about the farmer having to pay the building charges. Marshall was cleaning his buckboard, and the boss, sort of easy-like, picks up a brush and starts to brush the cushion.

" 'My father used to make me sweep the chicken-coop,' says the boss. 'We were too poor to keep a horse. If I couldn't build a dam better than I used to sweep the coop, I'd deserve all you folks say about me.'

"He says this so sort of sad-like that Marshall can't help laughing, and he starts in telling how he used to sojer when he was a kid. And once started, with the boss looking like his heart would melt out of his eyes, Marshall kept it up till the whole of his life lay before the boss like a illustrated Sunday supplement.

"'You've had great experiences,' says the boss. 'I've not had as much experience in dealing with men as you have. I'm wondering if you would help me get this idea across with the folks round here. I want them to see this: that America has never made a more magnificent experiment to see if us folks can handle our own big business and pay a debt contracted by ourselves. I'd like to see this done, Marshall,' he says, sad-like, 'as a sort of last legacy of the New England spirit, for we old New Englanders are going, Marshall, same as the buffalo and the Indian.'

"Something about the way he said it sort of made your eyes sting, and Marshall says, rough-like, 'I'll think it over, and I'd just as soon tell what you said to the neighbors."

During this recital, Mrs. Flynn had drawn near, and now with eyes on Murphy she was absently polishing the teaspoon with the dust-cloth.

"Why don't you send some of those folks to me?" she cried. "I'd tell 'em a thing or two about the Big Boss. There's a letter over there now on the desk from the German government asking him questions and offering him a job. Incompetent!"

"And how do you know what's in the letter, Mrs. Flynn—if I may ask?" asked Uncle Denny with a wink at Murphy.

"Because I read it," returned Mrs. Flynn with shameless candor. "Somebody's got to keep track of the respects that's paid that poor boy or nobody'd ever know it. God knows I hate the Dutch, but they know a good man when they hear of one—better than the Americans. And I wish you two'd get out of here while I set the table for dinner."

The two men laughed and got their hats. "I'll meet you at the office shortly," said Uncle Denny. "I've a call to make."

Pen was sitting on the door-step when Uncle Denny came up. She was looking very tired and her cheeks were flushed. She rose and led him away from the tent.

"Sara is very sick, Uncle Denny. I've given him some morphine, but he'll be coming out of it soon. Will you telephone from the office for the doctor?"

"Is it the same old pain?" asked Dennis.

"Yes, only worse. I—I am to blame, in a way. He has been growing worse lately and any excitement is dreadful for him. And then I struck him, Uncle Denny. I shall never forgive myself for that. And yet this morning he laughed at it! He said he never had thought so much of me as he had for that slap."

Uncle Denny nodded. "He's deserved it a hundred times, Penny! That never made him worse. But this is no place for him. When I go back to New York you and he must go with me."

"Yes, I have felt the same way about the excitement here. We'll go when you say, Uncle Denny."

"Is the doctor here a good one?"

"Splendid! A Johns Hopkins man here for his health."

"What else can I do?" asked Uncle Denny. "Shall I come in and sit with him?"

"No; ask Mrs. Flynn to come over after dinner. You go out and see the dam and be proud of your boy."

"And of my girl," said Uncle Denny. He had been standing with his hat in his hand, and now he bent and kissed Pen's cheek.

Uncle Denny spent the morning on the dam. It was mid-afternoon when, climbing the road to the office with Jim, he was accosted by the doctor, who said gravely:

"Mr. Dennis, Mrs. Saradokis wants you. Her husband is very low."

*"**Still Jim**" will be concluded in the May number.*

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A NECKLACE OF EMERALDS AND PEARLS BELONGING TO THE LOUIS XIV ANTIQUE COMPANY. EMERALDS WERE NOTABLE AMONG THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS, ABOUT A THIRD OF WHICH CAME TO NEW YORK.

The SPRINGTIME GEM

By

VIRGINIA RODERICK

IMAGINE yourself in a room lined with cases of unmounted and unlabeled precious stones—glittering drops of clear light, glowing crystals of color, lying on satin or velvet in tones chosen to enhance their costly beauty. Suppose some one gives you a fine emerald and asks you to select from all these scores of stones those that you think most nearly related to the jewel in your hand. With that bit of lucent, velvety deep grass-green as a standard, you

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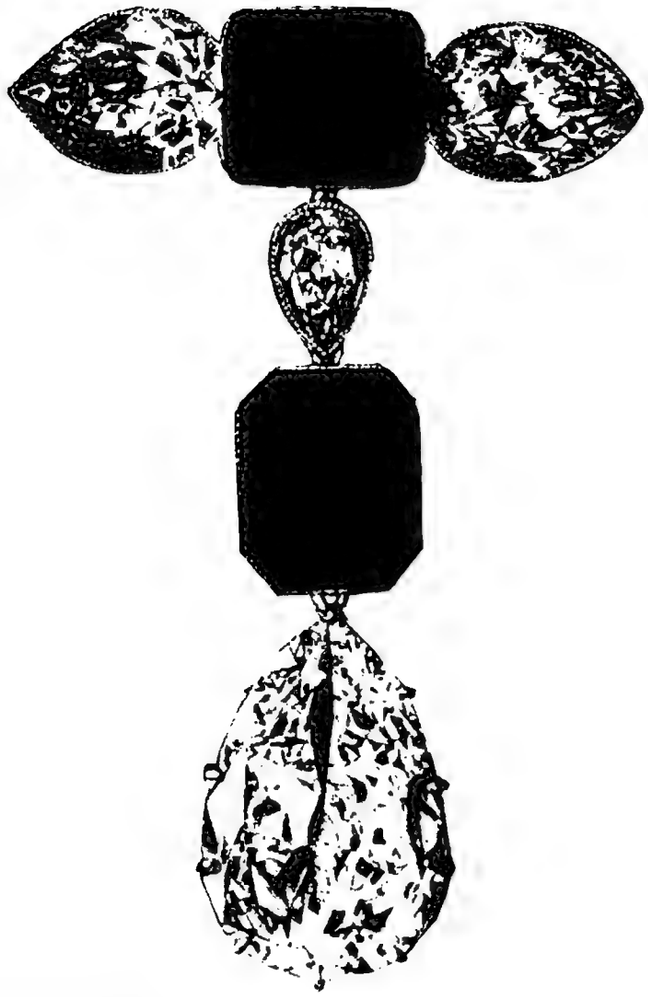

Courtesy of Black, Starr & Frost.

A BROOCH AND PENDANT OF OLD SPANISH EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS. FOR THE SAME SIZE, EMERALDS EXCEED DIAMONDS AND EQUAL RUBIES IN VALUE.

go about, choosing, comparing colors and transparency.

When you have finished, you will probably have selected half a dozen specimens of limpid green in varying shades—not one of them akin to your emerald. You may have a green tourmaline, perhaps; a green garnet; a bit of emerald-copper; a crystal of hiddenite; an alexandrite; a green sapphire; —and, if the collection is very rich, a green diamond. And you may have chosen out a pale green aquamarine, which is, indeed, own cousin to the emerald.

But, unless you are wiser than the average layman, you will have passed by the emerald's pink and blue and yellow cousins. For in one case we may assemble under the family label, *beryl*—our wonderful deep grass-green emerald; aquamarines that are true sea-water color; clear golden-yellow stones, like drops of honey—the golden beryl; beryl of a beautiful light blue, more brilliant than the sapphire; and the latest found of the family, pink morganite.

Look again now at all the green stones you have gathered; look at them for color alone; and you will see why the emerald is preeminent. There are lovely shades of green here; but no other stone has the rich, deep, bright, living color of the emerald, which at once rests and allures the eye. "It is springtime—always springtime," a great American gem expert who loved emeralds said to me—said it in a dingy office in busiest down-town New York, with eyes lighting as if it were indeed the fresh green of new leaves and grass that filled his vision.

For Pliny, the emerald out-greened Nature. "No other color," he said, "is so pleasing to the sight; for grass and green foliage we view indeed with pleasure, but emeralds with so much the greater delight, inasmuch as nothing in creation compared with them equals the intensity of their green. Besides, they are the only gems that fill the eye with their view, yet do not fatigue it."

Just now the perennial appeal of the emerald is specially reenforced. The wave of fashion, which affects jewels as well as sleeves and skirts, has tossed it high. It is

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Courtesy of Black, Starr & Frost.

COLOR IS THE FIRST TEST OF AN EMERALD. IT MUST SHOW THE RICH, VIVID "LIGHT OF LEAVES."

a long wave, to be sure: the variations in gems are not so sharp that one is forbidden sapphires in 1915, or must display pearls sparingly in another year; yet different stones have their periods of clear ascendency.

Possibly the emerald owes some of its popularity to the fact that it is free from the shadow of artificial rivals. A few years ago a process was discovered for manufacturing rubies directly from a chemical recipe. And a "reconstructed ruby" may be made by fusing tiny particles of precious stones. Sapphire, topaz, garnet can be reproduced so perfectly as to deceive all but experts. But the "scientific" emerald is still to be produced.

Wonderful *imitations* there are, and have been through the ages. Rome made emerald pastes that are still a marvel, harder and more lustrous than any turned out until very modern times. But paste can not give crystalline structure. Another form of imitation is the "doublet"—a crown of colorless crystal with a base of green colored glass.

Perfection of color, flawlessness, transparency, size—these are the tests of an emerald, furnishing the key to its value. But first of all, color. To find a stone of rich color unmarred by flaws—that is the almost impossible quest. No other stone is so liable to defects—not only unevenness of color, but cracks, and enclosures of foreign material, that make its clear green "mossy." So notorious is the emerald for this frailty that the phrase, "a flawless emerald," has become the symbol of a wellnigh unattainable perfection.

Besides, emeralds do not run large; two carats is a fair size, and gems of from ten to fifteen carats are quite rare. So, naturally, the price increases disproportionately with size: a nearly flawless emerald of more than a few carats commands almost any price. At present $1,000 or even $2,000 a carat is not exceptional for average sizes. A two-carat stone has sold for $2,000, a three-carat one for $3,500, and a fine six-carat stone brought $8,000; while two emeralds weighing nearly fourteen carats each, owned in New York, are easily worth $50,000 each.

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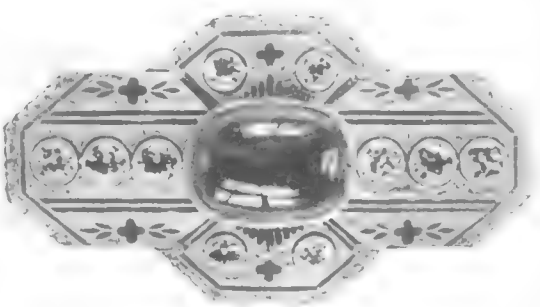
Two stones, perfectly matched, of wonderful quality, and each weighing about twenty-five carats, were sold in New York for approximately $100,000; and a single fifty-carat emerald of the deepest, greenest green, and almost flawless, commanded the same figure. In general, a fine emerald will equal and often pass the ruby's cost. Both outstrip a diamond of the same size.

Meantime, while the demand for emeralds is constantly increasing, the supply is not.

The mines that yield the finest emeralds now being produced—those in Colombia—are not effectively worked, and the others known—Russia, Norway, Australia, a region high in the Austrian Alps, and North Carolina—hold out small hope of valuable stones. So the emerald, as now mined, alone among the precious stones may be called distinctively Western. The finest diamonds come from the great Kimberley mines in South Africa; the finest sapphires are brought from Cashmere, though the Montana stones are fine in color and in quality; the rare ruby is washed from the river-bed in some remote Burmese valley, still mindful of the Oriental pageantry that once celebrated the finding of a splendid gem. But the finest emerald-mine is in a near South American neighbor country—a wild, rugged region about seventy-five miles from Santa Fé de Bogotá, on the side of a steep mountain. Slightly below lies the mining village of Muzo.



PERHAPS BECAUSE OF ITS RESTFUL COLOR, ALL THE SUPERSTITIONS THAT CLUSTER AROUND EMERALDS ARE BENEFICENT.

Streeter, the English gem expert, describes the Muzo workings, which apparently few of those concerned with precious stones in this country have ever visited.

A tunnel one hundred yards deep has been cut in the side of the mountain—a tunnel with steeply inclined sides, on which the miners cut steps so that they can stand and wield pickaxes on the walls. At the summit of the mountain, near the mouth of the mine, are lakes shut in by water-gates; and when the stones broken away by the picks begin to fill up the bottom of the mine, these waters are released down its sheer sides, carrying the fragments through an underground canal into a basin. This process is repeated until green quartz crystals indicate the presence of emerald "nests" or pockets. Then, when the rock that holds the precious stones is detached, peons break it into smaller fragments and pick the gems from washing-troughs.

The largest emerald known to-day is a Muzo stone: an uncut crystal, six-sided (as all emeralds are), about two inches long, of the same diameter, and weighing over thirteen hundred carats—more than nine ounces. Though not flawless, it is beautifully transparent, and has the depth of color that is emerald perfection. It is owned by the Duke of Devonshire, whose collection includes also some rare engraved emeralds of early ages. Such stones as this, which have not been in the market, can not be valued.

Stones destined for more intimate ownership have also been brought from Muzo. Two magnificent Muzo emeralds, of comparatively recent mining, are now worn in social high places in New York. But it is unprofessional for gem dealers to make public the ownership of valuable gems, and they adhere implacably to the rule, smiling—when they do not frown in disgust—at the tales of wonder that slip into print. But they admit that there are in the private treasures of American magnates, collections of emeralds absolutely matched in color, and of rare perfection—collections that are almost priceless. The public knows about these precious gems only if the owner happens to care for advertising.

Less mystery is made of the stones held in the royal cabinets of Europe—immemorial insignia of royalty, and royalty's resource in time of need. Such is the Czar's superb collection of emeralds—including one of thirty carats which is considered the finest cut emerald in the world; and those in the treasury at Vienna—among them a single

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stone cut into the form of an inkwell; and the beautiful stones that decorate the Saxon and Papal crowns. The gem collections of the Maharajah of Baroda, including the two hundred emeralds of that marvelous scarf, and Abdul Hamid's jewels, sold in 1911 for nearly $16,600,000–$1,400,000 for old emeralds for a corsage — have almost passed into the jewellore of the race.

What became of all the French crown jewels sold some years ago is not a matter of accessible record. But a third of them are said to have come to the United States, and New York women are doubtless wearing gems treasured by Josephine or Eugénie. Among these crown jewels were many emeralds, for Napoleon made a point of giving Josephine only emeralds and pearls, and of the two million dollars' worth of finest gems with which he enriched the crown, the greater part were emeralds. Eugénie carried on their popularity, endeared to her by a sentimental association with the Emperor's first gift to her as a bride.

Sharpened by the increasing demand, the search for emeralds leads more and more to old jewelry. And that may carry one back past even the early treasures of the Muzo mines—from the New World riches of the sixteenth century to the imperial lavishness of

TWO EMERALD PENDANTS, WITH DIAMONDS; THE LOWER ONE TAKEN FROM PERU TO SPAIN IN THE TIME OF CORTEZ.

Courtesy of Black, Starr & Frost, and Theo. B. Starr, Inc.

Rome; still further on, to Egypt and the court of Egypt's greatest queen.

These gems that we call Western were known and prized from earliest times. They are found in necklaces uncovered in the oldest tombs—necklaces of living color gleaming on the dried breasts of mummies laid there centuries before Christ. They were unearthed in Pompeii and Herculaneum—one, at least, in a "poison ring," hollowed out to hold some means of suicide or murder. Ancient writings refer to them repeatedly—how Alexander the Great forbade any artist except one Pyrgoteles to engrave his portrait upon an emerald; how Cleopatra gave emeralds engraved with her portrait as presents to ambassadors — emeralds probably from her own Egyptian mines. For in 1820 a French explorer, Cailliaud, discovered old emerald-mines in Upper Egypt, on the west coast of the Red Sea, which were probably worked in Cleopatra's time.

Implements found there date back to 1650 B. C., while ancient inscriptions indicate that Greek miners labored there in the reign of Alexander the Great.

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Some emeralds remained, but of only a fair quality; and after a brief interruption to their long idleness, "Cleopatra's mines" were again abandoned and forgotten. Only about ten years ago an Englishman found them again, and picked up a few of Cleopatra's emeralds.

Probably it was chiefly Egypt that supplied Rome, the Empire, with the emeralds that were one of her two favorite gems. Pearls and emeralds led in that appalling lavishness of jewel display which marked Rome at her height of luxury. (Pearls and emeralds, you remember, were chief in favor with the eighteenth-century autocrat of Europe who modeled his court on Rome's.) Pliny tells of seeing Lollio Paulina—once wife of Caligula—at an ordinary wedding dinner "entirely covered with Emeralds and Pearls strung alternately, glittering all over her head, hair, bandeau, ears, neck, necklaces, and fingers;" and he comments with grave disapproval on the extravagant exhibition.

It was characteristic of the luxurious spirit of the times that merely *wearing* jewels, even in such profusion, was not enough. Along with golden table-service there must be jewel-studded drinking cups—a conceit that surely had its influence on hosts in making up their banquet lists! Jewels, too, must be set in the very walls and ceilings; Nero's famous Golden House shone with pearls and gold, and one room was almost solidly inlaid with pearls. And what of the Roman "freak dinner" where, one reads, Heliogabalus served gold pieces with peas, rubies with lentils, amber with beans, and seed-pearls with rice?

Undoubtedly, many of the gems called emeralds in those old times were other kinds of green stones, especially green sapphires. Nero, who was near-sighted, used as an eyeglass a green stone credited with being an emerald; if it was, it had no special power by virtue of composition, but must have been hollowed out at the back so that through its convexity it served the purpose of the modern monocle. Then there are marvelous tales of emerald pillars, emerald cups and plates—green jasper, probably, or glass.

Most interesting of all is the "Sacro Catino," a cup belonging to the Cathedral of San Lorenzo in Genoa, for seven hundred years thought to be an emerald. Legend says this is the very cup used by Christ at the feast of the Last Supper, borrowed by the disciples from the banqueting-table of King Herod to serve that lowly company of fishermen in the upper room at Jerusalem. From the Holy Land, the story goes, it was brought by the reverent hands of Crusaders, and at last turned over to the Genoese, who thriftily exhibit it to tourists.

Perhaps the Egyptian supply of emeralds had already failed in late Roman times. At any rate, after the glory of the Empire had passed, emeralds were used less lavishly, because they were becoming rarer—so that "by the common consent of mankind the stone was spared, being not allowed to be engraved." Down through the Middle Ages, though emeralds were known, they grew rarer—so rare that C. W. King, in his quaint books on the jewels of the ancients, picks them out painstakingly as they gleam here and there in royal crowns and treasuries, as proof that they had not quite passed from men's knowledge.

And then—suddenly—in the end of the sixteenth century, emeralds by the chestful! A sensation among lapidaries and jewel lovers! Emeralds not only in large quantities, but emeralds of such beauty and perfection as the world had never known. And a sharp drop in price.

This was what happened when the Spanish Conquistadores came back from their conquests in South America, from rifling the treasures of the Incas. In Peru they found no mines, to be sure—tradition says the natives had filled them in and destroyed all roads to them as the ruthless invasion advanced. Indeed, they destroyed them too effectually, and the "lost mines of the Incas" are now known—if at all!—only to some one descendant of the priestly line who in turn will hand the secret down, and so on, until the day when the proud Incas are reincarnated, with power to destroy the white race.

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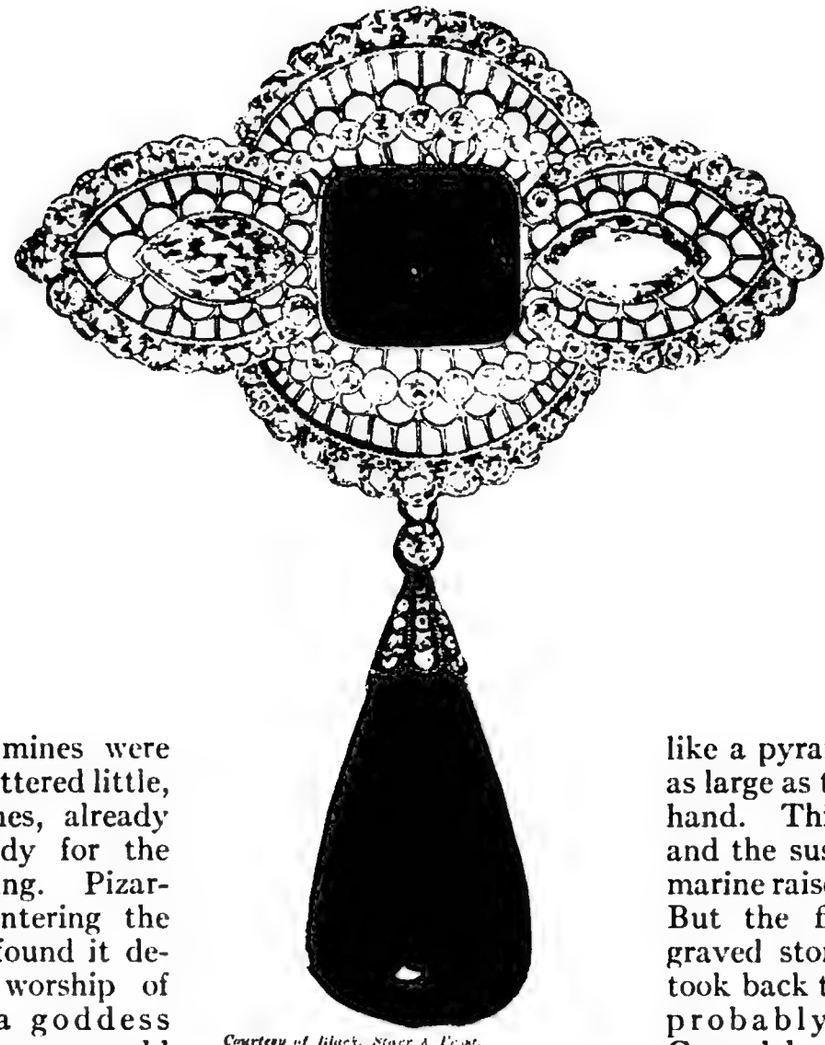

Courtesy of Black, Starr & Frost.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY WAS HARVEST-TIME FOR EMERALDS—WHEN THE SPANIARDS RIFLED THE TREASURES OF THE INCAS.

But if the mines were hidden, that mattered little, for untold riches, already mined, lay ready for the Spaniards' seizing. Pizarro's soldiers, entering the Manta Valley, found it devoted to the worship of "Esmeralda"—a goddess represented by an emerald as large as an ostrich egg. The story says "emerald"; modern skepticism says perhaps a pale green aquamarine. However that may be, the priests of this precious divinity maintained her sanctity by displaying the high symbol only on special occasions, and they taught her worshipers to bring emeralds as offerings. So the priests took emeralds from the natives under pretense of worship, and the soldiers took them from the priests under no pretense at all. Took them so recklessly that they shattered many, thinking that a gem emerald should withstand the blow of a hammer; and so greedily that, according to a traveler's tale of the period, a single ship carried two chests, each holding a hundredweight of the precious green stones, back to Spain.

But the Great Mother Emerald disappeared—forever. No bribes, no threats could bring her back.

In Mexico also there were treasures to be seized in graves and temples, but no mines. The largest emerald of all from this new Western treasure region was sent by Cortez to his royal master, Charles V.—an emerald like a pyramid, with a base as large as the palm of one's hand. This, too, is gone, and the suspicion of aquamarine raises its head again. But the five famous engraved stones that Cortez took back to his bride were probably true emeralds. Carved by skilled Mexican lapidaries, they took the form of a rose, a horn, a fish with gold eyes, a bell with pearl tongue, and a cup with a gold foot and four tiny gold chains attached to a large pearl as a button. They cost Cortez dear. In favor of his bride, he ignored the hints of his queen for these jewels, and so gained the royal lady's enmity for life. And, after all, the emeralds were lost in a shipwreck eleven years after he won them.

Colombia, at last, offered to the conquerors not only treasures, but their source. In 1537 the Indians showed the Spaniards the emerald-mines of Somondoco on the eastern slopes of the Cordillera of Bogotá. But the region was too wild and hostile for Spanish taste, and was soon abandoned. It is worked fitfully to-day, with but indifferent results. A hundred miles away, the Spaniards attacked the Muzo region—and the Muzo Indians, who defended it fiercely. By 1555 the natives were partly subdued, and the Muzo emeralds were by way of becoming a world sensation.

Of the quantities of emeralds carried back to Spain by the Conquistadores, many

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must still be worn or treasured—some possibly with clear pedigrees, but most, probably, with their history of romance or tragedy lost forever. Many have lost even their original shape, having been recut in response to fashion. There is something almost awesome in the permanence of these mysterious bits of beauty; for however blurred their story, gems once known as precious can hardly go out of existence. Somewhere—perhaps in some Oriental secret treasury—the very jewels of the ancient Hebrew breastplate, the sacred treasures of Solomon's temple—may be gleaming as they did centuries ago.

It is not much easier to tell how *any* emerald is formed than to trace the history of a particular stone. Science does not venture to speak with finality. "Probably by heat and pressure"—it can go little farther than that in its reading from the rock in which the emeralds are found.

What makes the emerald green? On this point, too, Science can not pronounce with complete conviction; but the general agreement is on an almost infinitesimal bit of oxid of chromium. Change the bit of chromium to iron—and you have, instead of an emerald that may cost $1,000 a carat, an aquamarine or a golden beryl that will be worth only a fortieth of that amount.

Aquamarines that have seldom been equaled in any country for beauty of color are found in several of the states—particularly in North Carolina, where the hunt for precious minerals has had dramatic elements. At intervals, through years, there has been fresh hope from the discovery of an emerald or two, and searching parties have combed the earth for "pockets" of the right green mineral. So far, though stones of fine color have been found, there has been none large enough or perfect enough to be remarkable.

North Carolina is the only state that yields the true emerald at all, and its aquamarines are among the finest. But beryl of all varieties save emerald is found in other states. Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania yield fine crystals—golden and blue and sea-green; Massachusetts produces the rare sapphire blue, and California pink beryl, or morganite: one crystal weighing over twenty-six carats was sold for $400. The rest of the world's supply comes from Brazil, Russia, India, and Madagascar.

Is the thought of our country's gem resources a surprise? Practically all the precious and semi-precious stones may be found within our boundaries. Even diamonds are native, scattered along the Alleghanies from Virginia to Georgia and in some of the coast mountains. But as is the case with others of the stones we boast, they do not appear in such quantities and qualities as to justify extensive mining; they are mined rather for scientific specimens than for gems. The particular point of interest of these American diamonds, for instance, is that they are geologically older than the South African, and hidden in different rock.

Montana, with her fine sapphires, ranks highest among the gem states because she has successfully mined a truly precious stone, of a quality to bear comparison with orientals. Arizona and New Mexico, with their ancient turquoise mines, show gems less valuable, mines more interesting for their long history. Worked by Indians before the discovery of America, they too were seized by the grasping Spaniards; and, as with the emeralds, wonderful turquoises were plundered from the Indians' treasures. To-day, among the crown jewels of Spain are turquoises supposed to have been sent by Montezuma in tribute to Charles V.

Then there is the topaz of the Far Western states; and the opal of the Southwest; and that strange incarnation of opal and jasper and agate in the petrified forests of Arizona, where these precious substances have replaced all the walls and fibers of trees that fell, long ages since, beside some inland sea. And there is a host of beautiful minor gems which we wear in scarfpin and brooch—very often without knowing their names.

There is zircon, for instance—running through a lovely range of red and reddish brown, and showing more fire than any other stone except the diamond. There is tourmaline in four varieties—colorless, red, green (Brazilian emerald), blue (Brazilian sapphire). Garnet has unfamiliar green and brown varieties—the demantoid and the cinnamon stone. Spinel—in rainbow variety of colors—is quite valuable, and spinel rubies are often mistaken for the true ruby. The "Ruby of the Black Prince," among the English crown jewels, is a spinel.

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There is hiddenite, the "lithia emerald," and kunzite, named for a great American expert, which is the lavender-toned hiddenite. Chrysoberyl, chalcedony, dioptase, serpentine, peridot—their company is legion.

Some of the jewel people are optimistic about us, and say that in the past dozen years we have been learning to ask for these minor gems by name. To most of us they will probably long prove elusive. For one reason, because they range through such bewildering vistas of shade without losing their distinctive labels. How can a mere layman recognize accurately stones that will not stick to one color? Isn't it puzzling enough to remember—about the familiar gems—that sapphires, which we have supposed to be blue, may be green? That diamonds may show lavender, green, or yellow? That garnets are not always red? In this shifting world of shades and colors, one is grateful to the ruby for sticking to red, and to the emerald for being always a gem "green like the meadows in the spring."

Perhaps it is through the intrinsic significance of its living greenness that the emerald has gathered beneficent rather than baneful associations. With its "undying freshness," it has been accounted the symbol of immortality—and of conquered sin and trial. It was supposed to have been brought by miners, at infinite peril, from the mythical home of the griffin. One curious notion, quite untraceable, was that the emerald rendered its wearer invisible if he were unmarried. It served, too, as a test for the constancy of lovers:

> If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
> If faithless, like those leaves when withering.

It must have been this notion that Elizabeth of England had in mind when she sent Henry IV. a beautiful emerald she had worn, with the reminder that the gem had the virtue of not breaking so long as faith remained firm.

Was it the stone itself or the bit of the Cross enclosed in it that made Napoleon wear Charlemagne's emerald as a talisman—the jewel worn by Charlemagne in the battles of the Middle Ages? After Napoleon had carried it on the fortunate fields of Austerlitz and Wagram, he gave it to Queen Hortense, who wore it till her death.

As late as the seventeenth century, emeralds were powdered and taken internally as a cure for epilepsy, hemorrhages, venomous bites, and fevers. Two curiously contrasting superstitions have to do with the emerald's effect on the eye. It was thought that a serpent, facing the gleam of an emerald, was blinded. But for man's eyes the green stone was beneficent: the water in which an emerald had stood was supposed to cure inflammation, and the very sight of the stone was healing. Engravers of precious stones kept an emerald before them in order to rest the eyes by looking at its soft greenness—a notion that is not all a notion.

"A FLAWLESS EMERALD" MEANS UNATTAINABLE PERFECTION.

It was Polycrates, the Samian tyrant, who had the "luckiest" emerald of all. For forty years he had enjoyed an unclouded prosperity, and at last, fearful because of his very happiness, he decided to suffer a voluntary loss in the effort to offer advance propitiation to Fate. Out of the gems which were among his dearest possessions, a principal part of his prosperity, he chose a signet ring—"an emerald, the work of Theodorus of Samos," doubtless chief engraver of his time. Putting out to sea, Polycrates threw in the ring. But the sea refused it—a little later the emerald was returned to the royal household in the body of a great fish obviously designed for the royal table—and Polycrates accepted the sign that Fate required of him no sacrifice, begrudged him none of his great prosperity.

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"THERE'S THE TROUBLE, RIGHT THERE," HE INTERRUPTED.

The Fainting Finish

by Bozeman Bulger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FERN FORRESTER

I FIRST caught Buck and his wife working in a little song-and-dance skit under the act-name of Conroy & Lenore. It was in the Orpheus Theatre in Chicago—on the Big Time. An off-season job had taken me out there as electrician for a big spectacular act. Some drop, this, from stage-manager of one of the Harvey musical shows on Broadway; but a long, hard summer was in sight, and I grabbed the job to shoo off the wolf and landlord until things broke right in the fall. It was also easy money. All I had to do was to operate the switches for moonlight stuff, shoot a red spot on the devil in the piece, and set a bunch-light to send sunbeams streaming through the library window in the last scene.

I had just reported for rehearsal on Sunday morning and was looking over my special stuff and the regular house-junk when I heard a noise like comedy out on the stage. Time and curiosity being plentiful with me right then, I pulled up a stool near the switchboard and took a look.

Conroy wore a sweater and a soft hat, and talked at his wife through the corner of his mouth. He was as busy as a pointer

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dog—trying to locate one of their best laughs that had got lost in the shuffle. In the show business Buck was what we'd call a "hard" guy. In appearance he was square-rigged in the face and had an undershot jaw that would bluff a bulldog—and a lot of actors—into believing he'd bite. In the cheap four-a-day houses everybody knows the kind of fellow I'm talking about. Conroy, though, was on the Big Time. Plugging ability, a nerve that was a wonder, and a wife who was SOME performer kept him there.

Little Miss Lenore, the wife, didn't realize then that she was the meal-ticket, and you can bet that Buck didn't go far toward putting her wise.

The chances are that Buck Conroy never studied a book or listened to a director in his life. Just the same he knew every trick of the stage by its middle name, and any time he got in a jam could bring one to him without whistling. To him dramatic art was bunk. His favorite dressing-room argument was that *Hamlet* was the only monologist that ever got by without a laugh, and that, he explained, was because the people who came to the showshop in taxicabs let the stuff go over their heads and stood for it for fear of tipping their mitts.

"Here, try that over," Buck was saying to his wife as I sat down. "Give me your hand and we'll start again. We must have lost that laugh by making a false turn."

Lenore was a sweet little thing, and as nifty a dancer as I ever saw. Besides being cute and pretty, she had personality. She could feed a line to Conroy so that he'd get a big laugh every crack, but he never fed one to her. Conroy kept the answers for himself. Show-folks know what that means. And, strangely enough for a trouper, Little Lenore didn't kick, but let him go right ahead and grab the fat of the act.

"You know," he was explaining, "this is a good gag, and it'll be a scream if you feed it right. Remember how it knocked 'em dead at Minneapolis?"

"It's good comedy, all right," she agreed, and then whirled on her toes as graceful as a fairy. "You ought——"

"There's the trouble, right there," he interrupted. "They've been watching you make that whirl and haven't been getting the line. Start over here." He pointed to the wings.

The couple then began a graceful skip across the stage-apron, holding each other by the tips of the fingers at arm's length.

"Now pull it," he said when they got to the center, "and stop before you speak."

"You ought to be proud of your forefathers," she read the line.

"Strong on the 'fore,' " he directed, and she repeated.

"Why," he answered with the usual comedy twist to his Scotch-Irish face, "I haven't got FOUR!" And that was supposed to get the big laugh.

I felt it in my bones that Conroy must have written that gag himself. I was right, too.

"But don't look at me when I shoot the answer," he corrected as they were starting away. "Look straight at the audience and nurse it. Give 'em your full face. See?"

Just then the members of the orchestra came climbing into the pit, dragging their fiddles and things and getting ready for what always makes them sore—a Sunday-morning rehearsal. All this was new stuff to me then, and as I had twenty weeks ahead of me with this road-show, I stuck through the rehearsal so as to get a line on things.

"Wait a minute," Conroy called to his partner. "Here is that orchestra now. We'll have to run through our music."

"Say," he snapped at the leader, who was plumping away at his fiddle-strings, "it's a wonder you fellows wouldn't leave a call for yourselves."

"Remember, it's Sunday morning, pal," answered the leader pleasantly.

"Well, you notice we climbed out of the hay and got here. Now, listen," Conroy went on, as he squatted down in front of the darkened footlights and handed over his sheets of music, "we've got a little song here that's a knockout. Follow it just as it is marked and don't ring in any of your own stuff. I know my business, and this act'll go big if you only cut in right."

This line of conversation didn't excite the leader a bit. It was old stuff to him. With a pencil he tapped on the tin light-shade and the orchestra began running through the music. Lenore pulled an old prop chair near the footlights and took it easy as she started her big number.

At the very first sound of her voice I sat up and took notice. The leader also looked up with a little show of interest. The girl's voice was a corker. Even in the empty

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theatre it had a sweet ripple to it that got me going. I had never heard such pipes outside of grand opera, and, mind you, I've been a scene-shifter, a stage-manager, and electrician. Yes—even an actor until they caught me at it.

"That's all right now," Conroy said to her; "they've got it. Now see if you can get my entrance right," he said, turning to the leader. "Give me that vamp in G." Buck backed off to the wings and came bouncing out like a prize-fighter ready for ten rounds. He sang three lines, just enough to break up the song, and then stopped to pull his knockout gag.

"You're not a singer," he said, addressing his partner, "you're a Wheeler & Wilson!" I grabbed one of the switchboard levers for support.

"Say," spoke up the leader, "Al Jetson pulled that one here a month ago, and it was old then."

"Did he get a laugh on it?" asked Buck. The leader nodded.

"Well," he observed, "if that guy pulled it and got a cackle, when I turn it loose there'll be a riot. Don't worry."

Conroy and Lenore's next number was a foolish suffragette stunt, in which Lenore had to sing a lyric that should have been a hanging offense for the man who wrote it. But after hearing Lenore's voice the rest of the act didn't matter to me. I went away from there with a plan in my head that would put me in right with big theatrical folks in New York—the Harvey people.

I got a room in a nice little hotel, and after getting my trunk up-stairs came face to face with Conroy and Lenore in the hallway. They were stopping at the same place. I nodded in recognition.

"Ain't you the electrician with that big sketch?" asked Conroy. "I got you settin' there on the stool," he added as I nodded. "I thought, though, you were a 'house' man. How'd we go?"

"Sounds like good stuff——"

"Oh!" he suddenly thought of it—"this is my wife, Miss Lenore—Mrs. Conroy. What's your name?"

"Elkins—Bill Elkins," I told him, and Mrs. Conroy smiled as if she was really glad to know me. Actors and mechanical men don't mix as a rule, but in a vaudeville road-show they get to be like a big family.

"We have a nice room here on the corner," Miss Lenore told me, "and we'd like to have you drop in on us some time. Come in to-night after the show," she said. "I have a chafing-dish in my trunk and I'd like to have you try one of my Welsh rarebits."

I accepted the invitation and enjoyed Lenore's rarebit as much as she evidently enjoyed getting all the dope on musical comedy. It was easy to tell that she had something on her mind besides vaudeville, and that suited me down to my heels.

I got right on the job and wrote a letter to Mr. Harvey, telling him what I had found. The more I listened to Lenore the stronger I got for the way she could put over a song. In my letter I asked my old boss to have one of his Western men see the act as soon as possible and get a line on her. Harvey had promised me a good job when he put on a new show, and I figured this tip might come in handy for us both.

Our next town was Omaha, and as we caught the train out of Chicago for the long jump everybody was feeling fine. The whole bill had got by great. Conroy joined me in the smoker before the train was out of the yards and began to bombard me with his ideas. Right off the reel he told me he was going to change the finish of his act in a way that would make it a head-liner.

"We've got to get a bigger laugh there," he explained. "I know Lenore can sing, and when she is made up in that police uniform she can put that suffragette number over immense; but what these folks want is comedy. I've got a scheme that will make the act a knockout, if we can get it over."

"What's your idea?" I asked.

"Say, listen," he began as he took my cigarette and lighted his. "You caught her singing that suffragette song, didn't you? Well, you know," he went right on, "I've got an idea for a scream in that, and I'm goin' to pull it as soon as we can rehearse. Remember when she takes them mannish struts in that police make-up and gets to the lines about the suffragette:

> "She can march, she can fight,
> She can run the courts right,
> She can even be a copper;
> For who's goin' to stop her?"

I pulled hard at my cigarette to keep from laughing, at the same time trying to think up the proper court-sentence for a man who would pull that awful stuff.

"I doped out them lyrics myself," explained Conroy. "You know a song don't

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"WELL, DO YOU KNOW—" AND SHE CAME UP CLOSE ENOUGH TO HALF-WHISPER—"THEY'VE OFFERED ME A SEASON'S CONTRACT TO GO INTO MUSICAL COMEDY AT $200 A WEEK."

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have to have much sense to it—just something that gives her a chance to strut around and act mannish—give the audience an idea, that's all. Well, as I was sayin', right there is the chance for a howl. When she says 'She can even be a copper,' that's goin' to be my cue to walk on made up like a toy-pedler."

I looked at this fellow and felt like taking off my hat. His nerve certainly led the league.

"I've dug up some of them little mice," Conroy went on, "that dangle on the end of a string—you know the kind. Get it now? Well, when she gets to that line about being a copper, I'll stick the mice under her nose and spiel: 'Toys, lady. Mice!' That'll be the office for her to scream and faint. Get the idea? A cop fainting at mice? Then I'll catch her in my arms. While draggin' her off I'll turn to the front and say: 'Another cop has squealed.' Now you just see if it don't get a scream out of friend audience."

"Looks pretty good, Conroy," I had to say. "You can't lose much trying. When are you going to pull it?"

"I'll break it in at Omaha. If it goes there, it ought to last all around the circuit. They'll eat that wise stuff up out in 'Frisco."

If Lenore had any kick coming about breaking up her dainty little song with Conroy's hocum, she didn't show it. "It might get a laugh," she said quietly, "but I don't know whether it will ruin the song or not."

"What do you care about the song?" snapped Conroy, "as long as we get the laugh? Just follow me and I'll set you in right."

"All right, Buck," she replied; "you are the boss."

"Best gal in the world," he said for the benefit of the rest of us, as he patted her on the shoulder. "You'd be in Dutch without a fellow like me, who knows the tricks." He smiled as if he were talking to a child. "If you had my experience in laugh-getting, there wouldn't be a team in vaudeville that could touch us."

"You can't beat him," observed one of the ladies at our table across the aisle. "Why, without that little girl he'd be playing on the four-a-day, going on between the pictures."

"And the scream of it," chipped in one of the acrobats who sat right behind us, "is that she stands for it."

"She's in love with him," volunteered our manager. "That's the real answer. And it's a good thing there's people like that left in the show business."

We had a night off on our arrival in Omaha and did just exactly what all theatrical folks do—took in a show.

The one we picked out—there's not much picking in Omaha—was a musical comedy with a Number Four company out of New York. We were a good audience, all right, and applauded generously, but the one really carried away with the work of the prima donna was Lenore.

"Oh," she whispered, "if I only had a chance to do something like that!"

Conroy's ears pricked up. "Get in a show like that?" he said. "And get $100 a week, when we are making $350 between us now? Not for mine!"

"But it's artistic and worth while," she said.

"Maybe so," he replied, "but you can bet that gal would give a whole lot to have the route you've got."

The next afternoon Conroy and Lenore tried out their new finish and fooled us all. The clown business with the mice trick was a hit. That audience even stood for Conroy's poisonous lyric. They laughed and applauded over Lenore fainting at sight of the mice—her natty police uniform helped a lot—until the act got four genuine curtains.

"Didn't I tell you?" Conroy shot at me as he came off—everybody on the bill was standing in the wings. "I knew that line, 'Another cop has squealed,' would get 'em."

By a little sleuth work around the front of the house I found out that Harvey's man had seen the show. My letter had got a nibble.

II

We had been on the road two months when we hit San Francisco for a stay of two weeks. Counting the two which followed at Oakland, across the bay, it really meant four.

The show had closed for the first night and I was stacking up my scenery when I saw Lenore coming across the stage on the run. Her face was lighted up like that of a kid with a new toy.

"Oh, say, Mr. Elkins," she cried, "didn't

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"ANOTHER WOMAN?" EXCLAIMED LITTLE LENORE AS SHE LAID THE STIRRING-SPOON DOWN AND FACED US WITH HER HANDS ON HER HIPS.

you tell me you had once worked for the Harvey shows?"

"For two or three years. What's come off?"

"Well, do you know," and she came up close enough to half-whisper, "they've offered me a season's contract to go into musical comedy at $200 a week. It'll be $250 if I make good."

"Right away?" I asked.

"No. It's better than that. They'll let me play out my route. The show is to start rehearsing in Chicago just about the time we get back there."

"What does Conroy say?"

"I haven't told him yet. Harvey's agent is going to see us at the hotel. Maybe you know him. His name is Senton."

"Sure I know him," I replied truthfully, "and he's all right, too. But you had better put it up to Conroy right away so there'll be no chance for a hitch."

"You don't think he would object, do you?" she asked, a little taken back. "Oh, by the way," and she started away, "Buck's out there waiting for me now. Come around to our room as soon as you get to the hotel," she said over her shoulder. "Mr. Senton may be there early."

I was washing up and getting ready for the street when the house manager came around and told me that Senton was waiting for me out front. He had been the business manager of the old Harvey show when I was stage-manager, and I was certainly glad to see him. We went out and had a few.

"Say, Bill," he said after we had got off to ourselves, "you are in right with the old man. That was a great tip you gave him. Four different men have looked at this young woman and every one of them reports her the goods. If she makes a hit, you'll be remembered. Harvey is going to make you stage-manager again, anyway."

"But it's no cinch about getting this girl," I warned him.

Senton was surprised. "Why, I thought she was crazy about the chance."

"It's her husband," I explained. "He is a vaudevillian at heart and a big boob, but she's crazy about him. He may not stand for the change. You know he thinks he's the whole act."

"I'm going around to see them now," said

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Senton, looking at his watch, "and as you are friendly, I guess you'd better come along."

As we walked down the street Senton told me about Mr. Harvey's plans for the season. It was the boss's idea to give Broadway a new face, and he had picked out Lenore after scraping the whole country.

"Though I don't want her to know it," Senton said, "Harvey himself is coming out to the coast and will see her before she gets through here. The reports have been so strong, though, he has wired me to get her name to a contract right away. If she falls down she can still go back to vaudeville and not lose anything."

We found Conroy and Lenore waiting. Buck received us all right, but I could tell from his cooled-off manner that his wife had been talking to him about the Harvey offer.

"What are you fellows trying to do?" he asked. "Trying to break up my act?"

All of us sat down but Lenore, who was making a Welsh rarebit in that chafing-dish which all of the show people knew so well. In her cook-apron nobody would have picked her out for an actress. Her face was all smiles over the prospects of being a star, but every once in a while her brow would wrinkle as she took a sly peek at Conroy from the corner of her eye.

"Why, I was under the impression," Senton said to Conroy, "that Miss Lenore considered this a great opportunity."

"Oh, I'm wise to the show business, all right," Buck let us know. "But what I want to get at is just how you expect to use our act in musical comedy."

"Your ACT?"

"Sure thing. And more than that, how do you expect us to work for you for $200 a week when we are getting $350 in vaudeville, less the ten per cent. commission?"

"We didn't want your act, Mr. Conroy," Senton explained. "We made that offer to Miss Lenore alone."

"She'd have a tough time working alone," Buck declared. "Of course, I could go ahead, if it was necessary, but where could I get another woman right away?"

"Another woman?" exclaimed little Lenore as she laid the stirring-spoon down and faced us with her hands on her hips. "Another woman?"

"It's a cinch I'd have to have a partner," answered Conroy, "if you and I split up the act."

"You understand, of course," spoke up Senton, "it's not up to me to advise you about your act; but, Mr. Conroy, don't you think this is a great chance for Miss Lenore to become a star?"

Lenore did not budge, but stood there staring at her husband. Occasionally her eyes would shift to Senton, and finally she looked straight at me.

"What do you think about it, Mr. Elkins?" she asked. Conroy gave me an inquiring look at the same time and I felt anything but comfortable. For the first time in his life, I believe, Conroy was shaky. It didn't seem possible, though, that he was getting wise to himself.

"I don't like to have anything to say about this business," I hedged—remember, neither of them knew that I had sent the tip to Harvey. "I'd like to see you both get by and do well." There was a moment of dead silence but for the sizzling of the rarebit.

"Now, listen to me," ordered Conroy, and that old bulldog jaw of his snapped back into place. "Elkins, you know I can act. There's something tricky about this. If they want Lenore, it's a cinch they'd need me. You know it takes me to put over the comedy, don't you?"

"Sure," I lied. "They'd see that in a minute, as soon as they got your style."

"This fellow knows something when it comes to the show business," he said to Senton, tapping me on the knee. "Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go. But not for less than $350 and one of the star dressing-rooms. How does that strike you?"

"I'm only authorized to deal with Miss Lenore," Senton parried. "You see, nobody has suggested that we get you, Mr. Conroy. You are so well fixed in vaudeville, I thought perhaps you'd like to stay."

Without a word Conroy got up and walked over to his wife. Their conversation was in an undertone, but we could see it was earnest. Senton turned to me.

"Why," he mumbled in my ear, "they wouldn't have that boob around for callboy, much less a part. What'll we do?"

I didn't have a chance to answer. Lenore beat me to it.

"Mr. Senton," she said as she walked across the room and stood looking him square in the face, "this is a great chance and I know it, but I might as well make it plain to you right here and now. You may

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not think Buck a good enough actor for Broadway—oh, don't shake your head; I understand, all right—but unless he goes with me, I can not and will not accept the offer."

Lenore picked up the unsigned contract that lay on the table and handed it back to him in a way to make it plain that her answer was final. Then tears came into her big blue eyes and she turned back to the chafing-dish, deliberately keeping her back to us as she stirred the melting cheese.

"That's the dope, Senton," chirped Conroy; "we both go or nothing."

"I can't give you any definite answer now," replied Senton, "but before I take up the matter again I want to ask you one thing: If you should go along, would you make any stipulations as to what sort of work you'd do?"

"As long as I get the dough," he answered, "I'll do whatever I'm told. I'm a showman and know the game, Mr. Senton. But that little gal of mine has got to have a good part. And that goes!"

Senton went down the stairs a worried man. Neither of us knew what to say or do, but we both knew what it meant not to make good for Harvey. We didn't have long to worry, though. At Senton's hotel we found a telegram from Mr. Harvey saying that he would be in 'Frisco the next day.

The next afternoon he saw Conroy and Lenore at both performances. He sent for me that night after the show.

My old boss seemed real glad to see me, and treated me as if I had been a man of some importance instead of the electrician with a vaudeville act.

"Elkins," he began, "Senton tells me this young woman won't join us unless we take the whole team, and that her husband says they must have $350. Now, let me tell you something. You go and get that woman to sign this contract. Sign the husband, too, if he must go. Pay them $400 if you have to, but get that woman. She's a wonder. I feel that this Conroy is going to be a nuisance, but we'll have to put up with him some way. But you get that girl, understand?"

I knew Harvey's methods and picked up my hat to go.

"And, say," he stopped me, "have them report to me in Chicago for rehearsal the last week in September. You'll report at the same time for the job of stage-manager —not director, manager." Harvey never waited for answers or argument. "I want you to have charge of all the mechanical stuff," he went on, "lighting-effects and so forth. Now, you'll be with this couple right along, and it's up to you to deliver."

"Would you like to see them?" I asked.

"No. I don't want to see them. I saw enough to-night to know that she'll do for a start. We can make Conroy carry her grip, if necessary."

Lenore was tickled to death over the news, but Conroy took it as a matter of course.

"I knew when he saw me work," he said, "that he was enough of a showman to know that he'd have to have me."

III

Harvey's whole troupe was in Chicago when Conroy, Lenore, and I arrived. The chorus had been rehearsing for two days. Some of the principals had been given their parts already and were spending their time in study. I reported to Mr. Harvey immediately and let him know that I had delivered the goods.

"You've come through with flying colors, Elkins"—an unusual compliment for him. "Now, I want you to get right on the job. Send for your friends to come up here."

Buck and his wife were waiting down in the lobby of the hotel and it took but a few minutes to get them up to the big producer's room.

"I'm mighty glad you got us," said Conroy as a starter. "I've been figurin' out the swellest piece of business for a laugh——"

"And how is your voice, Miss Lenore?" interrupted the boss as he turned to the young woman. "I hope you haven't strained it."

"She never had better pipes in her life," answered Conroy.

"Yes, my voice is fine," she agreed. "I haven't exerted myself of late and haven't had a cold for two or three months."

"I've decided, Miss Lenore," announced Mr. Harvey, "that you can put in part of that suffragette song of yours. The melody is all right, just as I heard it, and we can rearrange the lines a little so they will fit in nicely with my idea. You see, a suffragette figures prominently in the plot of the piece——"

"Want me to keep in the old stuff that got such a scream?" broke in Conroy.

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Mr. Harvey had to laugh. "No," he replied, "but I'll get to that in a minute. Miss Lenore, we have arranged a nice effect that will give you a great chance with that song. You can use the same police make-up. You are to sing the song in 'one' with a street-scene drop behind you. We will have to crowd you out on the apron so as to make a quick change behind the drop, but that won't make any difference. This drop is a scrim—you know, transparent in the light. The room behind the drop will be set as a court-room with a woman judge, women for jurors, a woman bailiff, and so on. When the time comes for the picture-effect we can darken the front of the house and light up the room. This will enable the audience to see the court-room scene right through the drop while you finish your song in semi-darkness or under a small spotlight. It ought to be a very pretty effect. The idea, you understand, is to make it seem like the present-day woman's dream, with your song to carry it."

"Pretty good stuff," commented Conroy. "But what about me?" Buck was getting fidgety.

"I've decided on a job for you, Mr. Conroy," said Mr. Harvey. "You know so much about the tricks of the stage, I've decided to use you as assistant stage-manager —assistant to Elkins here."

Conroy's jaw dropped. In a minute, though, his old conceit returned. It took him just that time to figure out to his own satisfaction that Harvey wanted him to run the show or something. At that, it was a hard jolt to his pride as an actor.

"Now go ahead and get up in your lines, Miss Lenore," Mr. Harvey said, in a way of his that always meant the talk was over, and handed her the part. "I'll show you about the suffragette song later. Report to the stage-director to-morrow."

The boss motioned for me to stick as my vaudeville friends made their exit. Conroy half turned as if to say something, but changed his mind and went on.

"Elkins," said Mr. Harvey, "I couldn't think of anything else to do with that Conroy, so I've wished him on you. Keep him busy doing something. I'd just as soon pay him to take a vacation, but I know Miss Lenore wouldn't be satisfied. It's up to you now. Make him bring water if you want to, but don't let his wife get dissatisfied."

Somehow a feeling came over me right there and then that Harvey was going to make me earn my salary.

The first chance I took with Conroy was to tell him that his wife's success would be up to him—in the way he handled those little light-effects. He fell for this easier than I expected, taking it to mean that we all thought him an artist; that nobody else could do the work right.

From the very first day Lenore made a hit with everybody in the show. Her voice was so good that the musical director had to warn her against using it too much in rehearsal. What pleased Mr. Harvey more than anything, though, was that Lenore could act as well as sing, and was brimful of personality.

Conroy gradually worked into his job of assistant-manager, but whenever he got an opening he would run about one suggestion to the half-hour on how to pull comedy. Sometimes I would see him sitting in the wings in deep thought. I could tell he was thinking about the old days when he was boss and could call down the orchestra leader. But he was game and stuck to his job. Rough and overbearing as he was, his heart was set on seeing Lenore succeed. Every suggestion made by Buck was promptly sat on by the director, and his ideas got to be a standing joke. To this day we hear people in the Harvey shows refer to a foolish idea as a "Conroy."

In just two weeks we were ready for the opening. It turned out that the suffragette number, in the eyes of everybody in the company, would be the big feature. The light-effect with the scrim drop worked great. This came right near the end of the show, and if it got by, we all felt pretty sure of having a winner.

Our only cause for worry was that on two or three occasions during rehearsals little Lenore had overworked herself and almost fainted. Everybody warned her about working too hard—she wasn't very strong at the best—but she had her heart set on putting the show over and couldn't be stopped. Two days before the big opening the little woman had a fainting spell, and the director had to call off rehearsals for the rest of the day.

"Never mind about that," Conroy consoled Mr. Harvey. "I'll keep her in shape. She's just breaking in and she's nervous. That's all."

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Just the same, Lenore kept working like a beaver. She was great in the final dress rehearsal, however, and the bright prospects made us all forget worry.

The show was written by an author whose name was worth something, and the music was even better than the book. The piece had been talked about for several weeks and it seemed to be in the air that Harvey was about to put over another hit. Everything depended on our getting by the first night. If anything flivvered, we all knew it would be hard to overcome newspaper criticisms. Mr. Harvey had intended taking the show out to Terre Haute, or some place like that, to break it in; but as we only had two weeks in which to get to New York he had decided to take a big plunge and open cold, right there in Chicago.

That first night was a hummer. The theatre was packed, the coming-out of a new star evidently being the magnet. Lenore was certainly a drawing-card for one night, anyway.

"ANOTHER COP HAS SQUEALED!"

I have been in the show business a long time, but I don't think I ever heard such a hand as this frail little vaudevillian got when she skipped on the stage for her first song. She stood it like an old trouper, didn't blink an eye, and went into her first number without a hitch. It was a hit. From the switchboard where I was directing the electrician I could see the whole thing, and caught myself applauding with the crowd. Just then I felt something nudge me in the ribs. It was Buck.

"Ain't she a knockout?" he whispered proudly. "I guess maybe I didn't know something when I was teaching her them tricks! Get her nursing that laugh!"

Lenore looked over our way and smiled at her husband. He gave her a little pantomime of applause and she got better and better.

Everything went great up to the latter part of the last act, and we were all shaking hands with each other back on the stage. The show now depended on the suffragette number. If that held up, the piece would be a knockout. And, to my way of thinking, that particular number was a cinch.

At exactly the right moment the stage was cleared and the scrim drop lowered to hide the scene behind. Lenore, made up in her cute little police uniform and looking like ready money, marched out of the wings and started off the first verse in her suffragette song. We were hustling like the devil to get the scene set behind the drop-curtain and were trying to be as noiseless as possible so as not to disturb her song. I was so busy I couldn't tell exactly how they were taking it out front; but there was a big hand at the end of the verse, and that made us hustle all the more.

The chorus-girls, made up as suffragette jurors, judge, and so on, for the court-room, got their places finally and I rushed around to the main switchboard to take personal charge of the important light shift. For a minute or so I had missed Conroy—had forgotten him, to tell the truth. As Lenore started into the second chorus everything was set and for the first time I breathed easy. But not for long. After getting the levers placed in my mind so that the regular electrician and myself could operate them in the dark, I

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looked up and saw Lenore plainly miss an important step in her little dance. Even under the grease paint I could tell she was getting pale.

I wasn't the only one that noticed this, though. The director, Mr. Harvey, and several of the principals had seen the trouble long before I got on. I don't know whether the audience noticed anything wrong or not; but back on the stage, in a minute, it was like a panic. All of us knew that Lenore was about to have another of her fainting spells—but what could we do? The show would be ruined if we rang down the curtain. She was a game kid, though, and staggered into the chorus. Her voice was coming in little gasps. I got my hand on the lever that would darken the front of the house, rooting hard for her to reach the last line. Just then I felt a trembling touch on my shoulder. It was Conroy, breathing hard.

"Looks like she's a goner," he started to say, when all of a sudden some kind of a thought struck him. "Wait a minute," he whispered. "Hold steady a second, Bill. I've got an idea." I turned in time to see him going on a dead run for his wife's dressing-room. At a distance there was the sound of a slamming trunk-top just as Lenore weakly began those old, familiar lines—

"She can march, she can fight,"

sang the little policewoman. It was near the finish, but I didn't believe she could ever make it. She was about to drop.

"She can run the courts right."

Lenore barely got the line out this time, and there was no smile for me in that old moth-eaten lyric. My heart was in my throat. It seemed minutes before the swaying little woman got to the next one. Then Conroy spoke behind me.

"I got 'em, Bill," he whispered, still panting from his run. "Go through with it! Oh—look—she's gone. I——"

"She can even be a copper—"

Lenore got that far and her legs began to give way. It looked as if the show was ruined.

"Stop him!" This came from Mr. Harvey, who had suddenly come up behind me. I jumped in surprise; but it was too late.

From the second entrance Conroy, with no make-up except his overalls and an old derby hat, was calmly walking on the stage. In his hand he held the old toy mice that he had saved from his vaudeville finish. He had found them in the trunk. Buck got to his sinking wife just after she finished the word "copper." With all of his old stage assurance he shoved the string with the toy mice on it under her nose and I could hear the audience giggle.

"Toys, lady? Mice!" he cried, just as he had in the old sketch.

The surprised little woman looked at him and—fainted. But it was on the level this time. Conroy caught her the same as he had done in the road-show. And from the audience there came a scream of laughter!

Buck showed no signs of the grief that must have been eating him up, but began dragging his wife toward the wings.

"Pull that lever!" he yelled in a hoarse whisper and mechanically I obeyed.

Though nobody will ever know how much he was suffering, that game boob deliberately turned to the audience while still holding the limp form of Lenore in his arms and with a wink read his old line: "Another cop has squealed!"

At that moment the scene lighted up behind the scrim, and the audience saw the suffragette dream. The connection between the line, the court-room scene and the idea of a policewoman fainting at the sight of mice—one of those things in show business that can't be doped out—hit that audience on the funny-bone. They simply fell out of their seats. Encore after encore came for poor Lenore, who could not respond. To offset the little star's absence, the director ordered the court-room suffragettes to sing the chorus without her. They got the idea in a flash and cut loose for fair, again drawing shouts of laughter from the audience.

"That," declared Mr. Harvey, who up to this time had been hanging over my shoulder speechless and as pale as a sheet, "is the funniest thing I ever saw in my life."

In the meantime Conroy had got his wife through the wings and in five minutes he had her in shape to go on and weakly join in the grand ensemble. Luckily she didn't have to do any dancing.

The show was a hit.

"Conroy," said Mr. Harvey, as he took us all out for supper, "you saved the show. Tell me, how did you ever come to think of a thing like that?"

"Think of it?" Buck repeated in surprise. "That's my *business*, Harvey!"

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ISAAC FISHER

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE
in
EVERYBODY'S "RUM" CONTEST

A Letter from
BOOKER·T·
WASHINGTON

ISAAC FISHER

To the Editor of
Everybody's Magazine,
MY DEAR SIR:

As I have already written you, I was very much pleased to note, in the September issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, that your First Prize of Five Hundred Dollars for the best essay on the subject, "What We Know About Rum, etc.," had been awarded to Isaac Fisher, a graduate of this institution.

I was not at all surprised to learn that he had won this prize, for in one way and another he has been winning prizes almost ever since his graduation from Tuskegee Institute. Counting large and small, he has won more than thirty prizes in essay contests with the best brains of this country.

From the time when I sat in one of the students' prayer-meetings here at Tuskegee some years ago, and saw a very small and rather poorly dressed boy stand up, and with diction that was almost perfect, manner intensely earnest, and ringing voice, declare: "I can not ever hope to match the logic of the gallant Colonel Ingersoll; but poor in reasoning power as I am, I can not accept his philosophy because he takes away my Bible, on which I have been taught to lean for guidance, and gives me nothing better in its place; and in spite of my ardent longing for life after death, tells me that the grave ends all, giving me nothing to quiet my soul's unrest"—ever since that night, I have known that Isaac Fisher was no ordinary student, and that under proper guidance he would become an unusually strong man. I backed my judgment by sending out on the farm for him the next morning, telling him that his future was to be along literary lines, and offering him my personal interest to help him through the school.

Remembering his powerful speech in the prayer-meeting, I was astounded to find that he was in one of the lowest classes in the school.

The boy was having an unusually hard time to pay for his board and clothing, not having any money and being dependent entirely upon himself for support. But he did not complain and did not call on me for aid, as I intended that he should do. His doggedness and determination, together with rather unusual ability as a student and power as a speaker, made him many friends among the teachers, including Mrs. Washington, who saw to it that he had all the books he craved; and when I made him special news correspondent for the school,

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to quote his own words—"My hard times at Tuskegee were over." He graduated at the head of his class, having won all of the first honors of his last two years in the school.

I usually recommend our graduates for various positions on the basis of their proficiency along certain lines; but I have come to feel, as a result of a number of years' experience in the matter, that if a position requires unusual tact, fearlessness, indomitable persistence, high executive qualifications, an almost blindness to opposition, and uprightness of character, I should send Mr. Fisher to the place, knowing that if he is not immediately the equal of some other candidate in technical proficiency, he will require but a few weeks or months to master the work in hand.

He has taught in the Schofield School at Aiken, South Carolina, organizing Farmers' Conferences for the same school. I called him from that work to raise money for the Tuskegee Institute in New England, where his remarkable powers of oratory created profound interest in our work. After a while, he asked to be transferred to the Southern field; so I gave him the Farmers' Conference work for our school in Alabama. Montgomery, Alabama, needed in the middle of one school term a principal "to hold the school together until May." I sent Mr. Fisher; and though the position was trying, he was reelected for the following term, but did not remain, because I had been asked to recommend a strong, wide-awake man for the presidency of the State College for colored people at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and I had named Mr. Fisher.

After he had concluded nine years of earnest service as the head of that school, a white trustee of the University of Arkansas, who had been on the board of that white school for nineteen years, wrote that "Professor Isaac Fisher is a teacher who did more to raise the standard of negro education in Arkansas than any other man or agency in the history of the state;" and the United States Bureau of Education bore testimony to the great and far-reaching value of his work. (Bulletin 27, year 1912, p. 117.) He resigned his position in 1911.

There is a tendency in many quarters, when a colored person does something of more than usual importance, to credit the performance to the white blood that is in him. But this can not be done in this case, because Mr. Fisher is a full-blooded negro, and his remarkable brain power can not be credited to any but negro blood. I think this is one of the reasons why so many colored people are unusually proud of this young man.

We are all very proud of Mr. Fisher at Tuskegee, not only for what he has done, but also because he is so thoroughly modest and unspoiled. Too, he studied in no other school besides Tuskegee Institute, and the school may be pardoned for taking just a little pride in that.

At present, he is editing the *Negro Farmer*, at Tuskegee, and is doing real constructive work in Southern agriculture—for, only a few weeks ago, an official in the United States Department of Agriculture voluntarily wrote him that if a certain picture which had appeared in the *Negro Farmer* "could be made into an enlarged poster and stuck up at every cross-roads in the South . . . this would be one of the most effective campaigns for crop diversification that could be carried on." I feel, with the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, that "Mr. Fisher's story is not yet completed."

The owner of one of those small automobiles went into a store one day, leaving the car standing at the curb. When he came out, two men were perched on the seat, reading newspapers.

"Do you gentlemen mind telling me what you are doing up there?" he asked.

One of them looked over the top of his paper. "Waiting for a shine," he said.

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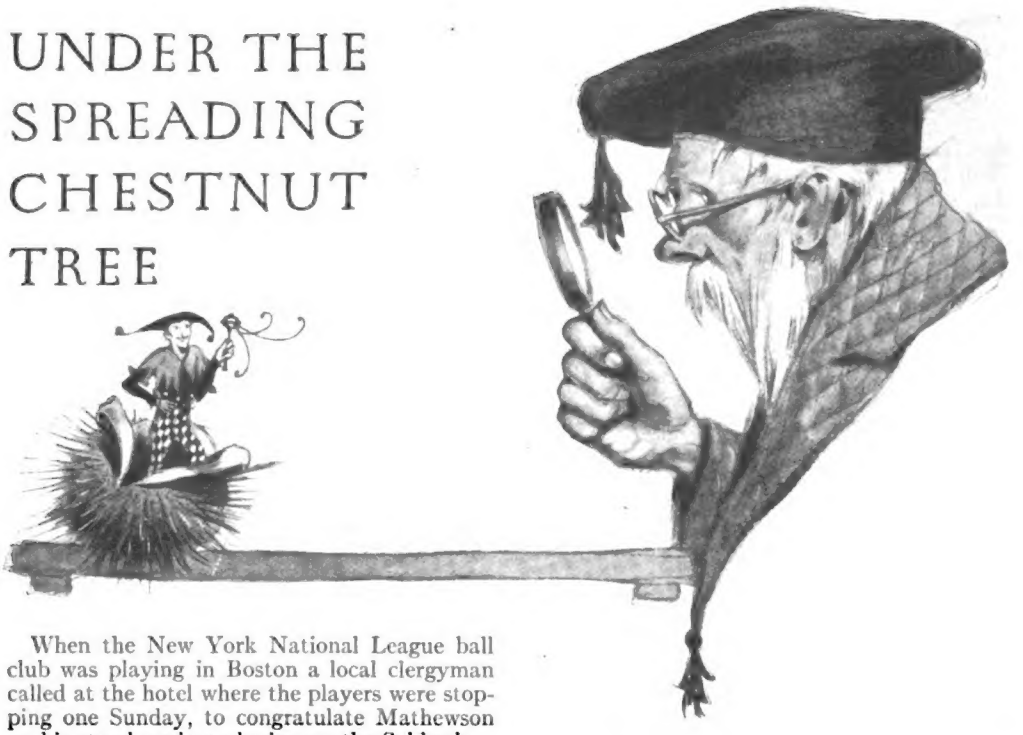
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



When the New York National League ball club was playing in Boston a local clergyman called at the hotel where the players were stopping one Sunday, to congratulate Mathewson on his stand against playing on the Sabbath.

The clerk made a few mysterious inquiries and then said: "Sorry, sir, but Mr. Mathewson is out playing golf."

On the boat from Kiel to Copenhagen the son of Björn Björnson, the famous Norwegian man of letters, wandered up to the top deck of the steamer from whence ran a small companion ladder to the captain's bridge. On the stairway was a conspicuous placard with the legend, "Eingang Verboten." But, conscious of special privilege as his great father's son, Mr. Björnson ascended and was strutting around on the bridge when an officer appeared and politely but peremptorily ordered him down.

Björnson's indignation was unbounded. "Why, my man, what do you mean? Don't you know who I am? Why, sir, I am the son of the greatest Norwegian poet of all times!"

The officer was visibly impressed. He bowed, all humility and admiration. "I beg your pardon, Herr Ibsen," he apologized.

A young Englishman of sporting blood but slight acquaintance with American ways, shortly after his arrival in New York attended a prize-fight, and was taken in tow afterward by two sports who had seen America first, last, and all the time. They led him to a bar and drinks appeared.

"Here's looking at you!" toasted one, raising his glass.

"Good luck," said the second, following suit.

The Englishman paused a moment. But he was equal to the occasion. "Astounding luck!" he cried.

George Creel, the magazine writer, dining with two Kansas City friends, Lionel Moses and Vincent O'Flaherty, grew peevish over their addressing the negro waiter as "George." "Look here. Why all this George thing?" he complained. "Why don't you call him Lionel or Vincent once in a while?"

The following story is reported from the trenches in France:

A young German lieutenant and his orderly were doing patrol duty. All day long they had been riding through the woods without a bite to eat. Toward evening they came to a battery of heavy artillery where they dismounted and asked for some supper. The captain in charge of the guns told the young lieutenant that he could have some nice turkey. The young man took a hearty bite of the offered meat, then, looking up suspiciously, asked:

"Beg your pardon, Captain; did you say this was turkey?"

"Why, sure, that's turkey."

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He took a few more bites and asked again: "Are you really sure, Herr Captain, that this is turkey?"

"Certainly, Herr Lieutenant; turkey it is!"

The lieutenant finished his meal in silence, and thanked the captain for his hospitality. Then he called his orderly. "Fritz," he directed, "saddle our turkeys!"

"John," demanded the wife of her intoxicated spouse, "how did you get that gash on your forehead?"

"Guess I must 'a' bit myself."

"Bit yourself!"—scornfully. "How could you bite yourself 'way up there?"

"Guess I must 'a' stood on a chair."

When the Germans finally entered Belgium a native of Liége made himself obnoxious to one troop by his constant loud talk about the brave defense. Finally the commander summoned him.

"Now you've boasted about enough," he said. "We can't listen to you any longer. I'm going to give you your choice: you will be shot, or you will swear allegiance to the German Emperor."

Considerably subdued, the offender pondered. "Well," he decided, "I don't want to die, so I guess I'll swear allegiance."

And he took the oath.

"All right," said the commander, "now you are one of us. You can come and go as you like."

The man walked toward the door and was passing out when suddenly he turned. "Say," he exclaimed, "didn't those Belgians give us a hell of a fight!"

A negro mammy had a family of boys so well-behaved that one day her mistress asked:

"Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell yo, missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise' dem boys with a barrel stave, an' Ah raise' 'em *frequent*."

Cy Warman, author of the song "Sweet Marie," who died a few months ago in Chicago, was a high official of the Grand Trunk Railroad; but he was always modest about his post.

Once he stopped overnight at a little hotel in northern Michigan, conducted by a man who had previously run a shooting-gallery, and later a night lunch-car in New York. The host related his own life-story at length. Then he became interested in the biography of the visitor. "What do you do up in Montreal, Mr. Warman?"

"I work for the Grand Trunk," said Warman.

"What kind of a job have you got—do you sell tickets or handle baggage?"

"Oh, I've got a better job than either of those," said Cy. "You know the man who goes alongside of the train and taps the wheels with a hammer to see that everything's all right? . . . Well, I help him listen."

Former President Taft tells this one on himself:

"There is a lad of my acquaintance in New Haven," said Mr. Taft, "who used to bite his nails. 'See here,' said his nurse to him one day, 'if you keep biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?'

" 'No,' said the youngster. 'What?'

" 'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'

"The boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of his habit he encountered me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me accusingly:

" '*You bite your nails!*' "

Pete, the hired man, was known for his prodigious appetite. One morning he had eaten a normal breakfast of oatmeal, buckwheat cakes, toast, fried potatoes, ham, eggs, doughnuts, coffee, and the usual trimmings, and gone to a neighbor's to help with extra work. Pete arrived before the family had risen from the morning meal.

"Well, Pete," hospitably inquired the farmer, "had breakfast yet?"

"Aw," drawled Pete in a wheedling tone, "kinda."

Seth had been trying to cure himself of the alcohol habit by eating, instead of drinking, when the craving came on. One day he met a friend, who asked him how the plan had worked.

Seth said: "Fine. Whenever I've felt like drinking I've made for a quick-lunch counter. Sometimes it's been hard. For instance, the other night in the room next to mine at the hotel a fellow shot himself. It was awful. There was a shot and then the body thudded to the floor. I jumped out of bed and dashed down four flights and made for the office with just enough breath left to pant to the clerk:

" 'My God! the — man — in — the — next — room — has — just — killed — himself — it — was — awful — for — God's — sake — give — me — some — ham — and — eggs — and — a — piece—of—lemon-pie.' "

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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STRAIGHT TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

PEACE is in their mouths but their hands drip with blood. Yet that is what they most industriously shudder at—blood. They hate to see men die.

So do the rest of us. But we only detest war and dread it. We do not know it will not come. They do. How? Well, to begin with:

"War never settles anything." They have spread that discovery on thousands of platforms. They are historians. History turns itself inside out and stands on its head for them. Great Britain still rules Massachusetts and Virginia. Mexico still rules Texas. Spain still rules Cuba. War never settles anything! Never!

And, besides, even if war did do a bit of settling at Yorktown and at San Jacinto and at San Juan, think of the men who died there! They are dead.

Yes, they are dead. And, unlike most of the dead, they died for something.

Will there never be another "something" which a foreign nation will refuse to us and which we would rather die getting than live abandoning?

HOW TO SAVE LIVES—THE ENEMY'S

On every sea in all the world no American ship and no American man or woman, proceeding lawfully, shall unlawfully perish!

We shall never have to fight for that! How do we know? We don't. But the peace prophets do. And those of them who sit in Congress have organized the navy accordingly.

With this general result, as testified to by Admiral Fiske:

"I doubt if in five years we could get the navy up to a state of efficiency such as that of one of the navies of Europe. I doubt it very much. I have heard officers say it is impossible."

There's a good way to save lives!

We have 33 battle-ships. We don't want fewer. We are weaker in dreadnoughts now than Germany—much weaker. And how do we serve our 33 battle-ships?

DESTROYERS. For every battle-ship, to save the fleet (by "scouting" and by "screening") from surprise, and also for other purposes, we need four destroyers. That is a technical fact, determined and reported by the General Board of the Navy. For 33 battle-ships, then, we should have 132 destroyers. We have less than half that number.

SCOUT CRUISERS. To make long trips for information and to keep trade-routes open we need scout cruisers like the *Birmingham*, the *Chester*, and the *Salem*. No, not like them. They were authorized in 1904. They could be outfooted by virtually every one of the new German and English battle-cruisers. And we have authorized no cruisers at all since 1904.

TORPEDOES. The old short-range torpedo is "obsolete for the battle-fleet." The Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, in his last report, says that we are still using that torpedo on all our battle-ships "anterior to the *Nevada* and *Oklahoma*." What battle-ships are they? Why, on inquiry, all of them! The *Nevada* and *Oklahoma* had not yet been completed and added to the official count. *All* our 33 battle-ships are equipped with torpedoes "obsolete for the battle-fleet."

That's a good way to save lives on the enemy's ships, anyhow.

SUBMARINES. On the first of November, 1914, the commander-in-chief of the navy ordered a mobilization of the Atlantic flotilla of submarines. There were nine of them. And two of these were being altered—laid up. And one had salt water in its battery—laid up. And two were "in reserve"—laid up. And two had "dead" batteries—four years old—and could dive for only ten or fifteen minutes

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at a time. And one had broken a crank-shaft and —because her tender had no repairing outfit—was obliged to return to the navy-yard. And so Commander Stirling, an excellent officer, had to report that only one submarine "could efficiently take part in the maneuvers at sea."

AEROPLANES. The Navy has twelve of them. To serve our fleet we need at least 100. The General Board says: "In contact with any foe possessing a proper air service, our scouting would be blind. We would be without the means of detecting the presence of submarines or mine-fields, while our own movements would be to him an open book." There are many private aeroplanes in the United States. But only one of them, according to Captain Bristol of the Aeronautical Service, is of such a sort that "we would have purchased it for the Navy." As for motors to be used in aeroplanes, the best are the Mercedes and the Salmson—both foreign. "And," says Admiral Fiske, "the foreign machines are very much superior to ours not only in the material itself but in the people, the personnel, that are using them. We are not in the same class." Where is the land of the Wrights? Nowhere. Its government has allowed the art of aviation to remain a private sport. It now finds it hard to get any aeroplanes it can use. The army and the navy together have only 23. Germany, at the outbreak of the war, had 475. Servia had 60.

MINES, FUEL-SHIPS, DESTROYER-TENDERS, SUBMARINE TENDERS, TRANSPORTS, SUPPLY-SHIPS. Not enough of them, in any case, to serve the actual technical needs of the fleet already in existence. But this policy of spending money on a fleet and of then not bothering to spend enough more money on it to make it effective comes to its grandest height in:

PERSONNEL. Many of our ships, including 12 of our 33 battle-ships, are "in reserve" or "in ordinary" or "out of commission." They are not fully manned. To get them back into active service, to man our whole fleet with complete crews, and to provide all parts of our naval organization, at sea and on land, with the personnel it has to have for war—to do this we would need 70,849 enlisted men. Admiral Badger so testified before the Naval Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives on December 8 of last year. And how many enlisted men have we? We have 52,293. That is, we have less than three-quarters of the number of enlisted men we need. As for officers, we need 2,716. We have 1,783. That is, we have less than two-thirds of the number of officers necessary to operate our naval organization to its full effect against an enemy.

NAVAL RESERVE. There isn't any.

The war comes. Our army is a mosquito —with a good sting—but a mosquito. Our militia is a mosquito with a poor sting—much of it with no sting at all. Fighting on land, hundreds of thousands of us would have to die before the rest of us would even begin to know how to fight. Everybody who isn't a positive peace pervert knows this to be so.

It is the first law of our national life to control the sea. We *must* control it, at least until our "citizenry trained and accustomed to arms" has become accustomed, has become trained, has become something more than a mob condemned to die.

But the navy—such is the contribution of our peace prophets to our peace—will have to go to work for five years—to do what?

Not to become bigger. Not to increase the number of our battle-ships. It is true that three of our thirty-three battle-ships are more than twenty years old—utterly useless against modern boats. It is true that only eight of them are dreadnoughts. It is true that only a dreadnought can fight a dreadnought. It is true that Germany has thirteen dreadnoughts. But let that go. What have we done to our thirty-three battle-ships?

We have so treated them—for destroyers, for submarines, for aeroplanes, for personnel, and especially for a Board of Strategy—a War Operating Board—a something like the British Admiralty—*which absolutely does not exist in our naval organization at all*—we have so treated these thirty-three battle-ships of ours that the navy would have to go to work for five years before it could bring itself "to a state of efficiency such as that of one of the navies of Europe."

THE WEAPONS OF PEACE

This successful effort to make war less deadly for the enemy and more deadly for ourselves has not been accomplished by men who love war.

Nor does EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE love war. It is for peace, and its pages have proved that it is. But, much as it hates real war, it hates promiscuous slaughter worse.

And when an extra million of American boys are butchered on our soil by an enemy *who would never have been on our soil if we had met him with a fully effective navy at sea,* then, why, then let the mothers and fathers of those boys point their fingers to the true authors of their bereavement—the men who have palsied our naval policy by confounding a love for peace with a love for obsolete torpedoes—the men who are forever damming bloodshed with their tongues and forever sluicing it down upon us with their hands.

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